SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL DECEMBER, 1906 NO. 6

THE STATE O' MAINE GIRL

FOURTH REBECCA STORY

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I

THE NEW MINISTER'S WIFE

EVEN when Rebecca had attained the great age of seventeen, and was therefore able to look back over a past incredibly long and full, she still reckoned time not by years, but by certain important occurrences.

There was the year her father died; the year she left Sunnybrook Farm to come to her aunts in Riverboro; the year she exchanged the privileges of the village school for the more extended advantages of the Wareham Female Seminary; and, finally, the year of her graduation, which, to the mind of seventeen, seems rather the culmination than the beginning of existence.

Between these epoch-making events certain other happenings stood out in bold relief against the gray of dull daily life.

There was the day she first met her friend of friends, "Mr. Aladdin," and the later, even more radiant one when he gave her the coral necklace. There was the day the Simpson family moved away from Riverboro under a cloud, and she kissed Clara Belle fervently at the cross-roads, telling her that she would always be faithful. There was sister Mira's death at the farm. There was the visit of the Syrian missionaries to the brick house. That was a bright, romantic memory, as strange and brilliant as the wonderful little birds' wings and breasts that the strangers brought from the Far East. She remembered the moment they asked her to choose some for herself and the rapture with which she stroked the beautiful things as they lay on the black haircloth sofa. Then there was the coming of the new minister, for though many were tried only one was chosen, and finally there was the flag-raising, a festivity that thrilled Riverboro and Edgewood society from centre to circumference.

There must have been other flag-raisings in history—even the persons most interested in this particular one would grudgingly have allowed that much—but it would have seemed to them improbable that any such flag-raising as theirs, either in magnitude of conception or brilliancy of actual performance, could twice glorify the same century. Of some pageants it is tacitly admitted that there can be no duplicates, and the flag-raising at Riverboro Centre was one of these; so that it is small wonder if Rebecca chose it as one of the important dates in her personal almanac.

The new minister's wife was the being, under Providence, who had conceived the germinal idea of the flag.

At this time the parish had almost settled down to the trembling belief that they were united on a pastor. In the earlier time a minister was chosen for life, and if he had faults, which was a probable enough contingency, and if his congregation had any, which is within the bounds of possibility, each bore with the other (not quite without friction), as old-fashioned husbands and wives once did, before the easy way out of the difficulty was discovered, or at least before it was popularized.

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The faithful old parson had died after thirty years' preaching, and perhaps the newer methods had begun to creep in, for it seemed impossible to suit the two communities most interested in the choice.

The Rev. Mr. Davis, for example, was a spirited preacher, but persisted in keeping two horses in the parsonage stable, and in exchanging them whenever he could get faster ones. As a parochial visitor he was incomparable, dashing from house to house with such speed that he could cover the parish in a single afternoon. This sporting tendency, which would never have been remarked in a British parson, was frowned upon in a New England village, and Deacon Milliken told Mr. Davis, when giving him what he alluded to as his "walking papers," that they didn't want the Edgewood church run by hoss power!

The next candidate pleased Edgewood, where morning preaching was held, but the other parish, which had afternoon service, declined to accept him because he wore a wig—an ill-matched, crookedly applied wig.

Number three was eloquent but given to gesticulation, and Mrs. Jere Burbank, the president of the Dorcas Society, who sat in a front pew, said she couldn't bear to see a preacher scramble round the pulpit hot Sundays.

Number four, a genial, handsome man, gifted in prayer, was found to be a Democrat. The congregation was overwhelmingly Republican in its politics and perceived something ludicrous, if not positively blasphemous, in a Democrat preaching the gospel. ("Ananias and Beelzebub 'll be candidates here, first thing we know!" exclaimed the outraged Republican nominee for district attorney.)

Number five had a feeble-minded child, which the hiring committee prophesied would always be standing in the parsonage front yard, making talk for the other denominations.

Number six was the Rev. Judson Baxter, the present incumbent, and he was voted to be as near perfection as a minister can be in this finite world. His young wife had a small income of her own, so the subscription committee hoped that they might not be eternally driving over the country to get somebody's fifty cents that had been overdue for eight months, but might take their onerous duties a little more easily.

"It does seem as if our ministers were the poorest lot!" complained Mrs. Robinson. "If their salary is two months behindhand they begin to be nervous! Seems as though they might lay up a little before they come here, and not live from hand to mouth so! The Baxters seem quite different, and I only hope they won't get wasteful and run into debt. They say she keeps the parlor blinds open 'bout half the time, and the room is lit up so often evenin's that the neighbors think her and Mr. Baxter must set in there. It don't seem hardly as if it could be so, but Mrs. Buzzell says 'tis, and she says we might as well say good-by to the parlor carpet, which is church property, for the Baxters are livin' all over it!"

This criticism was the only discordant note in the chorus of praise, and the people gradually grew accustomed to the open blinds and the overused parlor carpet, which was just completing its twenty-fifth year of honest service.

Mrs. Baxter communicated her patriotic idea of a new flag to the Dorcas Society, proposing that the women should cut and make it themselves.

"It may not be quite as good as those manufactured in the large cities," she said, "but we shall be proud to see our home-made flag flying in the breeze, and it will mean all the more to the young voters growing up to remember that their mothers made it with their own hands."

"How would it do to let some of the girls help?" modestly asked Miss Dearborn, the Riverboro teacher. "We might choose the best sewers and let them put in at least a few stitches so that they can feel they have a share in it."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter. "We can cut the stripes and sew them together, and after we have basted on the white stars the girls can apply them to the blue ground. We must have it ready for the September 'rally,' and we couldn't christen it at a better time than in this presidential year."

II

THE STATE O' MAINE

In this way the great enterprise was started, and day by day the preparations went forward in the two villages.

The boys, as future voters and fighters,

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demanded an active share in the proceedings, and were organized by Squire Bean into a fife and drum corps, so that by day and night martial, but most inharmonious music woke the echoes, and deafened mothers felt their patriotism oozing out at the soles of their shoes.

Dick Carter was made captain, for his grandfather had a gold medal given him by Queen Victoria for rescuing three hundred and twenty-six passengers from a sinking British vessel. Riverboro thought it high time to pay some graceful tribute to Great Britain in return for her handsome conduct to Captain Nahum Carter, and human imagination could contrive nothing more impressive than a vicarious share in the flag-raising.

Living Perkins tried to be happy in the ranks, for he was offered no official position, principally, Mrs. Smellie observed, because "his father's war record wa'n't clean." "Oh, yes! Jim Perkins went to the war," she continued. "He hid out behind the hencoop when they was draftin', but they found him and took him along. He got into one battle, too, somehow or 'nother, but he run away from it. He was allers cautious Jim was; if he ever see trouble of any kind comin' towards him he was out o' sight 'fore it got a chance to light on him. He said eight dollars a month and no bounty wouldn't pay him to stop bullets for. He wouldn't fight a skeeter, Jim wouldn't, but land! we ain't to war all the time, and he's a good neighbor and a good blacksmith."

Miss Dearborn was to be Columbia and the older girls of the two schools were to be the States. Such trade in muslins and red, white, and blue ribbons had never been known since "Watson kep' store," and the number of brief white petticoats hanging out to bleach would have caused the passing stranger to imagine Riverboro a continual dancing-school.

Juvenile virtue, both male and female, reached an almost impossible height, for parents had only to lift a finger and say, "You sha'n't go to the flag-raising!" and the refractory spirit at once armed itself for new struggles toward the perfect life.

Mr. Jeremiah Cobb had consented to impersonate Uncle Sam, and was to drive Columbia and the States to the "raising" on the top of his own stage. Meantime the boys were drilling, the ladies were cutting and basting and stitching, and the girls were sewing on stars; for the starry part of the spangled banner was to remain with each of them in turn until she had performed her share of the work. It was felt by one and all a fine and splendid service indeed to help in the making of the flag, and if Rebecca was proud to be of the chosen ones, so was her Aunt Jane Sawyer, who had taught her all her stitches.

On a long-looked-for afternoon early in September the minister's wife drove up to the brick house door and handed out the great piece of bunting to Rebecca, who received it in her arms with as much solemnity as if it had been a child awaiting baptismal rites.

"I'm so glad!" she sighed happily. "I thought it would never come my turn!"

"You should have had it a week ago, but Huldah Meserve upset the ink bottle over her star and we had to baste on another one. You are the last, though, and then we shall sew the stars and stripes together and Seth Strout will get the top ready for hanging. Just think, it won't be many days before you children will be pulling the rope with all your strength, the band will be playing, the men will be cheering, and the new flag will go higher and higher till the red, white, and blue shows against the sky!"

Rebecca's eyes fairly blazed. "Shall I 'fell on' my star, or buttonhole it?" she asked.

"Look at all the others and make the most beautiful stitches you can, that's all. It is your star, you know, and you can even imagine it is your State, and try and have it the best of all. If everybody else is trying to do the same thing with her State, that will make a great country, won't it?"

Rebecca's eyes spoke glad confirmation of the idea. "My star, my state!" she repeated joyously. "O Mrs. Baxter, I'll make such fine stitches you'll think the white grew out of the blue!"

The new minister's wife looked pleased to see her spark kindle a flame in the young heart. "You can sew so much of yourself into your star," she went on in the glad voice that made her so winsome, "that when you are an old lady you can put on your specs and find it among all the others. Good-by! Come up to the parsonage Saturday afternoon; Mr. Baxter wants to see you."

"Judson, help that dear little genius of a Rebecca all you can!" she said that night,

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when they were cosily talking in their parlor and living "all over" the parish carpet. "I don't know what she may, or may not, come to, some day; I only wish she were ours! If you could have seen her clasp the flag tight in her arms and put her cheek against it, and watched the tears of feeling start in her eyes when I told her that her star was her state! I kept whispering to myself, 'Covet not thy neighbor's child!'"

Daily at four o'clock Rebecca scrubbed her hands almost to the bone, brushed her hair, and otherwise prepared herself in body, mind, and spirit for the consecrated labor of sewing on her star. All the time that her needle cautiously, conscientiously formed the tiny stitches she was making rhymes "in her head," her favorite achievement being this:

> Your star, my star, all our stars together,
> They make the dear old banner proud
> To float in the bright fall weather.

There was much discussion as to which of the girls should impersonate the State of Maine, for that was felt to be the highest honor in the gift of the committee.

Alice Robinson was the prettiest child in the village, but she was very shy and by no means a general favorite.

Minnie Smellie possessed the handsomest dress and a pair of white slippers and open-work stockings that nearly carried the day. Still, as Miss Delia Weeks well said, she was so stupid that if she should suck her thumb in the very middle of the exercises nobody'd be a dite surprised!

Huldah Meserve was next voted upon, and the fact that if she were not chosen her father might withdraw his subscription to the brass-band fund was a matter for grave consideration.

"I kind o' hate to have such a giggler for the State of Maine; let her be the goddess of liberty," proposed Mrs. Burbank, whose patriotism was more local than national.

"How would Rebecca Randall do for Maine, and let her speak some of her verses?" suggested the new minister's wife, who, could she have had her way, would have given all the prominent parts to Rebecca, from Uncle Sam down.

So, beauty, fashion, and wealth having been tried and found wanting, the committee discussed the claims of "talent," and it transpired that to the awe-stricken Rebecca fell the chief plum in the pudding. It was a tribute to her gifts that there was no jealousy or envy among the other girls, they readily conceded her special fitness for the rôle.

Her life had not been pressed down, full to the brim, of pleasures, and she had a sort of distrust of joy in the bud. Not until she saw it in full radiance of bloom did she dare embrace it. She had never read any verse but Byron, Felicia Hemans, bits of "Paradise Lost," and the selections in the school readers, but she would have agreed heartily with the poet who said:

> Not by appointment do we meet delight
> And joy; they heed not our expectancy;
> But round some corner in the streets of life
> They on a sudden clasp us with a smile.

For many nights before the raising, when she went to her bed she said to herself, after she had finished her prayers: "It can't be true that I'm chosen for the State of Maine! It just *can't* be true! Nobody could be good *enough*, but oh, I'll try to be as good as I can!"

III

A BAD PENNY

THE flag was to be raised on a Tuesday, and on the previous Sunday it became known to the children that Clara Belle Simpson was coming back from Acreville, coming to live with Mrs. Fogg and take care of the baby (called by the neighborhood boys "the Fogg horn," on account of his excellent voice production). Clara Belle was one of Miss Dearborn's original flock, and if she were left wholly out of the festivities she would be the only girl of suitable age to be thus slighted; it seemed clear to the juvenile mind, therefore, that neither she nor her descendants would ever recover from such a blow. But, under all the circumstances, would she be allowed to join in the procession? Even Rebecca, the optimistic, feared not, and the committee confirmed her fears by saying that Abner Simpson's daughter certainly could not take any prominent part in the ceremony, but they hoped that Mrs. Fogg would allow her to witness it.

When Abner Simpson, urged by the town authorities, took his wife and six children away from Riverboro to Acreville, just over

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"My star, my state!" she repeated joyously.—Page 643.

the border in the next county, Riverboro went to bed leaving its barn and shed doors unfastened and drew long breaths of gratitude to Providence.

Of most winning disposition and genial manners, Mr. Simpson had not that instinctive comprehension of property rights which render a man a valuable citizen.

Squire Bean was his nearest neighbor, and he conceived the novel idea of paying Simpson five dollars a year not to steal from him, a method occasionally used in the Highlands in early days! The bargain was struck, and adhered to religiously for a twelve-month, but on the 2d of January Mr. Simpson announced the verbal contract as formally broken.

"I didn't know what I was doin' when I made it, squire," he urged. "In the first place, it's a slur on my reputation and injures my self-respect. Secondly, it's a nervous strain on me; and thirdly, five dollars don't pay me!"

Squire Bean was so struck with the unique and convincing nature of these arguments that he could scarcely restrain his admiration, and he confessed to himself afterward that unless Simpson's mental attitude could be changed he was perhaps a fitter subject for medical science than the State's prison.

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Abner was a most unusual thief and conducted his operations with a tact and neighborly consideration none too common in the profession. He would never steal a man's scythe in haying time, nor his fur lap-robe in the coldest of the winter. The picking of a lock offered no attractions to him; "he wa'n't no burglar," he would have scornfully asserted. A strange horse and wagon hitched by the roadside was the most flagrant of his thefts; but it was the small things —the hatchet or axe on the chopping-block, the tin pans sunning at the side door, a stray garment bleaching on the grass, a hoe, rake, shovel, or a bag of early potatoes, that tempted him most sorely; and these appealed to him not so much for their intrinsic value as because they were so excellently adapted to swapping. The swapping was really the enjoyable part of the procedure, the theft was only a sad but necessary preliminary, for if Abner himself had been a man of sufficient property to carry on his business operations independently, it is doubtful if he would have helped himself so freely to his neighbors' goods.

Riverboro regretted the loss of Mrs. Simpson, who was useful in scrubbing, cleaning, and washing, and was thought to exercise some influence over her predatory spouse. There was a story of their early married life, when they had a farm; a story to the effect that Mrs. Simpson always rode on every load of hay that her husband took to Milltown with the view of keeping him sober through the day. After he turned out of the country road and approached the metropolis he used to bury the docile lady in the load. He would then drive on to the scales, have the weight of hay entered in the buyer's book, take his horses to the stable for feed and water, and when a favorable opportunity offered he would assist the hot and panting Mrs. Simpson out of the side or back of the rack, and gallantly brush the straw from her person. For this reason it was always said that Abner Simpson sold his wife every time he went to Milltown, but the story was never fully substantiated, and at all events it was the only suspected blot on meek Mrs. Simpson's personal reputation.

As for the Simpson children, they were missed chiefly as familiar figures by the roadside, but Rebecca honestly loved Clara Belle, notwithstanding her Aunt Miranda's opposition to the intimacy. Rebecca's "taste for low company" was a source of continual anxiety to her aunt. "Anything that's human flesh is good enough for her!" Miranda groaned to Jane. "She'll ride with the rag-sack-and-bottle peddler just as quick as she would with the minister; she always sets beside the St. Vitus' dance young one at Sabbath School; and she's forever riggin' and onriggin' that dirty Simpson baby!"

It was thought very creditable to Mrs. Fogg that she sent for Clara Belle to live with her and go to school part of the year.

"She'll be useful," said Mrs. Fogg, "and she'll be out of her father's way and so keep honest; though she's so awful hombly I've no fears for her. A girl with her red hair, freckles, and cross-eyes can't fall into no kind of sin, I don't believe."

Mrs. Fogg requested that Clara Belle should be started on her journey from Acreville by train and come the rest of the way by stage, and she was disturbed to receive word on Sunday that Mr. Simpson had borrowed a "good roader" from a new acquaintance and would himself drive the girl from Acreville to Riverboro, a distance of thirty-five miles. That he would arrive in their vicinity on the very night before the flag-raising was thought by Riverboro to be a public misfortune, and several residents hastily determined to deny themselves a sight of the festivities and remain watchfully on their own premises.

On Monday afternoon the children were rehearsing their songs at the meeting-house. As Rebecca came out on the broad wooden steps she watched Mrs. Peter Meserve's buggy out of sight, for in front, wrapped in a cotton sheet, lay the precious flag. After a few chattering good-bys and weather prophecies with the other girls she started on her homeward walk, dropping in at the parsonage to read her verses to the minister.

He welcomed her gladly as she removed her white cotton gloves (hastily slipped on outside the door, for ceremony) and pushed back the funny hat with the yellow and black porcupine quills—the hat with which she made her first appearance in Riverboro society.

"You've heard the beginning, Mr. Baxter; now will you please tell me if you like the last verse?" she asked, taking out her paper. "I've only read it to Alice Robinson, and I think perhaps she can never be a

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Rebecca never took the flag; I found it in the road, I say!"—Page 653.

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"Jane, you spread out her hair on it and cover it up with brown paper."—Page 655.

poet, though she's a splendid writer. Last year when she was twelve she wrote a birthday poem to herself and she made 'natal' rhyme with 'Milton,' which, of course, it wouldn't. I remember every verse ended:

"This is my day so natal,
And I will follow Milton."

The minister could scarcely refrain from smiling, but he controlled himself that he might lose none of Rebecca's quaint observations. When she was perfectly at ease, unwatched and uncriticized, she was a marvellous companion.

"The name of the poem is going to be 'My Star,'" she continued, "and Mrs. Baxter gave me all the ideas, but somehow there's a kind of magicness when they get into poetry, don't you think so?" (Rebecca always talked to grown people as if she were their age, or, a more subtle and truer distinction, as if they were hers.)

"It has often been so remarked, in different words," agreed the minister.

"Mrs. Baxter said that each star was a State, and if each State did its best we should have a splendid country. Then once she said that we ought to be glad the war is over and the States are all at peace together; and I thought Columbia must be glad, too, for Miss Dearborn says she's the mother of all the States. So I'm going to have it end like this; I didn't write it, I just sewed it while I was working on my star:

"For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That make our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather.
Northern stars, Southern stars, stars of the East
and West,
Side by side they lie at peace
On the dear flag's mother-breast."

"'Oh! many are the poets that are sown by Nature,'" thought the minister, quoting Wordsworth to himself. "And I wonder

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what becomes of them! That's a pretty idea, little Rebecca, and I don't know whether you or my wife ought to have the more praise. What made you think of the stars lying on the flag's 'mother-breast'? Where did you get that word?"

"Why" (and the young poet looked rather puzzled), "that's the way it is; the flag is the whole country—the mother—and the stars are the States. The stars had to lie somewhere; '*lap*' nor '*arms*' wouldn't sound well with '*West*,' so, of course, I said '*breast*,'" Rebecca answered, with some surprise at the question; and the minister put his hand under her chin and kissed her softly on the forehead when he said good-by at the door.

IV

THE SAVING OF THE COLORS

REBECCA walked rapidly along in the gathering twilight, thinking of the eventful morrow.

As she approached the turning on the left called the old Milltown road, she saw a white horse and wagon, driven by a man with a rakish, flapping, Panama hat, come rapidly round the turn and disappear over the long hills leading down to the falls. There was no mistaking him; there never was another Abner Simpson, with his lean height, his bushy reddish hair, the gay cock of his hat, and the long, piratical, upturned

Miss Dearborn began to practise mysterious feminine arts.—Page 656.

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mustaches, which the boys used to say were used as hat-racks by the Simpson children at night. The old Milltown road ran past Mrs. Fogg's house, so he would have left Clara Belle there, and Rebecca's heart glowed to think that her poor little friend need not miss the raising.

She began to run now, fearful of being late for supper, and covered the ground to the falls in a brief time. As she crossed the bridge she again saw Abner Simpson's team, drawn up at the watering-trough. Coming a little nearer, with the view of inquiring for the family, her quick eye caught sight of something unexpected. A gust of wind blew up a corner of a linen lap-robe in the back of the wagon, and underneath it she distinctly saw the white-sheeted bundle that held the flag; the bundle with a tiny, tiny spot of red bunting peeping out at one corner. It is true she had eaten, slept, dreamed "red, white, and blue" for weeks, but there was no mistaking the evidence of her senses; the idolized flag, longed for, worked for, sewed for, that flag was in the back of Abner Simpson's wagon, and if so, what would become of the raising?

Acting on blind impulse, she ran toward the watering-trough, calling out in her clear treble: "Mr. Simpson! O Mr. Simpson, will you let me ride a piece with you and hear all about Clara Belle? I'm going part way over to the Centre on an errand." (So she was; a most important errand—to recover the flag of her country at present in the hands of the foe!)

Mr. Simpson turned round in his seat and cried heartily, "Certain sure I will!" for he liked the fair sex, young and old, and Rebecca had always been a prime favorite with him. "Climb right in! How's everybody? Glad to see ye! The folks talk 'bout ye from sun-up to sun-down, and Clara Belle can't hardly wait for a sight of ye!"

Rebecca scrambled up, trembling and pale with excitement. She did not in the least know what was going to happen, but she was sure that the flag, when in the enemy's country, must be at least a little safer with the State of Maine sitting on top of it!

Mr. Simpson began a long monologue about Acreville, the house he lived in, the pond in front of it, Mrs. Simpson's health, and various items of news about the children, varied by reports of his personal misfortunes. He put no questions, and asked no replies, so this gave the inexperienced soldier a few seconds to plan a campaign. There were three houses to pass: the Browns' at the corner, the Millikens', and the Robinsons' on the brow of the hill. If Mr. Robinson were in the front yard she might tell Mr. Simpson she wanted to call there and ask Mr. Robinson to hold the horse's head while she got out of the wagon. Then she might fly to the back before Mr. Simpson could realize the situation, and dragging out the precious bundle, sit on it hard, while Mr. Robinson settled the matter of ownership with Mr. Simpson.

This was feasible, but it meant a quarrel between the two men, who held an ancient grudge against each other, and Mr. Simpson was a valiant fighter, as the various sheriffs who had attempted to arrest him could cordially testify. It also meant that everybody in the village would hear of the incident and poor Clara Belle be branded again as the child of a thief.

Another idea danced into her excited brain; such a clever one she could hardly believe it hers. She might call Mr. Robinson to the wagon and when he came close to the wheels she might say, "all of a sudden": "Please take the flag out of the back of the wagon, Mr. Robinson. We have brought it here for you to keep overnight." Mr. Simpson might be so surprised that he would give it up rather than be suspected of stealing.

But as they neared the Robinsons' house there was not a sign of life to be seen; so the last plan, ingenious though it was, was perforce abandoned.

The road now lay between thick pine woods with no dwelling in sight. It was growing dusk and Rebecca was driving along the lonely way with a person who was generally called Slippery Simpson. Not a thought of fear crossed her mind, save the fear of bungling in her diplomacy and so losing the flag. She knew Mr. Simpson well and a pleasanter man was seldom to be met. She recalled an afternoon when he came home and surprised the whole school playing the Revolutionary War in his helter-skelter dooryard and the way in which he had joined the British forces and impersonated General Burgoyne, had greatly endeared him to her. The only difficulty was to find proper words for her delicate mission, for, of course, if Mr. Simpson's anger were aroused he would politely push her out

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That makes our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather."—Page 657.

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of the wagon and drive away with the flag. Perhaps if she led the conversation in the right direction an opportunity would present itself. She well remembered how Emma Jane Perkins had failed to convert Jacob Moody simply because she failed to "lead up" to the delicate question of his manner of life. Clearing her throat nervously, she began:

"Is it going to be fair to-morrow?"

"Guess so; clear as a bell. Going on a picnic?"

"No; we're going to have a grand flag-raising!" ("That is," she thought, "if we have any flag to raise!")

"That so? Where?"

"The three villages are going to club together and have a rally, and raise the flag at the Centre. There'll be a brass band, and speakers, and the Mayor of Portland, and the man that's going to be governor if he's elected, and a dinner in the Grange hall, and we girls are going to raise the flag."

"I want to know! That'll be grand, won't it?" (Still not a sign of consciousness on the part of Abner.)

"I hope Mrs. Fogg will take Clara Belle, for it will be splendid to look at! Mr. Cobb is going to be Uncle Sam and drive us on the stage. Miss Dearborn—Clara Belle's old teacher, you know—is going to be Columbia; the girls will be the States of the Union, and O Mr. Simpson, I am going to be the State of Maine!" (This was not altogether to the point, but a piece of information impossible to conceal.)

Mr. Simpson flourished the whipstock and gave a loud, hearty laugh. Then he turned in his seat and regarded Rebecca curiously. "You're kind o' small, hain't ye, for so big a State as this one?" he asked.

"Any of us would be too small," replied Rebecca with dignity, "but the committee chose me, and I'm going to try hard to do well."

The tragic thought that there might be no occasion for anybody to do anything, well or ill, suddenly overcame her here, and, putting her hand on Mr. Simpson's sleeve, she attacked the subject practically and courageously.

"O Mr. Simpson, dear Mr. Simpson, I can't bear to say anything about it, but please give us back our flag! Don't, *don't* take it over to Acreville, Mr. Simpson! We've worked so long to make it, and it was so hard getting the money for the bunting! Wait a minute, please; don't be angry, and don't say no just yet, till I explain more. It'll be so dreadful for everybody to get there to-morrow morning and find no flag to raise, and the band and the mayor all disappointed, and the children crying, with their muslin dresses all bought for nothing! O dear Mr. Simpson, please don't take our flag away from us!"

The apparently astonished Abner pulled his mustaches and exclaimed: "But I don't know what you're drivin' at! Who's got yer flag? *I* hain't!"

Could duplicity, deceit, and infamy go any further, Rebecca wondered, and her soul filling with righteous wrath, she cast discretion to the winds and spoke a little more plainly, bending her great swimming eyes on the now embarrassed Abner, who looked like an angle-worm wriggling on a pin.

"Mr. Simpson, how can you say that, when I saw the flag in the back of your wagon myself, when you stopped to water the horse? It's wicked of you to take it, and I cannot bear it!" (Her voice broke now, for a doubt of Mr. Simpson's yielding suddenly darkened her mind.) "If you keep it, you'll have to keep me, for I won't be parted from it! I can't fight like the boys, but I can pinch and scratch, and I *will* scratch, just like a panther—I'll lie right down on it and not move, if I starve to death!"

"Look here, hold your hosses 'n' don't cry till you git something to cry for!" grumbled the outraged Abner, to whom a clew had just come; and leaning over the wagon-back he caught hold of a corner of white sheet and dragged up the bundle, scooping off Rebecca's hat in the process, and almost burying her in bunting.

She caught the treasure passionately to her heart and stifled her sobs in it, while Abner exclaimed: "I swan to man, if that hain't a flag! Well, in that case you're good 'n' welcome to it! Land! I seen that bundle lyin' in the middle o' the road and I says to myself, that's somebody's washin' and I'd better pick it up and leave it at the post-office to be claimed; 'n' all the time it was a flag!"

This was a Simpsonian version of the matter, the fact being that a white-covered bundle lying on the Meserves' front steps had attracted his practised eye and slipping

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in at the open gate he had swiftly and deftly removed it to his wagon on general principles; thinking if it were clean clothes it would be extremely useful, and in any event there was no good in passing by something flung into your very arms, so to speak. He had had no leisure to examine the bundle and indeed took little interest in it. Probably he stole it simply from force of habit, and because there was nothing else in sight *to* steal, everybody's premises being preternaturally tidy and empty, almost as if his visit had been expected!

Rebecca was a practical child, and it seemed to her almost impossible that so heavy a bundle should fall out of Mrs. Meserve's buggy and not be noticed; but she hoped that Mr. Simpson was telling the truth and she was too glad and grateful to doubt anyone at the moment.

"Thank you, thank you ever so much, Mr. Simpson. You're the nicest, kindest, politest man I ever knew, and the girls will be so pleased you gave us back the flag, and so will the Dorcas Society; they'll be sure to write you a letter of thanks; they always do."

"Tell 'em not to mind," said Simpson, beaming virtuously. "But land! I'm glad 'twas me that happened to see that bundle in the road and take the trouble to pick it up." ("Jest to think of it's bein' a flag!" he thought; "if ever there was a pesky, wuthless thing to trade off, 'twould be a great, gormin' flag like that!")

"Can I get out now, please?" asked Rebecca. "I want to go back, for Mrs. Meserve will be dreadfully nervous when she finds out she dropped the flag, and she has heart trouble."

"No, you don't," objected Mr. Simpson gallantly, turning the horse. "Do you think I'd let a little creeter like you lug that great heavy bundle? I hain't got time to go back to Meserve's, but I'll take you to the corner and dump you there, flag 'n' all, and you can get some o' the men folks to carry it the rest o' the way. You'll wear it out, huggin' it so!"

"I adore it!" said Rebecca, who was in a high-pitched and grandiloquent mood. "Why don't *you* like it? It's your country's flag."

Simpson smiled an indulgent smile and looked a trifle bored at these frequent appeals to his (extremely rusty) higher feelings.

"I don' know's I've got any partic'lar int'rest in the country," he remarked languidly. "I know I don't owe nothin' to it, nor own nothin' in it!"

"You own a star on the flag, same as everybody," argued Rebecca, who had been feeding on patriotism for a month; "and you own a State, too, like all of us!"

"Land! I wish't I did! or even a quarter section!" sighed Mr. Simpson, feeling somehow a little more poverty-stricken and discouraged than usual.

As they approached the corner and the watering-trough where four cross-roads met, the whole neighborhood seemed to be in evidence, and Mr. Simpson suddenly regretted his chivalrous escort of Rebecca, especially when, as he neared the group, an excited lady, wringing her hands, turned out to be Mrs. Peter Meserve, accompanied by Huldah, the Browns, Mrs. Milliken and Miss Dearborn.

"Do you know anything about the flag, Rebecca?" shrieked Mrs. Meserve, too agitated, at the moment, to notice the child's companion.

"It's right here in my lap all safe," responded Rebecca calmly.

"You careless, meddlesome, young one, to take it off my steps where I left it just long enough to hunt up my door-key! You've given me a fit of sickness with my weak heart, and what business was it of yours? I believe you think you *own* the flag! Hand it over to me this minute!"

Rebecca was climbing down during this torrent of language, but as she turned she flashed one look of knowledge at the false Simpson, a look that went through him from head to foot, as if it were carried by electricity. He had been handcuffed twice in his life, but no sheriff had ever made him feel like that child. Fury mounted to his brain, and as soon as she was safely out from between the wheels he stood up in the wagon and flung the flag out in the road in the midst of the excited group.

"Take it, you pious, passimonious, cheese-parin', hair-splittin', back-bitin', flag-raisin' crew!" he roared. "Rebecca never took the flag; I found it in the road, I say!"

"You never, no such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Meserve. "You found it on the door-steps in my garden!"

"Mebbe 'twas your garden, but it was so

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chock full o' weeds I *thought* 'twas the road," retorted Abner. "I vow I wouldn't 'a' given the old rag back to one o' you, not if you begged me on your bended knees! Rebecca's a friend o' my folks and can do with her flag's she's a mind to, and the rest o' ye can go to thunder—'n' stay there, for all I care!"

So saying, he made a sharp turn, gave the gaunt white horse a lash and disappeared in a cloud of dust, before the astonished Mr. Brown, the only man in the party, had a thought of detaining him.

"I'm sorry I spoke so quick, Rebecca," said Mrs. Meserve, greatly mortified at the situation. "But don't you believe a word that lyin' critter said! He did steal it off my doorstep, and how did you come to be ridin' and consortin' with him? I believe it would kill your Aunt Miranda if she should hear about it!"

Miss Dearborn put a sheltering arm round Rebecca as Mr. Brown picked up the flag and dusted and folded it.

"I'm willing she should hear about it," Rebecca answered. "I didn't do anything to be ashamed of! I saw the flag in the back of Mr. Simpson's wagon and I just followed it. There weren't any men or any Dorcases to take care of it and so it fell to me! You wouldn't have had me let it out of my sight, would you, and we going to raise it to-morrow morning?"

"Rebecca's perfectly right, Mrs. Meserve!" said Miss Dearborn proudly. "And it's lucky there was somebody smart enough to 'ride and consort' with Mr. Simpson! I don't know what the village will think, but seems to me the town clerk might write down in his book, '*This day the State o' Maine saved the flag!*'"

V

COLUMBIA'S CHILDREN

THIS episode, if narrated in a romance, would undoubtedly have been called "The Saving of the Colors," but at the nightly conversazione in Watson's store it was alluded to as the way little Becky Randall got the flag away from Slippery Simpson.

Dramatic as it was, it passed into the limbo of half-forgotten things in Rebecca's mind, its brief importance submerged in the glories of the next day. There was a painful prelude to these glories. Alice Robinson came to spend the night with Rebecca, and when the bedroom door closed upon the two girls Alice announced her intention of "doing up" Rebecca's front hair in leads and rags, and braiding the back in six tight, wetted braids.

Rebecca demurred. Alice persisted.

"Your hair is so long and thick and dark and straight," she said, "that you'll look like an Injun!"

"I am the State of Maine; it all belonged to the Indians once," Rebecca remarked gloomily, for she never liked to discuss her personal appearance.

"And your wreath of little pine-cones won't set decent without crimps," continued Alice.

Rebecca glanced in the cracked glass and met an accusing lack of beauty that always either saddened or enraged her, according to circumstances; then she sat down resignedly and began to help Alice in the philanthropic work of making the State of Maine "fit to be seen" at the raising.

Neither of the girls was an expert hairdresser, and at the end of an hour, when the sixth braid was tied, and Rebecca had given one last shuddering look in the glass, both were ready to weep with fatigue.

The candle was blown out and Alice soon went to sleep, but Rebecca tossed on her pillow, its goose-feathered softness all dented by the cruel lead knobs and the knots of twisted rags. She slipped out of bed and walked to and fro, holding her aching head with both hands. Finally she leaned on the window-sill, watching the still weather-vane on Alice's barn, and breathing in the fragrance of the ripening apples, until her restlessness subsided under the clear starry beauty of the night.

At six in the morning the girls were out of bed, for Alice could hardly wait until Rebecca's hair was taken down, she was so eager to see the result of her labors.

The leads and rags were painfully removed, together with much hair, the operation being punctuated by a series of squeaks, squeals, and shrieks on the part of Rebecca and a series of warnings from Alice, who wished the preliminaries to be kept secret from the aunts, that they might the more fully appreciate the radiant result.

Then came the unbraiding, and then—exciting moment—the "combing out"; a diffi-

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cult, not to say impossible process, in which the hairs that had resisted the earlier processes almost gave up the ghost.

The long front strands had been wound up from various angles and by various methods, so that, when released, they assumed the strangest, most obstinate, most unexpected attitudes. When the comb was dragged through the last braid, the wild, tortured, electric hairs following, and then rebounding from it in a bristling, snarling tangle, Massachusetts gave one encompassing glance at the State o' Maine's head, and announced her intention of going home to breakfast! She was deeply grieved at the result of her attempted beautifying, but she felt that meeting Miss Miranda Sawyer at the morning meal would not mend matters in the least, so slipping out of the side door, she ran up Guideboard Hill as fast as her legs could carry her.

The State o' Maine, deserted and somewhat unnerved, sat down before the glass and attacked her hair doggedly and with set lips, working over it until Miss Jane called her to breakfast; then, with a boldness born of despair, she entered the dining-room, where her aunts were already seated at table. To "draw fire" she whistled, a forbidden joy, which only attracted more attention, instead of diverting it. There was a moment of silence after the grotesque figure was fully taken in; then came a moan from Jane and a groan from Miranda.

"What have you done to yourself?" asked Miranda sternly.

"Made an effort to be handsome and failed!" jauntily replied Rebecca, but she was too miserable to keep up the fiction. "O Aunt Miranda, don't scold. I'm so unhappy! Alice and I did up my hair to curl it for the raising. She said it was so straight I looked like an Indian!"

"Mebbe you did," cheerfully agreed Miranda, "but 't any rate you looked like a Christian Injun 'n' now you look like a heathen Injun; that's all the difference I can see. What can we do with her, Jane, between this and nine o'clock?"

"We'll all go out to the pump just as soon as we're through breakfast," answered Jane soothingly. "Much can be done by water and force."

Rebecca nibbled her corn-cake, her tearful eyes cast on her plate and her chin quivering.

"Don't you cry and red your eyes up," chided Miranda quite kindly; "the minute you've eat enough run up and get your brush and comb and come out to the back door."

"I wouldn't care how bad I looked myself," said Rebecca, "but I can't bear to be so homely that I shame the State of Maine!"

Oh, what an hour followed this plaint! Did any aspirant for literary or dramatic honors ever pass to fame through such an antechamber of horrors? Did "poet of the day" ever have his head so maltreated? To be dipped in the rain-water tub, soused again and again; to be held under the spout and pumped on; to be rubbed furiously with rough roller towels; to be dried with hot flannels! And is it not well-nigh incredible that at the close of such an hour the ends of the long hair should still stand out straight, the braids having been turned up two inches by Alice, and tied hard in that position with linen thread.

"Get out the skirt-board, Jane," cried Miranda, to whom opposition served as a tonic, "and move that flat-iron on to the front o' the stove. Rebecca, set down in that low chair beside the board, and Jane, you spread out her hair on it and cover it up with brown paper. Don't cringe, Rebecca, the worst's over, and you've borne up real good! I'll be careful not to pull your hair nor scorch you, and oh, *how* I'd like to have Alice Robinson acrost my knee and a good strip o' shingle in my right hand! There, you're all ironed out and your Aunt Jane can put on your white dress and braid your hair up again good and tight. Perhaps you won't be the hombliest of the States, after all; but when I see you comin' in to breakfast I said to myself: 'I guess if Maine looked like that, it wouldn't never 'a' been admitted into the Union!'"

When Uncle Sam and the stage-coach drew up to the brick house with a grand swing and a flourish, the goddess of liberty and most of the States were already in their places on the "harricane deck."

Words fail to describe the gallant bearing of the horses, their headstalls gayly trimmed and their harnesses dotted with little flags. The stage windows were hung in bunting, and from within beamed Columbia, looking out from the bright frame as if proud of her freight of loyal children. Patriotic streamers floated from whip, from dash-board, and from rumble, and the effect of

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the whole was something to stimulate the most phlegmatic voter.

Rebecca came out on the steps and Aunt Jane brought a chair to assist in the ascent. Miss Dearborn peeped out and gave a despairing look at her favorite. What had happened to her? Who had dressed her? Had her head been put through a wringing-machine? Why were her eyes red? Miss Dearborn determined to take her behind the trees in the pine grove and give her some finishing touches; touches that her skilful fingers fairly itched to bestow.

The stage started, and as the roadside pageant grew gayer and gayer Rebecca began to brighten and look prettier, for most of her beautifying came from within. The people, walking, driving, or standing on their doorsteps, cheered Uncle Sam's coach with its freight of gossamer-muslined, fluttering-ribboned girls and the gorgeously decorated haycart just behind, bearing the jolly but inharmonious fife and drum corps.

Was ever such a golden day! Such crystal air! Such mellow sunshine! Such a merry Uncle Sam!

The stage drew up at an appointed spot near a pine grove, and while the crowd was gathering, the children waited for the hour to arrive when they should march to the platform; the hour toward which they seemed to have been moving since the dawn of creation!

As soon as possible Miss Dearborn whispered to Rebecca: "Come behind the trees with me; I want to fix you up!"

Rebecca thought she had suffered enough from that process already during the last twelve hours, but she put out an obedient hand and the two withdrew.

Now Miss Dearborn was, I fear, a very indifferent teacher—(Dr. Moses always said so, and Libbie Moses, who wanted her school, said it was a pity she hadn't had more educational advantages in her youth.)

Miss Dearborn's stock in trade was small, her principal virtues being devotion to children and ability to gain their love, and a power of evolving a school-room order so natural, cheery, serene, and peaceful that it gave the beholder a certain sense of being in a district heaven. She was poor in arithmetic and weak in geometry, but if you gave her a rose, a bit of ribbon, and a seven-by-nine looking-glass she could make herself as pretty as a pink in two minutes.

Safely sheltered behind the pines, Miss Dearborn began to practise mysterious feminine arts. She flew at Rebecca's tight braids, opened the strands and rebraided them loosely; bit and tore the red, white, and blue ribbon in two and tied the braids separately. Then with nimble fingers she pulled out little tendrils of hair behind the ears and round the nape of the neck. After a glance of acute disapproval directed at the stiff balloon skirt she knelt on the ground and gave a strenuous embrace to Rebecca's knees, murmuring, between her hugs, "Starch must be cheap at the brick house!"

This particular line of beauty attained, there ensued great pinchings of ruffles—her fingers that could never hold a ferrule nor snap children's ears being incomparable fluting-irons.

Next the sash was scornfully untied, and tightened to give something resembling a waist. The chastened bows that had been squat, dowdy, spiritless, were given tweaks, flirts, bracing little pokes and dabs, till, acknowledging a master hand, they stood up, piquant, pert, smart, alert! Pride of bearing was now infused into the flattened lace at the neck, and a pin (removed at some sacrifice from her own toilet) was darned in at the back to prevent any cowardly lapsing. The short white cotton gloves that called attention to the tanned wrists and arms were stripped off and put in her own pocket. Then the wreath of pine-cones was adjusted at a heretofore unimagined angle, the hair was pulled softly into a fluffy frame, and finally, as she met Rebecca's grateful eyes she gave her two approving, triumphant kisses. In a second the sensitive face lighted into happiness; pleased dimples appeared in the cheeks, the kissed mouth was as red as a rose, and the little fright that had walked behind the pine-tree stepped out on the other side Rebecca the lovely.

As to the relative value of Miss Dearborn's accomplishments, the decision must be left to the gentle reader, but though it is certain that children should be properly grounded in mathematics, no heart of flesh could bear to hear Miss Dearborn's methods vilified who had seen her patting, pulling, squeezing Rebecca from ugliness into beauty. The young superintendent of district schools was a witness of the scene, and when later he noted the children surround-

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ing Columbia as bees a honeysuckle he observed to Dr. Moses: "She may not be much of a teacher, but I think she'd be considerable of a wife!" and subsequent events proved that he meant what he said!

VI

HIS STAR

Now all was ready; the moment of fate was absolutely at hand; the fife and drum corps led the way and the States followed; but what actually happened Rebecca never knew; she lived through the hours in a waking dream. Every little detail was a facet of light that reflected sparkles, and among them all she was fairly dazzled. The brass band played inspiring strains; the mayor spoke eloquently on great themes; the people cheered; then the rope on which so much depended was put in the children's hands, they applied superhuman strength to their task, and the flag mounted, mounted, smoothly and slowly, and slowly unwound and stretched itself until its splendid size and beauty were revealed against the maples and pines and blue New England sky.

Then after cheers upon cheers and after a patriotic chorus by the church choirs, the State of Maine mounted the platform, vaguely conscious that she was to recite a poem, though for the life of her she could not remember a single word.

"Speak up loud and clear, Rebecky," whispered Uncle Sam in the front row, but she could scarcely hear her own voice when, tremblingly, she began her first line. After that she gathered strength and the poem "said itself," while the dream went on. She saw Adam Ladd leaning against a tree; Aunt Jane and Aunt Miranda palpitating with nervousness; Clara Belle Simpson gazing cross-eyed but adoring from a seat on the side; and in the far, far distance, on the very outskirts of the crowd, a tall man standing in a wagon—a tall, loose-jointed man with red upturned mustaches, and a gaunt white horse headed toward the Acreville road.

Loud applause greeted the State of Maine, the slender little white-clad figure standing on the mossy bowlder that had been used as the centre of the platform. The sun came up from behind a great maple and shone full on the star-spangled banner, making it more dazzling than ever, so that its beauty drew all eyes upward.

Abner Simpson lifted his vagrant shifting gaze to its softly fluttering folds and its splendid massing of colors, thinking:

"I don' know's anybody 'd ought to steal a flag—the thunderin' idjuts seem to set such store by it, and what is it, anyway? Nothin' but a sheet o' buntin'!"

Nothing but a sheet of bunting? He looked curiously at the rapt faces of the mothers, their babies asleep in their arms; the parted lips and shining eyes of the white-clad girls; at Cap'n Lord, who had been in Libby prison, and Nat Strout, who had left an arm at Bull Run; at the friendly, jostling crowd of citizens, happy, eager, absorbed, their throats ready to burst with cheers. Then the breeze swerved, and he heard Rebecca's clear voice saying:

"For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That make our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather."

"Talk about stars! She's got a couple of 'em right in her head," thought Simpson. . . . "If I ever seen a young one like that lyin' on anybody's doorstep I'd hook her quicker'n a wink (though I've got plenty to home, the Lord knows!). And I wouldn't swap her off neither. . . . Spunky little creeter, too; settin' up in the wagon lookin' 'bout's big as a pint o' cider, but keepin' right after the goods! . . . I vow I'm 'bout sick o' my job! Never *with* the crowd, allers *jest* on the outside, 's if I wa'n't as good's they be! If it paid well, mebbe I wouldn't mind, but they're so thunderin' stingy round here, they don't leave anything decent out for you to take from 'em, yet you're reskin' your liberty 'n' reputation jest the same! . . . Countin' the poor pickin's 'n' the time I lose in jail I might most's well be done with it 'n' work out by the day, as the folks want me to; I'd make 'bout's much, 'n' I don' know's it would be any harder!"

He could see Rebecca stepping down from the platform, while his own red-headed little girl stood up on her bench, waving her hat with one hand, her handkerchief with the other, and stamping with both feet.

Now a man sitting beside the mayor rose from his chair and Abner heard him call:

"Three cheers for the women who made the flag!"

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"*Hip, hip, hurrah!*"

"Three cheers for the State of Maine!"

"*Hip, hip, hurrah!*"

"Three cheers for the girl that saved the flag from the hands of the enemy!"

"*Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!*"

It was the Edgewood minister, whose full, vibrant voice was of the sort to move a crowd. His words rang out into the clear air and were carried from lip to lip. Hands clapped, feet stamped, hats swung, while the loud huzzahs might almost have wakened the echoes on old Mount Ossipee.

The tall, loose-jointed man sat down in the wagon suddenly and took up the reins.

"They're gettin' a little mite personal and I guess it's 'bout time for you to be goin', Simpson!"

The tone was jocular, but the red mustaches drooped and the half-hearted cut he gave to start the white mare on her homeward journey showed that he was not in his usual devil-may-care mood.

"Durn his skin!" he burst out in a vindictive undertone, as the mare swung into her long gait. "It's a lie! I thought 'twas somebody's wash! I hain't an enemy!"

While the crowd at the raising dispersed in happy family groups to their picnics in the woods; while the goddess of liberty, Uncle Sam, Columbia, and the proud States lunched grandly in the Grange hall with distinguished guests and scarred veterans of two wars, the lonely man drove, and drove, and drove through silent woods and dull, sleepy villages, never alighting to replenish his wardrobe or stock of swapping material.

At dusk he reached a miserable tumble-down house on the edge of a pond.

The faithful wife with the sad mouth and the habitual look of anxiety in her faded eyes came to the door at the sound of wheels and went doggedly to the horse-shed to help him unharness.

"You didn't expect to see me back right away, did ye?" he asked satirically; "leastwise not with this same hoss? Well, I'm here! You needn't be scairt to look under the wagon-seat, there hain't nothin' there, not even my supper, so I hope you're suited for once! No, I guess I hain't goin' to be an angel right away, neither. There wa'n't nothin' but flags layin' roun' loose down Riverboro way, 'n' whatever they say, I hain't sech a hound as to steal a flag!"

It was natural that young Riverboro should have red, white and blue dreams on the night after the new flag was raised. A stranger thing, perhaps, is the fact that Abner Simpson should lie down on his hard bed with the flutter of bunting before his eyes, and a whirl of unaccustomed words in his mind.

"For it's your star, my star, all our stars together."

"I'm sick of goin' it alone," he thought; "I guess I'll try the other road for a spell;" and with that he fell asleep.

THE PILOT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

FROM the Past and Unavailing
Out of cloudland we are steering;
After groping, after fearing,
Into starlight we come trailing,
And we find the stars are true.
Still, O comrade, what of you?
You are gone, but we are sailing,
And the old ways are all new.

For the Lost and Unreturning
We have drifted, we have waited;
Uncommanded and unrated,
We have tossed and wandered, yearning
For a charm that comes no more
From the old lights by the shore;
We have shamed ourselves in learning
What you knew so long before.

For the Breed of the Far-going
Who are strangers, and all brothers,
May forget no more than others
Who look seaward with eyes flowing.
But are brothers to bewail
One who fought so foul a gale?
You have won beyond our knowing,
You are gone, but yet we sail.

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THE NAVY IN REVIEW

By James B. Connolly

OFF Oyster Bay on the 3d of September last more than one-third of our naval force was reviewed by the President. A most impressive assembly of men-o'-war it was, in tonnage and weight of metal the greatest ever floated by the waters of the western hemisphere.

The last of the fleet had arrived on the night before. From the bluffs along the shore they might have been seen approaching with a mysterious play of lights across the shadowy waters. In the morning they were all there. Hardly a type was lacking—the last 16,000-ton double-turreted battle-ship, the protected and heavy-armored cruisers, monitors, despatch boats, gunboats, destroyers, attendant transport and supply ships. Fifty ships, 1,200 guns, 16,000 men: all were there, even to the fascinating little submarines with their round black backs just showing above the water.

It was that chromatic sort of a morning when the canvas of the sailing-boats stands out startlingly white against the drizzly sky and the smoke from the stacks of the steamers takes on an accented coal-black, and, drooping, trails low in a murky wake. Rather a dull setting at this early hour; but not sufficiently dull to check the vivacity of the actors in the scene.

The usual types of attendants at marine functions were there: the palatial yacht of the notable millionaire—railroad, oil, or whatever it was—large enough, some of them, for even the chronic landsmen to circumnavigate the globe in comfort, and fast enough to serve as scouts in the service should war break out. Famous sailing craft were there, too; notably the record-holder of the ocean passage, probably the fastest schooner afloat; and long, low, not rakish—they don't rake their masts nowadays, slant them forward rather—but properly devilish and heavy-sparred she looked; and painted black she was also. But the expensive yachts of note have become rather conventional appendages nowadays. To vary the monotony, there were also here the inland water craft—the local dinghees of the unpainted clay-marked sides and the much-patched sail, wherewith the bare-footed boy ferries himself over the flats to the good fishing pockets where lurk the hesitating cunners on sunny mornings. The boy himself was there with the two broken oars and the necessary tin bailer, without which he would probably sink at his moorings. Because it is a momentous occasion he is wearing shoes to-day; but on any other day you could have seen the rich, black, juicy mud squidging up between his crusted toes.

Also there came bowling down the line that fine archaic model, the good old wall-sided, round-bowed, and plumb-sterned creation, the safe and sane vehicle of the rotund corps which furnished so many commodores for our yacht clubs a generation ago. Descended to plebeian uses now is the able galliot, owned, doubtless, by some shore-abiding party, one who has use for her only on Sundays or feast days like this, who probably gives clam-chowder parties in the cuddy and has to take his family along. At least the family are on this one now, the boy looming up in the bow like any commodore and the perspiring full-dressed ladies, not yet quite at home on the vasty deep, clinging with grim fingers to the top of the house and not for an instant losing sight of the main boom. Of one thing rest assured: in case that long

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pole slats across the floor again they don't intend to be caught unawares and have their bonnets swept into the ocean.

The excursion craft of to-day are of a greater latitude in design and size than even a cup-race day could show. Whether it is that a voyage to Sandy Hook demands a certain measure of seaworthiness and tonnage in the medium of conveyance, or whether it is that the navy in action appeals to a larger democracy than anything yet engineered by the small group who for so long have had the cup-race in charge, or whether it is that these are the sheltered waters of Long Island Sound, or whether it is something of all, certain it is that almost anything that can be sculled a mile off-shore and for a few hours thereafter nursed to stay afloat, finds this day a ready charter.

At any rate, whatever their rig or rating —cat, sloop, yawl, schooner, and the nondescript—they jibe and wear, shiver and fill, haul to and swing off, shoot and scoot with irrepressible zest over the debatable ground. To every helm is a master mariner, caring little on whom he proves his seamanship. They worry the souls of the men on picket duty, making as if to break into the sacred reservation, but always sheering off precipitately when the navy chaps, growing impatient, stand up on the thwarts and really order them off. After all, there is real authority behind the men-o'-war's men. Get them really mad and there is no telling —they might pick a fellow up, take him aboard some cruiser and maybe throw him into the brig.

The President comes up the side of the *Mayflower* and, arrived at the head of the gangway, stands rigid as any stanchion to attention while his colors are shot to the truck and the scarlet-coated band plays the national hymn. Then, ascending to the bridge, he takes station by the starboard rail with Secretary Bonaparte at his shoulder. The clouds roll away, the sun comes out, and all is as it should be while he prepares to review the fleet, which thereafter responds aboundingly to every burst of his own inexhaustible enthusiasm.

And this fleet, which is lying to anchor in three lines of four miles or so each in length, with a respectful margin of clear water all about, is, viewed merely as a marine pageant, magnificent; as a display of potential fighting power, most convincing. No man might look on it and his sensibilities—admiration, patriotism, respect, whatever they might be—remain unstirred. To witness it is to pass in mental review the great fleets of other days and inevitably to draw conclusions. Beside this armament the ill-destined Armada, Von Tromp's stubborn squadrons, Nelson's walls of oak, or Farragut's steam and sail would dissolve like the glucose squadrons that boys buy at Christmas time. Even Dewey's workmanlike batteries (this to mark the onward rush of naval science) would be rated obsolete beside the latest of these!

It was first those impressive battle-ships; and bearing down on them one better saw what terrible war-engines they are. Of a gleaming white below they are, and unpleasing yellow-brown above but above and below every evidence of power. Big guns pointing forward, big guns pointing astern, long-reaching guns abeam, and little business-looking machine guns in the tops —their mere appearance suggests their ponderous might. A single broadside from any of these, properly placed, and there would be an end to the most renowned flagships of wooden-fleet days. And that this frightful power need never wait on wind or tide, nor be hindered in execution by any weather much short of a hurricane, is assured when we note that to-day, while the largest of the excursion steamers are heaving to the little whitecaps, these are lying as immovable almost as sea-walls.

It is, first, the flag-ship *Maine*, which thunders out her greeting—one, two, three —twenty-one smoke-wreathed guns—while her sailormen, arm to shoulder, mark in unwavering blue the lines of deck and superstructure. Meantime the officers on the bridge, admiral in the foreground, are standing in salute; and in the intervals of gun-fire there are crashing out over the waters again the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." And the *Maine* left astern, the guns of the next in line boom out, and on her also the band plays and men and officers stand to attention; and so the next, and next. And the battle-ships passed, come the armored cruisers, which some think will be most useful of all. They ride the waters almost as ponderously as the battle-ships and are hardly less powerful, but much faster on the trail; and they may run

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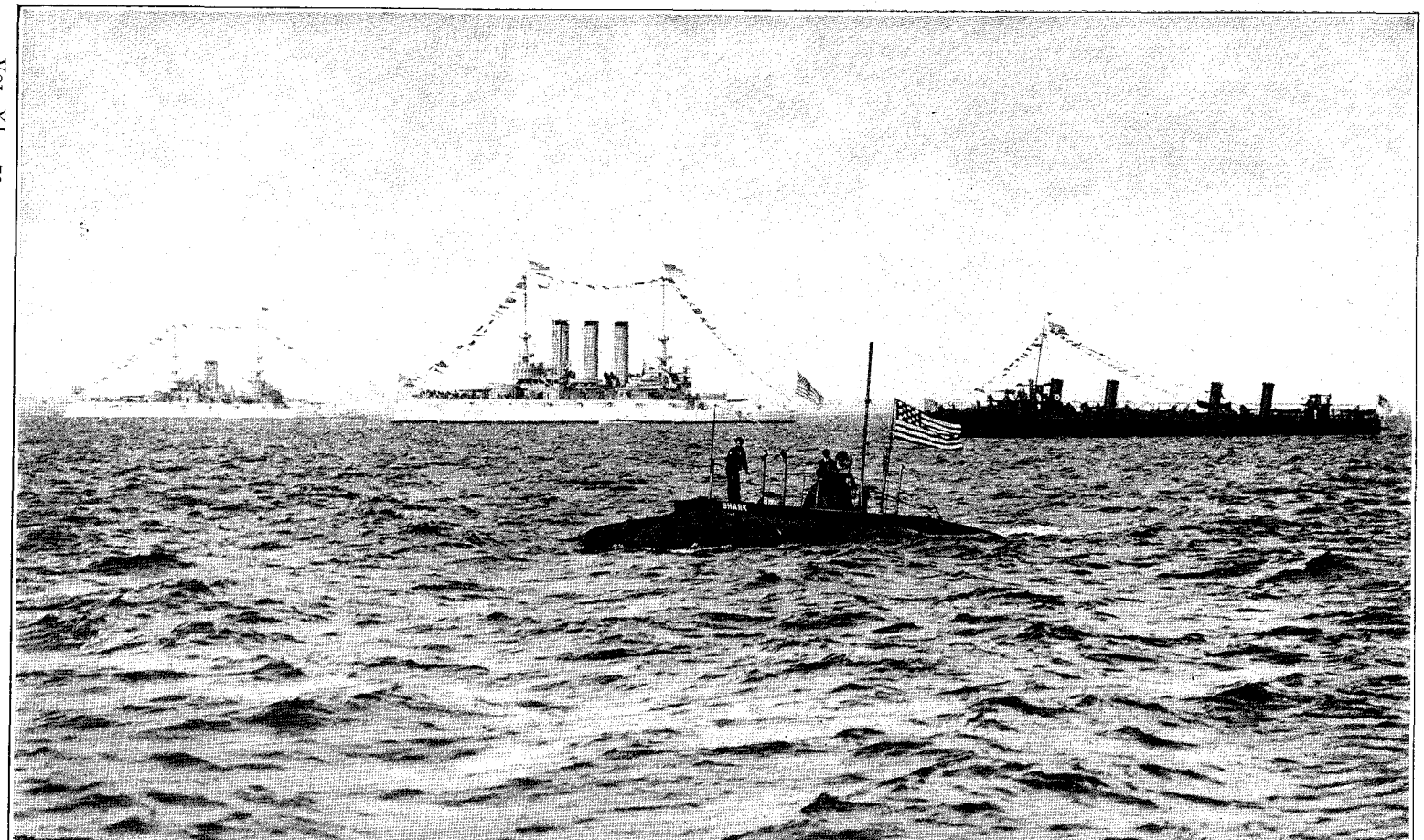

From a photograph, copyright 1906, by N. W. Penfield.

The fascinating little submarines with their black backs just showing above the water.—Page 659.

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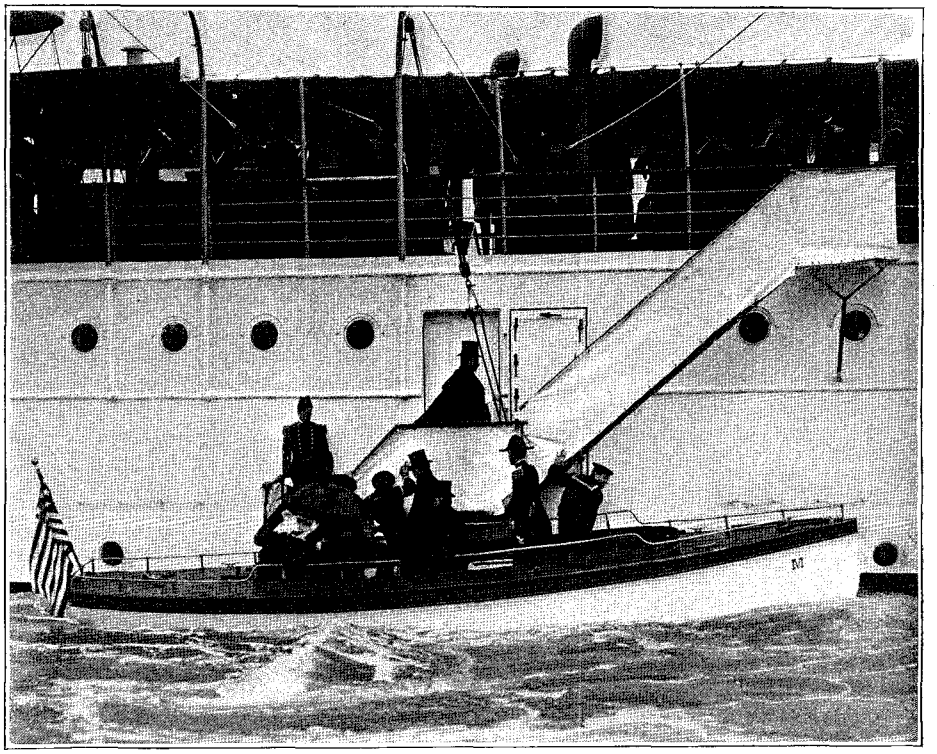
or fight as they please—but a large force it would need to be when they didn't please. After examining them, long and swift-looking, with no more space between decks than is needed for machinery, stores, armament, and lung-play for live men, the inevitable reflection recurs that the advance of mechanical power must color our dreams of romance in future. Surely the old ways are gone. Imagine one of the old three-deckers ships; and, almost forgotten, the monitors, riding undisturbedly, like squat little forts afloat, with freeboard so low that with a slightly undulating sea a turtle could swim aboard. And after them the destroyers, which look their name. Most wicked inventions; no shining brasswork nor holystoned quarter, no decorative and convenient companionway down the side, no wide promenade deck for pleasant evenings—no



The President comes up the side of the *Mayflower*.—Page 660.

aiming to work to windward of one of these in a gale, and if by any special dispensation of Providence she was allowed to win the weather berth, imagine her trying, while she rolled down to her middle deck, to damage one of these belted brutes, who meantime would be leisurely picking out the particular plank by which she intended to introduce into her enemy's vitals a weight of explosive metal sufficient in all truth to blow her out of water.

After the cruisers passed the craft of comparatively small tonnage and power follow—the gun-boats, transports, and supply anything that doesn't make for results. Of a dark sea-green, ugly, wicked-looking, with hooded ports from under which peer the muzzles of long-barrelled weapons that look as if they were designed for the single business of boring, and boring quickly, holes in steel plate.

So the *Mayflower* steams down the four long lines in review; and always the batteries and bands in action, the immortal hymn echoing out like rolling thunder between the flame-lit broadsides. From shore to shore the cannon detonate and our fighting blood is stirred. On the pleasure craft

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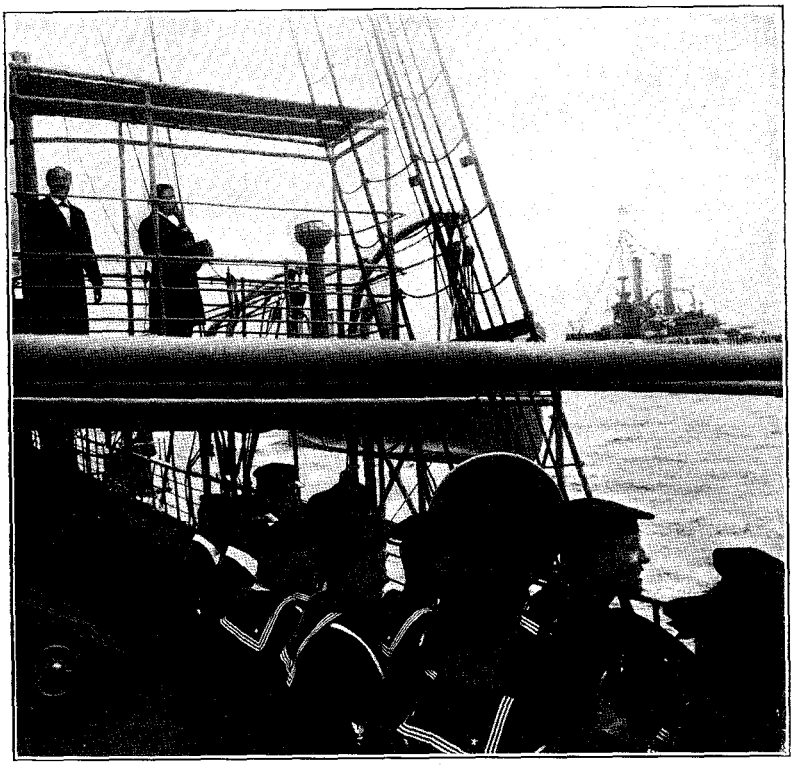


From a stereograph, copyright 1906, by H. C. White Co.

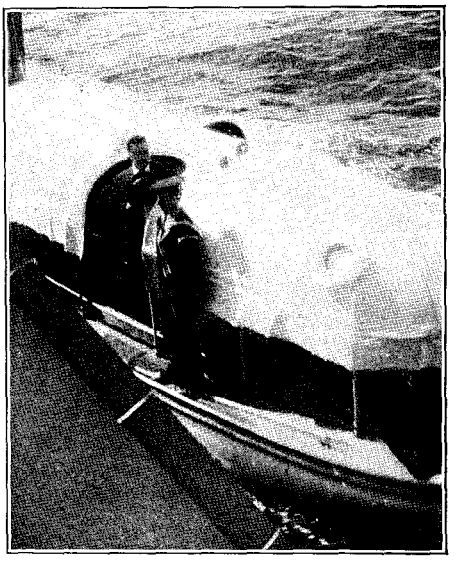
The President on the bridge of the *Mayflower.*

skirting the line of pickets like vaguely outlined picture boats in the dim, perspective haze, the people seem also to be stirred. We dream of the glory of battle; but better than that, the hymn which has stirred men to some fine deeds in the past, and shall to just as brave in the future, mounts like a surging tide to our hearts:

Oh, say can you see?

it is asking. And we can see—no need of the glass—ahead, astern, abeam, aloft, some thousands of them streaming in the fresh west wind, and within signal distance of their beautiful waving folds a multitude of men and women in whom the sense of patriotism must have become immeasurably deepened for being within call this day.

The vibration of brass and pipe, the music and the saluting, one ship and the next, and never the welcome of one died out before the tumult of the next began. It was like the ceaseless roar of the ever-rolling ocean, with never an instant when the eardrum did not vibrate to the salute of cannon, the blood tingle to the call of the nation's hymn. One felt faith in ships and crews after it; and later, when in the cabin of the *Mayflower* the admirals and captains



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The President leaving the *Mayflower.*

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gathered, to meet them and to listen was to feel anew the assurance that this navy, which is now in the making, will be ready when the hour comes to do whatever may be deemed right and well by the people.

The admirals and the *attachés* having departed and dinner become a thing of the past, it was time to review the electric-light display.

We were almost abreast of the first in line, "Man, but they do blaze out, don't they? They make me think of the post-cards we used to buy in foreign ports. You held them up before the light and they came out shining like a Christmas tree. But no ships of cards these—and that's the wonderful thing, too. Seeing them to-day, with their batteries in view, 'twas enough to put the fear o' God in a man's heart, and now look at them—like a child's dream of heaven—

"Did you see that boat making a crack at the President's reformed spelling?"—Page 667.

and she was like a ship from fairyland. Along her run the bulbed lights extended, and thence to her turrets, and, higher up, followed the outline of stacks and tops and masts, with floating strings of them suspended here and there between. Most striking of all, her name in gigantic, flaming letters faced forward from her bridge. Now one ship decked in a multiplicity of jewels on this clear calm night would have been a beautiful sight—but where there were forty odd of them——!

It was a sailor of the fleet, lurking in the shifting shadows of the bridge, that he might enjoy his surreptitious cigarette and not suffer disratement therefor, who reviewed the illuminations most illuminingly. that is, if we don't sheer too close and see that the guns are still there. And, look now, the tricks they're at!"

Outlined in incandescents, the semaphores of a dozen ships were being worked most industriously. "Jerk up and down like the legs and arms of the mechanical dolls at the theatre, don't they? But these here could be dancing for something more than the people's amusement if 'twas necessary. And what are they saying? Oh, most likely it's 'The compliments of the admiral, and will you come aboard the flag-ship and try a taste of punch?' And 'With pleasure,' that other one is saying. And they'll be lowering away the launch and no doubt be having a pleasant chat pres-

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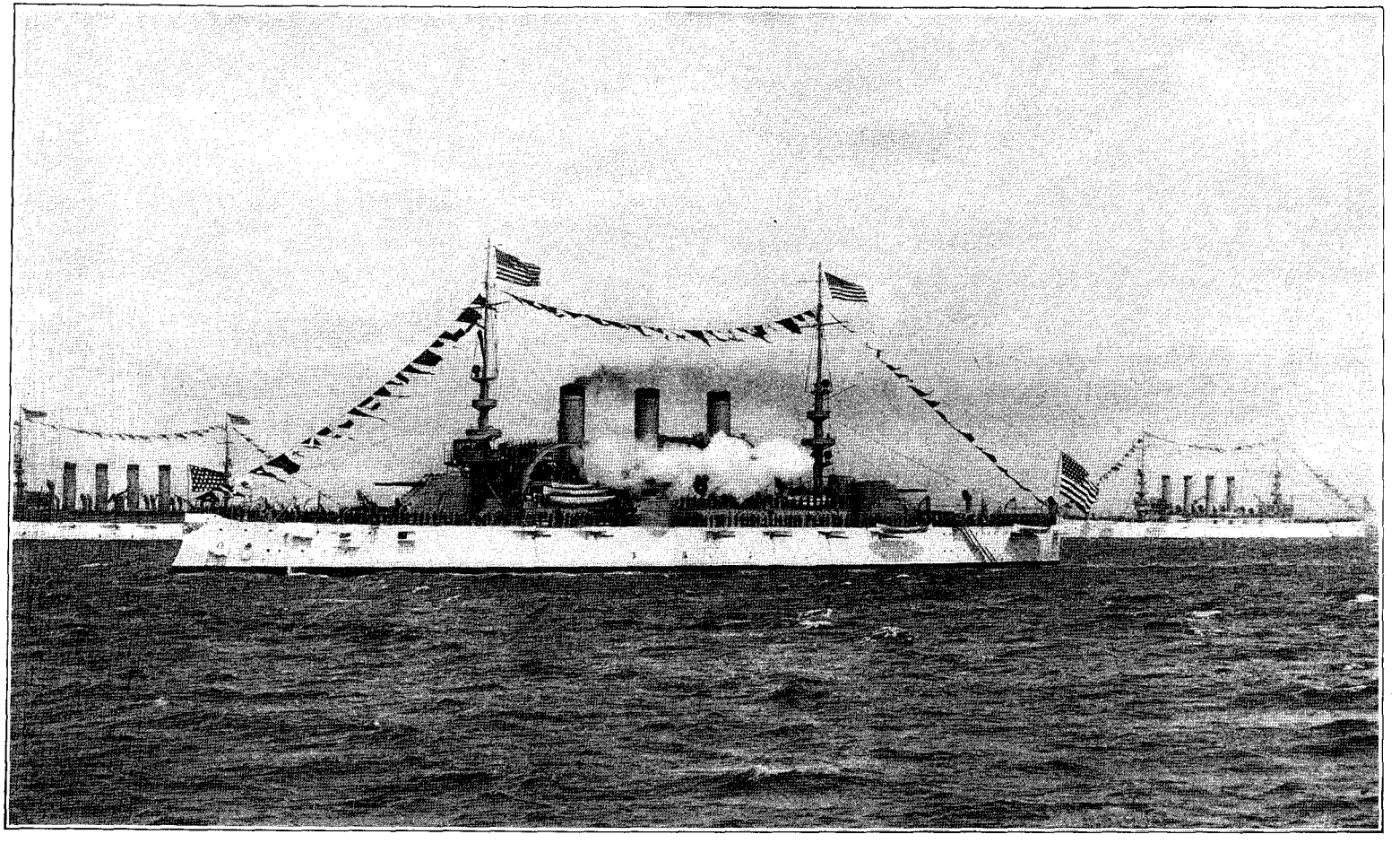

From a photograph, copyright 1906, by N. W. Penfield.

The guns boom out and men and officers stand to attention.—Page 660.

The battle-ship *Rhode Island* saluting.

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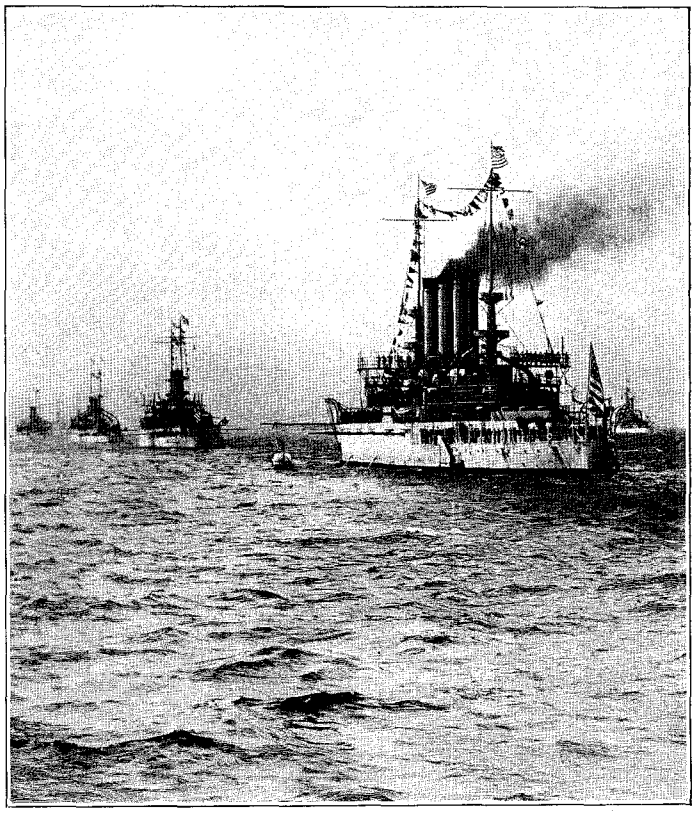

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Bearing down on them one better saw what terrible war-engines they are —Page 660.

The battle-ship division as seen from the *Mayflower*.

ently. And they could just as easily be saying (if 'twas the right time) 'Pipe to quarters and load with shell'—just as easy; and they could revolve the near turret of that one, and ten seconds after they cut loose you and me, if we weren't already killed by rush of air, would be brushing the salt water from our eyes and clawing around for a stray piece of wreckage to hang on to. Just as easy—but look at 'em now again!"

The search-lights were paralleling and intersecting, now revealing the perpendicular depths beside the vessel, and now flooding the sky. Twenty of them, simultaneously flashing, were sweeping the surface of the sound, one instant outlining the arbored Long Island shore, the next betraying the beaches of Connecticut. One, beaming westerly, disclosed a loaded excursion steamer half-way to Hell Gate, and, a moment later, turning a hand-spring, picked up in its diverging path the Fall River steamer miles away to the eastward.

"The torpedo-boats 'd have the devil's own time trying to lay aboard to-night, wouldn't they? And yet if 'twas cloudy 'twould be the submarines! Did you see them to-day? Weren't they cute—like little whale pups setting on the water—yes. They say they've got them where they turn somersaults now. Great, yes—but terrible, too, when you think they're liable to come your way some fine day. Imagine yourself, all at once, some night when you ought to be sound asleep in your hammock, finding yourself, afore you're yet fair awake, so high in the sky that you can almost reach out and take hold of the handle of the Dipper! And when you come down and get the official report, learning that one of those cute little playthings had been making a subaqueous call.

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"And what did I think of the review? Grand—but fatiguing. I was one of those chaps drawn up in line on the deck of the *Mayflower*, and from trying to see the President when he was in the stern and one of those foreign attacheys with the golden yellow on his chest who was in the bow, I've got a lame neck. A pain in my very eyebrows—yes. And did you see that boat come alongside making a crack at the President's reformed spelling? I was in Kiel, Germany, once to a review, and if they'd tried anything like that on the Kaiser, he'd slammed 'em all in jail. I suppose it's the difference between holding a job for a time and holding it for all time. An' yes, maybe, too, the difference in the men. Still, those perpetual jobs in one family aren't the best thing for us fellows.

"It's ninety odd years since the American navy proved it could do a good job; for, of course, none of us count Spain, who wasn't ready to begin with, and wasn't our size, anyway. And yet, we mightn't make out so bad 'gainst a bigger enemy at that. Our fellows can shoot, that's sure. They talk of Percy Scott in the English navy, but there's a gun crew in this ship we're breasting now, and I saw them awhile ago put eight twelve-inch shot in succession through that regulation floating target we use, and it was as far away as the farther end of that line of cruisers there, and the target was bobbing up and down and we steaming by at ten knots an hour. Not too bad—hah? And a hundred crews like 'em in the navy. That's for the shooting."

He flicked the end of another fleeting cigarette over the rail. "Yes, the American navy has fought pretty well, and this navy, no fear, will fight too. There's more different kinds of people in it than ever before, they say—though as to that I guess there were always more kinds of people in the navy than the historians ever gave credit for. Now it's all kinds like the nation itself, I suppose And that ought to make for good fighting, don't you think? You saw a good many of them to-day—what do you think of it—will they?"

And that is the point—will they? And have we the spirit to-day?

As to that, no man having yet devised any apparatus wherewith to measure energy of soul and mind, it is difficult to prove to whomever will not believe, or does not in himself possess the germ, the existence of this thing that may not be measured by foot-rule or bushel basket. The belching of black powder and the roll of drum-head do not prove it. We can always hire men to do that, and to do it well. And yet, to be there that day was to experience the thrill that may not be measured, to note how the enthusiasm of the occasion seemed to be animating the crews, to share in the feeling of pride which mantled all cheeks, and ship after ship slipping past, to feel that pride of fleet intensify, until we echoed the cry of the Commander-in-Chief, whose enthusiasm for all that is good for the nation is unquenchable. As the President said, it was a glorious day.

No doubt of it. Men had met and there was kinship in the meeting. From that auspicious opening in the morning when the clouds seemed to dissolve for the express purpose of allowing a fresh-washed sky to enter into the color scheme of the beautiful picture—blue dome, chalk-white and sea-green warships, green and blue and white-edged little seas—until that last moment at night when the last call on the last ship was blown and to its lingering cadence the last unwinking incandescent of the fairy-like illumination was switched off, leaving the hushed and darkened fleet riding to only the necessary anchor lights on the motionless, moon-lit sound—who witnessed it all might not doubt the existence of that spirit which in conflict makes for more than even thickness of armor or weight of shell.

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Come, listen, gentles all, and I will sing.

HENNEBONT AND THE FLEET

(A. D. 1342)

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART

By E. Sutton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK CRAIG

COME, listen, gentles all, and I will sing
Of fealty swerveless to the utterance,
When Bretagne lay to-torn between the King
English, and him of France.

Low drooped the cause of Jean de Montfort; he,
Rightful heir-male to all the Armoric land,
Lay far in Paris and captivity,
While with a mailèd hand,

Filled with French gold, and France's strength to aid,
Genoese cross-bows and Burgundian spears,
His rival, Charles de Blois, wide conquest made;
And now the hopes and fears

Ran wild in desperate Hennebont, girdled in
With hedges of grim steel—the strongest town
In all Bretagne, which could the Frenchman win
Ensured the ducal crown.

Throughout her council-hall, oak-rafter'd, vast,
Sombre with bannered duskiness, that the flame
Of the rich casements hardly pierced, there passed
A voice of scorn and blame.

For 'neath the ermined baldaquin's broad span
Contended fiercely for her infant's right
De Montfort's lady, lion-hearted Jeanne,
Who Jannedik Flamm* was hight.

*"Jeanne the Fleming." She was the sister of the Count of Flanders.

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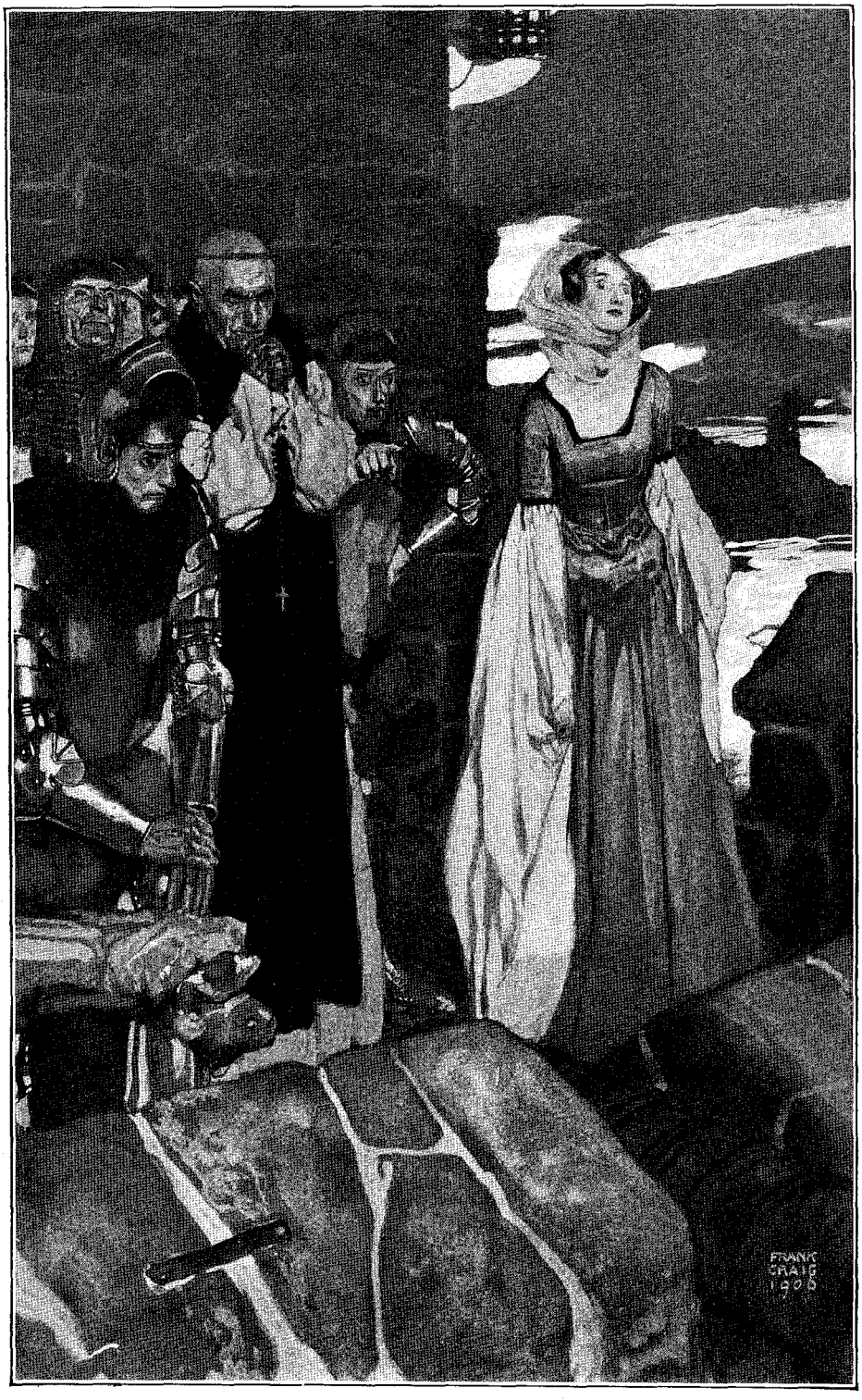

Drawn by Frank Craig.

And a flash answered whitely far away.—Page 670.

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Right royal was her port; like any lance
She stood, a woman for a king's desire;
Thick gold her braided tresses, and her glance
Of azure and of fire

"What! would ye yield—now that they dare not storm,
But lie in sullen leaguer? Dread ye so
Their twelve great engines? Need ye lie so warm
That if a roof should go

"Your hearts take cold? I cry you shame, my lords!
(God and the holy saints, of ye I ask,
Who have no woman's heart, a woman's words
To sting them to their task!)

"Have I not armed in steel my mother-breast
And led ye?—aye, the foremost—Treguidy,
Cadoudal!—ye know how with lance in rest
The length of lances three

"I led into the *mêlée!* Have I ceased
Honor, love, fortune, with my life to gage
As were I but a man-at-arms—the least
That draws a monthly wage?

"What would ye more? That on my knees I pray
Ye for that faith whereof I am beguiled?
Ye that wear knightly spurs and would betray
Your lady and a child!

"Hear my last word! Seeing I may not lean
Upon your feebled courage, since delays
England so long the narrow shores between,
I ask ye but three days!

"Only three days! Surely I shall receive
Such guerdon for my deeds, if but one spark
Ye keep of honor more than some who weave
Their treason in the dark

"With yon false priest, and to their plot do call
Hervé de Léon, Judas-like who sold
Our Nantes—our chiefest town—and there withal
His lord and mine for gold!"

She ceased, and none that heard but straightway blenched
And turned away his head in sullen wise,
For tears of woman at no moment quenched
The war-flame in her eyes

That read their wordless answer. Then in scorn
She spake again: "I thank the saintly Powers
Mine is no greater shame! O nobly born,
Ye had denied three hours!

"Climb with me to the tower—if indeed
For task so great my bidding still avails!
Perchance—who knows?—ye might wax stiffer-kneed
Could we sight English sails."

Like beaten hounds they followed to a height
Of cold gray sky and bitter salt sea-blast,
And a great noise of engines, day or night
That never ceased to cast.

Crocket and pinnacle, gable and gray spire,
Strove upward from below; street, market, lane,
Crawled with small atomies; here they quenched a fire,
There worked with might and main

To build a shattered barbican, or haul
Stones to the mangonels where need was most.
Landward, beyond the spear-points on the wall,
Lay the besieging host.

Windward—ah, windward, 'neath a weight of cloud
That bore upon the waters, wan and gray,
Wrinkled and folded like an empty shroud,
Misty and void, there lay

In savage loneliness the Celtic sea.
And cried on high the duchess in despair,
"Our Lady, I have striven! Pity me!"
Then, lance-like through the air

From underneath the cloud-pall, one long ray
Shot from the sun, slow-sinking, red and dim.
And a flash answered whitely far away
Upon the ocean rim.

"'Tis but some fisher," muttered they, but she
Staring, neck stretched above the dizzy verge,
Saw as it were a veil thin suddenly
Along the writhing surge.

And then her eyes rained down with joyful tears,
Burst from the walls a shouting and a hail,
For lo! the sea edge like a front of spears
Serried with countless sail!

"Look, look!" she sobbed; "they come at even-song,
The wings of morning! Oh, my God, to win
On the thin edge of loss!" The little throng
Shame-stricken, drew within

And left her there a space. The moments sped
Into an hour, and still she stood alone,
Bowed on a battlement, her queenly head
Sunk down upon the stone.

Now with hoarse horn-blasts and clear trumpet cries,
Naker and cymbal, clang of steel on steel
Clamorously commingling 'neath the lowering skies,
Drew near each eager keel,

Freighted by that fierce warrior isle that still
Reaps as her chiefest harvest through the years
The stubborn crop of Cadmus, bow and bill,
Sword-blades, and sheaves of spears.

Cog and broad carrack deep with bowmen drave
Slow under sail toward the shouting shores,
And hundred-footed galleys walked the wave
With thunderous tread of oars.

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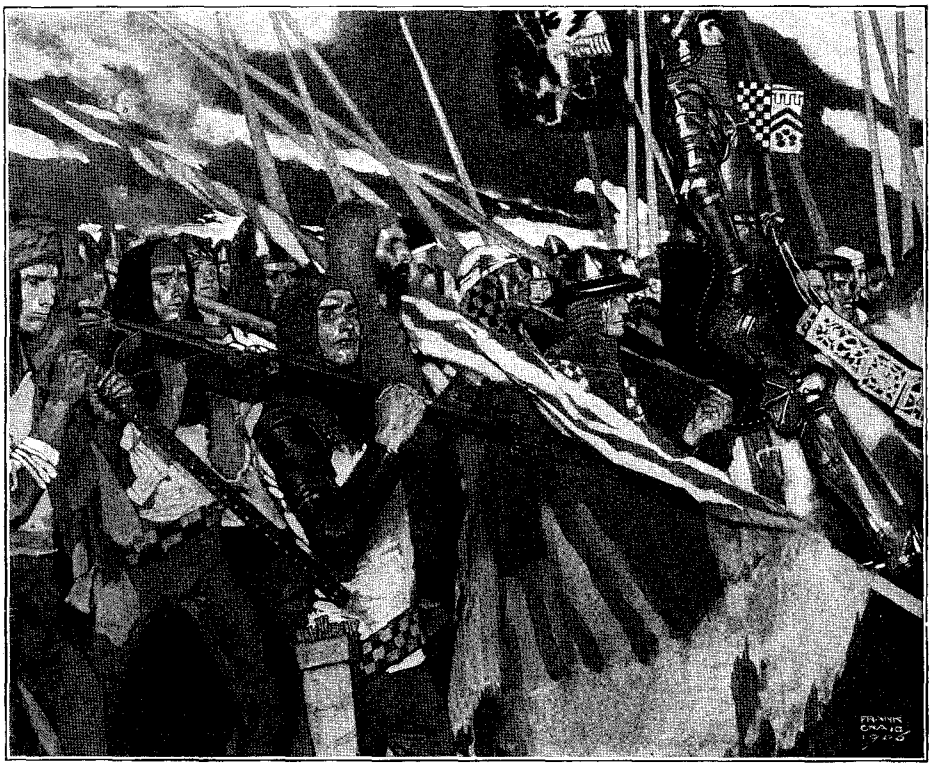

His rival, Charles de Blois, wide conquest made.—Page 668.

The beaten waters twisted, white with wrath,
Back 'twixt the crowding hulls, that surged and rolled
With every sullen heave. Down that broad path
Backed by the sunset-gold

That limned in light the thronging masts, and glowed
Redly through myriad blazonries, there came
The flower of England's might, who coming, sowed
Blavet* with seeds of flame

From burnished mail—and ah! right jollily
All that canorous clangor made to dance
Ancients and pennoncels of the strong and free
Who curbed the pride of France!

Swinford and Levedale, knightly Oxendon,
Dagworth and De la Warre and Hastings bore
With Cobham bascinet and habergeon.
Mowbray and many more

There 'neath the lilies and the leopards met,
And Manny admiral stood, the chief of these
Rough gems that from the crown Plantagenet
Glance down the centuries.

*The river on whose estuary Hennebont stands.

"See what St. George hath sent us there below!"
Cried the fair duchess. "If from heaven he
Came with a troop of angels, could they show
A goodlier company?"

Abashed before her knelt her Bretons then:
"Lady and liege, royal ye be indeed,
And worthy of the ermines! Ne'er again
Shall any fail at need!"

Sweetly she laughed. "Arise, messieurs!" she said;
"Lo, I forgive ye! Sure ye be but men,
And loyalty is woman's! Now our dread
Is lost and gone, why, then,

"Lift high my banner, call my ladies here!
Forth with such pomp as fits the state and name
Of Bretagne let us go, and give good cheer
To those who bring the same!"

So bide thou here, my Ship of Song, in staithe.
God rest her soul who lumineth my rhyme!
Flower of womanhood, and flame of faith
That flasheth to all time!

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The Veiled Lady of Stamboul

by

F. Hopkinson Smith

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

JOE HORNSTOG told me this story—the first part of it; the last part of it came to me in a way which proves how small the world is.

Joe belongs to that conglomerate mass of heterogeneous nationalities found around the Golden Horn, whose ancestry is as difficult to trace as a gypsy's. He says he is a "Jew gentleman from Germany," but he can't prove it, and he knows he can't.

There is no question about his being part Jew, and there is a strong probability of his being part German, and, strange to say, there is not the slightest doubt of his being part gentleman—in his own estimation; and I must say in mine, when I look back over an acquaintance covering many years and remember how completely my bank account was at his disposal and how little of its contents he appropriated.

And yet, were I required to hold up my hand in open court, I would have to affirm that Joe, whatever his other strains might be, was, after all, ninety-nine per cent. Levantine—which is another way of saying that he is part of every nationality about him.

As to his honesty and loyalty, is he not the chosen dragoman of kings and princes when they journey into far distant lands (he speaks seven languages and many tribal dialects), and is he not to-day wearing in his buttonhole the ribbon of the order of the Mejidieh, bestowed upon him by his Imperial Highness the Sultan, in reward for his ability and faithfulness?

I must admit that I myself have been his debtor—not once, but many times. It was this same quick-sighted, quick-witted Levantine who lifted me from my sketching stool and stood me on my feet in the plaza of the Hippodrome one morning just in time to prevent my being trodden underfoot by six Turks carrying the body of their friend to the cemetery—in time, too, to save me from the unforgivable sin among Orientals, of want of reverence for their dead. I had heard the tramp of the pall-bearers, and supposing it to be that of the Turkish patrol, had kept at work. They were prowling everywhere, day and night, and during those days they passed every ten minutes—nine soldiers in charge of an officer of police—all owing to the fact that some five thousand Armenians, anxious to establish a new form of government, had been wiped out of existence only the week before.

Once on my feet (Joe accomplished his purpose with the help of my suspenders) and the situation clear, I had sense enough left to uncover my head and stand in an attitude of profound reverence until the procession had passed. I can see them now—the coffin wrapped in a camel's-hair shawl, the dead man's fez and turban resting on top.

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Then I replaced my hat and finished the last of the six minarets of the Mosque gleaming like opals in the soft light of the morning.

This act of courtesy, due so little to my own initiative, and so largely to Joe's, gained for me many friends in and about the mosque—not only those of the dead man, one of whom rowed a caïque, but among the priests who formed the funeral *cortège*—a fact unknown to me until Joe imparted it. "Turk-man say you good man, effendi," was the way he put it. "You stoop over yourselluf humble for their dead."

Joe also stood by my side when, with hat off and with body in a half *kotow*, I sat before the Pasha, who was acting chief of police after that stormy Armenian week—it was over really in five days.

"Most High Potentate," Joe began, translating my plain Anglo-Saxon "Please, sir" into Eastern hyperbolics, "I again seek your Excellency's presence to make my obeisance and to crave your permission to transfer to cheap paper some of the glories of this City of Turquoise and Ivory. This, if your Highness will deign to remember, is not the first time I have trespassed. Twice before have I prostrated myself, and twice has your Sublimity granted my request."

"These be troublous times," puffed his Swarthiness through his mustache, his tobacco-stained fingers meanwhile rolling a cigarette; a dark-skinned, heavily-bearded Oriental, this Pasha, with an eye that burned holes in you. "You should await a more peaceful season, effendi, for your art."

"On account of the Armenians, your Excellency?" I ventured to inquire with a smile.

"Yes," This, in translation by Joe, came with a whistling sound, like the escaping steam of a radiator.

"But why should I fear these disturbers of the peace, your Supreme Highness? The Turk is my friend, and has been for years. They know me and my pure and unblemished life. They also know by this time that I have been one of the chosen few among nations who have enjoyed your Highness's confidence, and to whom you have given protection." Here my spine took the form of a horseshoe curve—Moorish pattern. "As to these dogs of Armenians" (this last was Joe's, given with a growl to show his deep detestation of the race—part of his own, if he would but acknowledge it), "your Excellency will look out for them." He *was* looking out for them at the rate of one hundred a day and no questions asked or answered so far as the poor fellows were concerned.

At this the distinguished Oriental finished rolling his cigarette, looked at me blandly—it is astonishing how sweet a smile can overspread the face of a Turk when he is granting you a favor or signing the death warrant of an infidel—clapped his hands, summoning an attendant who came in on all fours, and whispered an order in the left ear of the almost prostrate man. This done, the Pasha rose from his seat, straightened his shoulders (no handsomer men the world over than these high-class Turks), shook my hand warmly, gave me the Turkish salute—heart, mouth, and forehead touched with the tips of flying fingers—and bowed me out.

Once through the flat leather curtain that hid the exit door of the Pasha's office, and into the bare corridor, I led Joe to a corner out of the hearing of the ever-present spy, and, nailing him to the wall, propounded this query:

"What did the High-Pan-Jam say, Joe?"

Hornstog raised his shoulders level with his ears, fanned out his fingers, crooked his elbows, and in his best conglomerate answered:

"He say, 'effendi' that a guard of *ein* men, Yusuf, his name—I know him—he is in the Secret Service—oh, we will have no trouble with him——" Here Joe chafed his thumb and forefinger with the movement of a paying teller counting a roll. "He come every morning to Galata Bridge for you me. He say, too, if any trouble while you paint I go him—ah, effendi, it is only Joe Hornstog can do these things. The Pasha, he know me—all good Turk-men know me. Where we paint now, *Subito?* In the plaza, or in the patio of the Valedée, like last year?"

"Neither. We go first to the Mosque of Suleiman. I want the view through the gate of the court-yard, with the mosque in the background. Best place is below the café. Pick up those traps and come along."

Thus it was that on this particular summer afternoon Joe and I found ourselves on the shadow side of a wall up a crooked, break-neck street paved with rocks, each as

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big as a tombstone, from which I got a full view of the wonderful mosque flinging its splendors into the still air, its cresting of minarets so much frozen spray tossed against the blue.

The little comedy—or shall I say tragedy?—began a few minutes after I had opened my easel—I sitting crouched in the shadow my elbow touching the plastered wall. Only Joe and I were present. Yusuf, the guard, a skinny, half-fed Turk in fez and European dress, had as usual betaken himself to the café fronting the same sidewalk on which I sat, but half a block away, far enough to be out of hearing, but near enough to miss my presence should I decamp suddenly without notifying him. There he drank some fifty cups of coffee, each one the size of a thimble, and smoked as many cigarettes, their burned stubs locating his seat under the café awning as clearly as peanut-shells mark a boy's at the circus. I, of course, paid for both.

So absorbed was I in my work—the mosque never was so beautiful as on that day—I gave no thought to the fact that in my eagerness to hide my canvas from the prying sun I had really backed myself into a small wooden gate, its lintel level with the sidewalk—a dry, dusty, sun-blistered gate, without lock or hasp on the outside, and evidently long closed Even then I would not have noticed it, had not my ears caught the sound of a voice—two voices, in fact—low, gurgling voices—as if a fountain had just been turned on, spattering the leaves about it. Then my eye lighted, not only on the gate, but upon a seam or split in the wood, half way-up its height, showing where a panel was sometimes pushed back, perhaps for surer identification, before the inside wooden beam would be loosened.

So potent was the spell of the mosque's witchery that the next instant I should have forgotten both door and panel had not Joe touched the toe of my boot with his own—he was sitting close to me—and in explanation lifted his eyebrow a hair's breadth, his eyes fixed on the slowly sliding panel—sliding noiselessly, an inch at a time. Only then did my mind act.

What I saw was first a glow of yellow green, then a mass of blossoms, then a throat chin, and face, one after another, all veiled in a gossamer thin as a spider's web, and last—and these I shall never forget—a pair of eyes shining clear below and above the veil, and which gazed into mine with the same steady, full, unfrightened look one sometimes sees on the face of a summer moon when it bursts through a rift in the clouds.

"Don't move and don't look," whispered Joe in my ear, a tone in his voice of one who had just seen a ghost. "Allah! *Ekber!* Yuleima!"

"Who is she?" I answered, craning my neck to see the closer.

"No speak now—keep still," he mumbled under his breath.

It may have been the gossamer veil shading a rose skin, making pink pearls of the cheeks and chin and lending its charm to the other features; or it may have been the wonderful eyes that made me oblivious of Joe's warning, for I did look—looked with all my eyes, and kept on looking.

Men have died for just such eyes. Even now, staid old painter as I am, the very remembrance of their wondrous size—big as a young doe's and as pleading, their lids fringed by long feathery lashes that opened and shut with the movement of a tired butterfly—sends little thrills of delight scampering up and down my spine. Bulbuls, timid gazelles, perfumed narghilehs, anklets of beaten gold strung with turquoise, tinkling cymbals, tiny turned-up slippers with silk tassels on their toes—everything that told of the intoxicating life of the East were mirrored in their unfathomed depths.

Most of these qualities, I am aware, are found in many another pair of lambent, dreamy eyes half hidden by the soft folds of a yashmak—eyes which these houris often flash on some poor devil of a *giaour*, knowing how safe they are and how slim his chance for further acquaintance. Strange tales are told of their seductive power and strange disappearances take place because of them. And yet I saw at a glance that there was nothing of all this in her wondering gaze. Her eyes, in fact, were fixed neither on Joseph nor on me, nor did they linger for one instant on the beautiful mosque. It was my canvas that held their gaze. Men and mosques were old stories; pictures of either as astounding as a glimpse into heaven.

Again Joe bent his head and whispered to me, his glance this time on the mosque, on the hill, on the café, where Yusuf sat

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sipping his coffee, talking to me all the time out of the corner of his mouth.

"Remember, effendi, if Yusuf come we go way *chabouk*. You look at your picture all time—paint—no look at her. If Yusuf come and catch us make trouble for her—make trouble for you—make more trouble for me. Police Pasha don't know she come to this garden—I think somebody must help her. You better stop now and go café. I find Yusuf. I no like this place."

With this Hornstog rose to his feet and began packing the trap, still whispering, his eyes on the ground. Never once did he look in the direction of the houri peering through the sliding panel.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs now resounded through the still air. A mounted officer was approaching. Joe looked up, turned a light pea-green, backed his body into the gate with the movement of an eel, put his cheek close to the sliding panel, and whispered some words in Turkish. The girl leaned a little forward, glanced at the officer as if in confirmation of Joseph's warning, and smothering a low cry, sprang back from the opening. The next instant my eye caught the thumb and forefinger of a black hand noiselessly closing the panel. Joe straightened up, pulled himself into the position of a sentinel on guard, saluted the officer, who passed without looking to the right or left, drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and began mopping his head.

"What the devil is it all about, Joe? Why, you look as if you had had the wind knocked out of you."

"Oh, awful close, awful close! I tell you—but not here. Come, we go 'way—we go now—not stay here any more. If that officer see the lady with us the Pasha send me to black mosque for five year and you find yourself board ship on way to Tripoli. Here come Yusuf—damn him! You tell him you no like view of mosque from here—say you find another place to-morrow—you do this quick. Hornstog never lie."

On my way across the Galata Bridge to my quarters in Pera that night Joe followed along until Yusuf had made his *kotow* and we had made ours, the three ending in a triple flight of fingers—waited until the guard was well on his way back to the Pasha's office—it was but a short way from the Stamboul end of the Galata—and drawing me into one of the small cafés overlooking the waters of the Golden Horn, seated me at the far end near a window where we could talk without being overheard. Here Joe ordered coffee and laid a package of cigarettes on the table.

"My, but that was like the razor at the throat—not for all the hairs on my head would I had her look out the small hole in the door when Serim come along. Somebody must be take care of you, you Joe Hornstog, that you don't make damn big fool of yourselluf. Ha! but it make me creep like a spider crawl."

I had pulled up a chair by this time and was facing him.

"Now what is it? Who is the girl? Who was the chap on horseback?"

"That man on the horse is Serim Pasha, chief of the palace police. He has eyes around twice; one in the forehead, one in each ear, one in the behind of his head, He did not see her—if he did—well, we would not be talk now together—sure not after to-morrow night."

"But what has he got to do with it? What did you say her name was? Yuleima?"

"Yes, Yuleima. What has Serim to do with her? Well, I tell you. If she get away off go Serim's head. Listen! I speak something you never hear anywhere 'cept in Turk-man's land. I know it all—everything. I know her prince—he knows me. I meet him Damascus once—he told me some things then—the tears run his cheeks down like a baby's when he talk—and Serim know I know somethings! Ah! that's why he not believe me if he catch me talk to her. Afterward I find more out from my friend in Yuleima's house—he is the gardener. Put your head close, effendi."

I drew my chair nearer and listened.

"Yuleima," began Joe, "is one womans like no other womans in all——"

But I shall not attempt the dragoman's halting, broken jargon interspersed with Italian and German words—it will grate on you as it grated on me. I will assume for the moment—and Joe would be most grateful to have me do so—that the learned Hornstog, the friend of kings and princes, is as fluent in English as he is in Turkish, Arabic, and Greek.

It all began in a caïque—or rather in two caïques. One was on its way to a little white house that nestles among the firs at

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the foot of the bare brown hill overlooking the village of Beicos. The other was bound for the Fountain Beautiful, where the women and their slaves take the air in the soft summer mornings.

In the first caïque, rowed by two *caïque-jis* gorgeously dressed in fluffy trousers and blouses embroidered in gold, sat the daughter of the rich Bagdad merchant.

In the second caïque, cigarette in hand, lounged the nephew of the Khedive, Mahmoud Bey; scarce twenty, slight, oval face with full lips, hair black as sealskin and as soft, and eyes that smouldered under heavy lids. Four rowers in blue and silver, attended his Highness, the amber-colored boat skimming the waters as a tropical bird skims a lagoon.

The two had passed each other the week before on the day of the Selamlik (the Turkish holiday) while paddling up the Sweet Waters of Asia—a little brook running into the Bosphorus and deep enough for caïques to float, and every day since that blissful moment my lady had spent the morning under the wide-spreading plane-trees shading the Fountain Beautiful—the *Chesme-gazell*—attended by her faithful slave Multif, her beautiful body stretched on a Damascus rug of priceless value, her eager eye searching the blue waters of the Bosphorus.

On this particular morning—my lady had just stepped into her boat—the young man raised himself on his elbow, lifted his eyelids, and a slight flush suffused his swarthy cheeks. Then came an order in a low voice, and the caïque swerved in its course and headed for the dot of white and gold in which sat Multif and my lady. The Spanish caballero haunts the sidewalk and watches all day beneath his Dulcinea's balcony; or he talks to her across the opera-house or bull-ring with cigarette, fingers, and cane, she replying with studied movements of her fan. In the empire of Mohammed, with a hundred eyes on watch—eyes of eunuchs, spies, and parents—love-making is reduced to a passing glance, brief as a flash of light, and sometimes as blinding.

That was all that took place when the two caïques passed—just a thinning of the silken veil, one fold of the yashmak slipped down from the eyes, softening the fire of their beauty; then a quick, all-enfolding, all-absorbing look, as if she would drink into her very soul the man she loved, and the two tiny boats kept each on its way.

The second act of the comedy opens in a small cove, an indent of the Bosphorus, out of sight of passing boat-patrols—out of sight, too, of inquisitive wayfarers passing along the highroad from Beicos to Danikeui. Above the cove, running from the very beach, sweeps a garden, shaded by great trees and tangles of underbrush; one bunch smothering a summer-house. This is connected by a sheltered path with the little white house that nestles among the firs half-way up the steep brown hill that overlooks the village of Beicos.

The water-patrol may have been friendly, or my lady's favorite slave resourceful, but almost every night for weeks, the first caïque and the second caïque had lain side by side in the boat-house in the cove, both empty, except for one trusty man who loved Mahmoud and who did his bidding without murmur or question, no matter what the danger. Higher up, her loose white robes splashed with the molten silver of the moon filtering through overhanging leaves, where even the nightingale stopped to listen, could be heard the cooing of two voices. Then would come a warning cry, and a figure closely veiled would speed up the path. Next could be heard the splash of oars of the first caïque homeward bound.

Locksmiths are child's play in the East compared to patrols and eunuchs. Lovers may smile, but they never laugh at them. There is always a day of reckoning. A whisper goes around; some disgruntled servant shakes his head; and an old fellow with baggy trousers and fez, says: "My daughter, I am surprised" or "pained" or "outraged," or whatever he does say in polite Turkish, Arabic, or Greek, and my lady is locked up on bread and water, or fig-paste, or Turkish Delight, and all is over. Sometimes the young Lothario is ordered back to his regiment, or sent to Van or Trebizond or Egypt for the good of his morals, or his health or the community in which he lives. Sometimes everybody accepts the situation and the banns are called and they live happy ever after.

What complicated this situation was that the girl, although as beautiful as a dream—any number of dreams, and all of paradise—was a plebeian and the young man of royal blood. Furthermore, any number of

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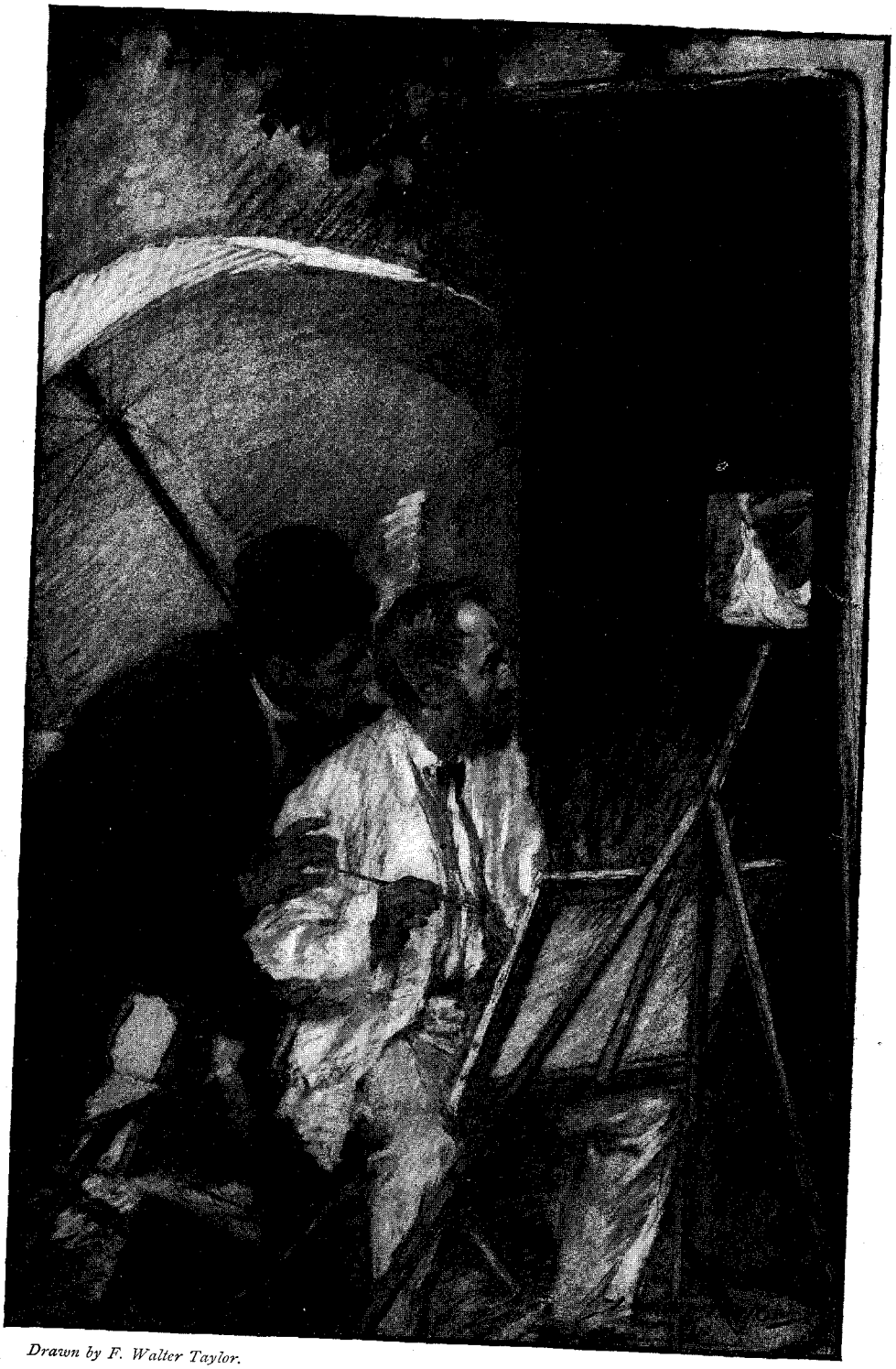

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Don't move and don't look," whispered Joe.—Page 674.

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parents, her own two and as many outside uncles and aunts, might get together and give, not only their consent, but lands and palaces—two on the Bosphorus, one in Bagdad and another at Smyrna, and nothing would avail unless his Imperial Highness the Sultan gave his consent. Furthermore, again, should it come to the ears of his August Presence that any such scandalous alliance was in contemplation, several yards of additional bow-strings would be purchased and the whole coterie experience a choking sensation which would last them the balance of their lives.

Thus it was that, after that most blissful night in the arbor—their last—in which she had clung to him as if knowing he was about to slip forever from her arms, both caïques were laid up for the season; the first tight locked and guarded in the palace of the young man's father, five miles along the blue Bosphorus as the bird flies, and the second in the little boat-house in the small indent of a cove under the garden holding the beloved arbor, the little white house, and My Lady of the diaphanous veil and the all-absorbing eyes.

With the lifting of the curtain on the third act, the scene shifts. No more Sweet Waters, no more caïques nor stolen interviews—the music of hot kisses drowned in the splash of the listening fountain. Instead, there is seen a sumptuously furnished interior, the walls wainscoted in Moorish mosaics and lined by broad divans covered with silken rugs. Small tables stand about on which rest trays of cigarettes and sweets. Over against a window overlooking a garden lounges a group of women—some young, some old, one or two of them black as coal. It is the harem of the Pasha, the father of Mahmoud, Prince of the Rising Sun, Chosen of the Faithful, Governor of a province, and of forty other things beside—most of which Joe had forgotten.

Months had passed since that night in the arbor. Yuleima had cried her eyes out, and Mahmoud had shaken his fists and belabored his head, swearing by the beard of the Prophet that come what might Yuleima should be his.

Then came the death of the paternal potentate, and the young lover was free—free to come and go, to love, to hate, free to follow the carriage of his imperial master in his race up the hill after the ceremony of the Selamlik; free to choose any number of Yuleimas for his solace; free to do whatever pleased him—except to make the beautiful Yuleima his spouse. This the High-Mightinesses forbade. There were no personal grounds for their objection. The daughter of the rich Bagdad merchant was as gentle as a doe, beautiful as a star seen through the soft mists of the morning, and of stainless virtue. Her father had ever been a loyal subject, giving of his substance to both church and state, but there were other things to consider, among them a spouse especially selected by a council of High Pan-Jams, whose decision, having been approved by their imperial master, was not only binding, but final—so final that death awaited any one who would dare oppose it. At the feast of Ramazan the two should wed. Yuleima might take second, third, or fortieth place—but not first.

The young prince gritted his row of white teeth and flashed his slumbering eyes—and they could flash—blaze sometimes—with a fire that scorched. Yuleima would be his, unsullied in his own eyes and the world's, or she should remain in the little white house on the brown hill and continue to blur her beautiful eyes with the tears of her grief.

Then the favorite slave and the faithful *caïque-ji*—the one who found the little cove even on the darkest night—put their heads together—two very cunning and wise heads, one black and wrinkled and the other sun-tanned and yellow—with the result that one night a new odalisque, a dark-skinned, black-haired houri, the exact opposite of the fair-skinned, fair-haired Yuleima, joined the coterie of the harem of the palace of the prince. She had been bought with a great price and smuggled into Stamboul, the story ran, a present from a distinguished friend of his father, little courtesies like this being common in Oriental countries, as one would send a bottle of old Madeira from his cellar or a choice cut of venison from his estate, such customs being purely a matter of geography.

The chief blackamoor, a shambling, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, swollen-paunched apology for a man, with blistered, cracked lips, jaundiced pig eyes, and the skin of a terrapin, looked her all over, grunted his approval, and with a side-lunge of his flat empty head, indicated the divan which was to be hers during the years of her imprisonment.

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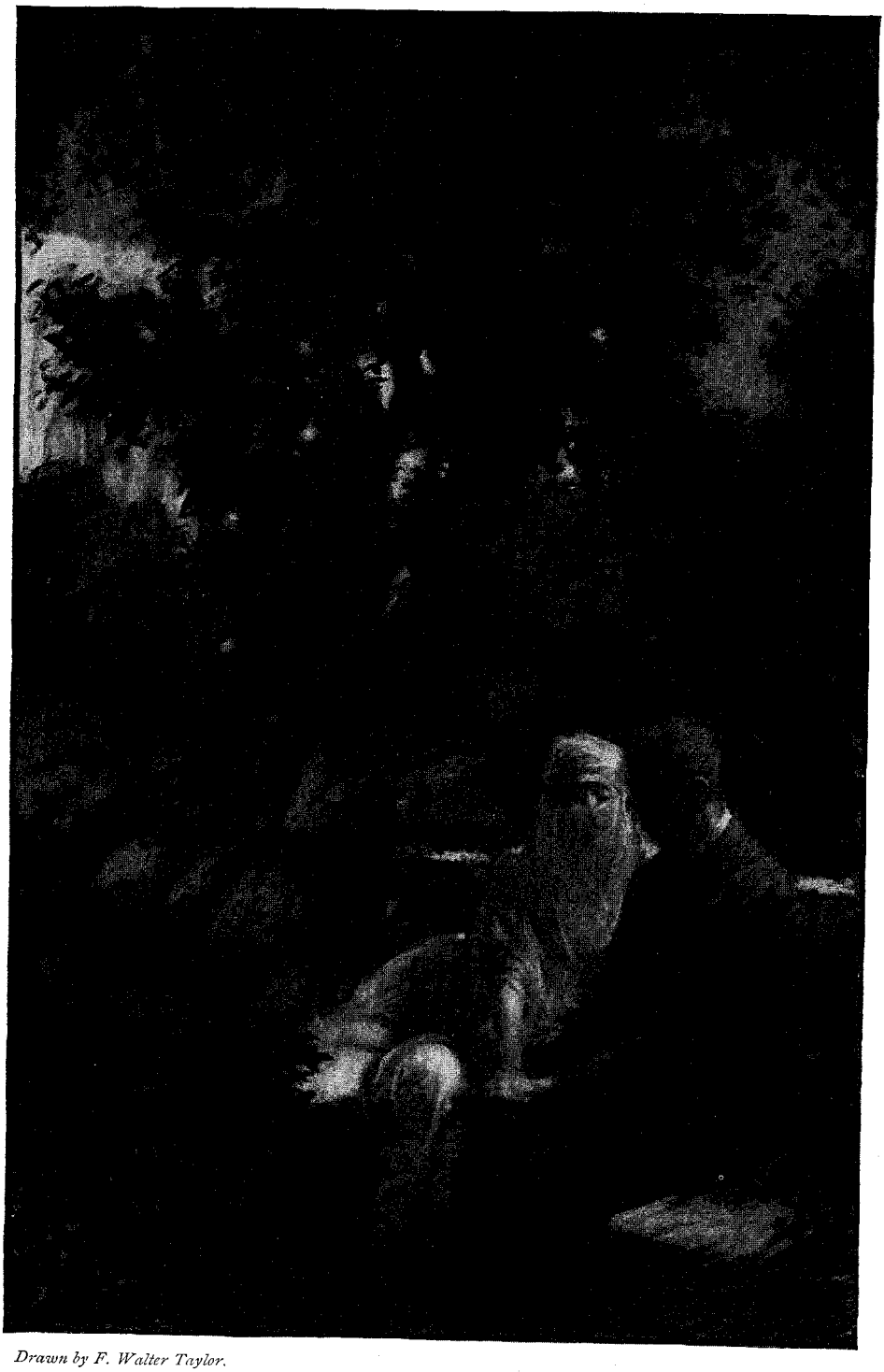

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Her loose white robes splashed with the molten silver of the moon.—Page 676.

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One night some words passed between the two over the division of bonbons, perhaps, or whose turn it was to take afternoon tea with the prince—it had generally been the new houri's, resulting in considerable jealousy and consequent discord—or some trifle of that sort (Joe had never been in a harem, and was therefore indefinite), when the blackamoor, to punctuate his remarks, slashed the odalisque across her thinly covered shoulders with a knout—a not uncommon mode of enforcing discipline, so Joe assured me.

Then came the great scene of the third act—always the place for it, so dramatists say.

The dark-skinned houri sprang up, rose to her full height, her eyes blazing, and facing her tormentor, cried:

"You blackguard"—a true statement—"do you know who I am?"

"Yes, perfectly; you are Yuleima, the daughter of the Bagdad merchant."

The fourth act takes place on the outskirts of Stamboul, in a small house surrounded by a high wall which connects with the garden of a mosque. The exposure by the eunuch had resulted in an investigation by the palace clique, which extended to the Bagdad merchant and his family, who, in explanation, not only denounced her as an ungrateful child, cursing her for her opposition to her sovereign's will, but denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. They supposed, they pleaded, that she had thrown herself into the Bosphorus at the loss of her lover. Then followed the bundling up of Yuleima in the still watches of the night; her bestowal at the bottom of a caïque, her transfer to Stamboul, and her incarceration in charge of an attendant in the deserted house belonging to the mosque. The rumor was then set on foot that it was unlawful to look steadily into the waters of the Bosphorus or to attempt the salvage of any derelict body floating by.

The prince made another assault on his hair and tightened his fingers, this time with a movement as if he was twisting them round somebody's throat, but he made no outcry. It is hard to kick against the pricks in some lands.

He did not believe the pillow-case and solid-shot story, but he knew that he should never look upon her face again. What he did believe was that she had been taken to some distant city and there sold. For days he shut himself up in his palace. Then, having overheard a conversation in his garden between two eunuchs—placed there for that purpose—he got together a few belongings, took his faithful *caïque ji*, and travelled a-field. If what he had heard was true she was in or near Damascus. If, after searching every nook and cranny, he failed to find her, he would return and carry out his sovereign's commands and marry the princess—a woman he had never laid his eyes on and who might be as ugly as sin and as misshapen as Yuliema was beautiful. It was while engaged in this fruitless search that he met Joseph, to whom he had poured out his heart (so Joe assured me, with his hand on his shirt-front), hoping to enlist his sympathies and thus gain his assistance.

All this time the heart-broken girl, rudely awakened from her dream of bliss, was a prisoner in the deserted house next the mosque. As the dreary months went by her skin regained its pinkness and her beautiful hair its golden tint, walnut shells and cosmetics not being found in the private toilet of the priests and their companions. When the summer came a greater privilege was given her. She could never speak to anyone and no one could speak to her—even the priests knew this—but a gate opening into the high-walled garden was left unlocked now and then by one of the kind-hearted Mohammedans, and often she would wander as far as the end of the wall overlooking the Mosque of Suleiman, her attendant always with her—a black woman appointed by Chief-of-Police Selim, and responsible for her safety, and who would pay forfeit with her head if Yuleima escaped.

"And you think now, effendi," concluded Joe, as he drained his last cup of coffee (Hornstog's limit was twenty cups at intervals of three minutes each), "that Joe be big damn fool to put his foots in this—what you call—steel trap? No, no, we keep away. To-morrow don't it we take Yusuf and go Scutari? One beautiful fountain at Scutari like you never see!"

"But can't her father help?" I asked, ignoring his suggestion. His caution did not interest me. It was the imprisoned girl and her suffering that occupied my thoughts.

"Yes, perhaps, but not yet. I somethings hear one day from the gardener who live with her father, but maybe it all lie.

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He say Serim come and say—" Again Joe chafed his thumb and forefinger, after the manner of the paying teller. Maybe ten thousand piastres—maybe twenty. Her father would pay, of course, only the Sultan might not like—then worse trouble—nothing will be done anyhow until the wedding is over. Then, perhaps, sometime."

I did not go to Scutari the next day. I opened my easel in the *patio* of the Pigeon Mosque and started in to paint the plaza with Cleopatra's Needle in the distance. This would occupy the morning. In the afternoon I would finish my sketch of Suleiman. If Joe had a fresh attack of ague he could join Yusuf at the café and forget it in the thimbleful that cheers but does not inebriate.

With the setting up of my tripod and umbrella and the opening of my color-box a crowd began to gather—market people, fruit-sellers, peddlers, scribes, and soldiers. Then a shrill voice rang out from one of the minarets calling the people to prayer. A group of priests now joined the throng about me, watched me for a moment, consulted together, and then one of them, an old man in a silken robe of corn-yellow bound about with a broad sash of baby blue, a majestic old man, with a certain rhythmic movement about him which was enchanting, laid his hand on Joseph's shoulder and looking into his eyes, begged him to say to his master that the making of pictures of any living or dead thing, especially mosques, was contrary to their religion, and that they begged the effendi would fold his tent.

All this time another priest, an old patriarch with a fez and green turban and Nile-green robe overlaid with another of rose-pink, was scrutinizing my face. Then the corn-yellow fellow and the rose-pink patriarch put their heads together, consulted for a moment, made me a low bow, performed the flying-fingers act, and floated off toward the mosque.

"You no go 'way, effendi," explained Joe. "The priest in green turban say he remember you; he say you holy man who bow yourselluf humble when dead man go by. No stop paint."

The protests of the priests, followed by their consultation and quiet withdrawal, packed the crowd the closer. One young man in citizen's dress and fez stood on the edge of the throng trying to understand the cause of the excitement.

Joe, who was sitting by me assisting with the water-cup, gazed into the intruder's face a moment, then closed upon my arm with a grip as if he'd break it.

"Allah! Mahoud Bey!" he whispered. "Yuleima's prince. That's him with the smooth face."

The next instant the young man stood by my side.

"The people are only curious, monsieur," he said in French. "If they disturb you I will have them sent away. So few painters come—you are the first I have seen in many years. If it will not annoy you, I'd like to watch you a while."

"Annoy me, my dear sir!" I was on my feet now, hat in hand. (If he had been my long-lost brother, stolen by the Indians or left on a desert island to starve—or any or all of those picturesque and dramatic things—I could not have been more glad to see him. I fairly hugged myself—it seemed too good to be true.) "I will be more than delighted if you will take my dragoman's stool. Get up, Joe, and give——"

The request had already been forestalled. Joe was not only up, but was bowing with the regularity and precision of the arms of a windmill, his fingers, with every rise, fluttering between his shirt-stud and his eyebrows. On his second upsweep the young prince got a view of his face—then his hand went out.

"Why it is Hornstog! We know each other. We met in Damascus. You could not, monsieur, find a better dragoman in all Constantinople."

Only three pairs of eyes now followed the movements of my brush, the crowd having fallen back out of respect for the young man's rank, Yusuf having communicated that fact to those who had not recognized him.

When the light changed—and it changed unusually early that morning, about two hours ahead of time (I helped)—I said to the prince,

"It may interest you to see me finish a sketch in color. Come with me as far as Suleiman. We can sit quite out of the sun up a little back street under a wall, and away from everybody. I began the drawing yesterday. See!" and I uncovered the canvas.

"Ah, Suleimanyeh! The most beautiful of all our mosques. Yes, certainly I'll go."

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Joe dug his knuckles into my thigh, under pretence of steadying himself—he was squatting beside me like a frog, helping with the water-cups—and gasped: "No; don't take him—please, effendi! No—no——"

I brushed Joe aside and continued: "We can send for coffee and spend the afternoon. I'll have some chairs brought from the café. Pick up everything, Joe, and come along."

On the way to the crooked, break-neck street my thoughts went racing through my head. On one side, perhaps, a tap on the shoulder in the middle of the night; half a yard of catgut in the hands of a Bashi-Bazouk; an appeal to our consul, with the consciousness of having meddled with something that did not concern me. On the other a pair of tear-stained, pleading eyes. Not my eyes—not the eyes of anybody that I knew—but the kind that raise the devil even in the heart of a staid old painter like myself.

Joe followed, with downcast gaze. He, too, was scheming. He could not protest before the prince, nor before Yusuf. That would imply previous knowledge of the danger lurking in the vicinity of the old wall. His was the devil and the deep sea. Not to tell the prince of Yuleima's whereabouts, after their combined search for her, and the fees the prince had paid him, would be as cruel as it was disloyal. To assist in Mahmoud's finding her would bring down upon his own head—if it was still on his shoulders—the wrath of the chief of police, as well as the power behind him.

Once under the shadow of the wall, the trap unpacked, easel and umbrella up, and water-bottles filled, Joe started his windmill, paused at the third kotow, looked me straight in the eye, and, with a tone in his voice, as if he had at last come to some conclusion, made this request:

"I have no eat breakfast, effendi—very hungry—you please permit Joe go café with Yusuf—we stay *one* hour, no more. Then I bring coffee. You see me when I come—I bring the coffee myselluf."

He could not have pleased me more. How to get rid of them both was what had been bothering me.

I painted on, both of us backed into the low gate with the sliding panel, my eyes on the mosque, my ears open for the slightest sound. We talked of the wonderful architecture of the East, of the taper of the minarets, of the grace and dignity of the priests, of the social life of the people, I leading and he following, until I had brought the conversation down to the question:

"And when you young men decide to marry are you free to choose, as we Europeans are?" I was feeling about, wondering how much of his confidence he would give me.

"No; that's why, sometimes, I wish I was like one of the white gulls that fly over the water."

"I don't understand."

"I would be out at sea with my mate—that's what I mean."

"Have you a mate?"

"I had. She is lost."

"Dead?"

"Worse."

I kept at work. White clouds sailed over the mosque; a flurry of pigeons swept by; the air blew fresh. With the exception of my companion and myself the street was deserted. I dare not go any further in my inquiries. If I betrayed any more interest or previous knowledge he might think I was in league against him.

"The girl, then, suffers equally with the man?" I said, tightening one of the legs of my easel.

"More. He can keep his body clean; she must often barter hers in exchange for her life. A woman doesn't count much in Turkey. This is one of the things we young men who have seen something of the outside world—I lived a year in Paris—will improve when we get the power," and his eyes flashed.

"And yet it is dangerous to help one of them to escape, is it not?"

"Yes."

The hour was nearly up. Joe, I knew, had fixed it, consulting his watch and comparing it with mine so that I might know the coast was clear during that brief period should anything happen.

"I was tempted to help one yesterday," I answered. "I saw a woman's face that has haunted me ever since. She may not have been in trouble, but she looked so." Then quietly, and as if it was only one of the many incidents that cross a painter's path, I described in minute detail the gate, the sliding panel, the veiled face and wondrous eyes, the approach of the officer, the smothered cry of terror, the black finger and

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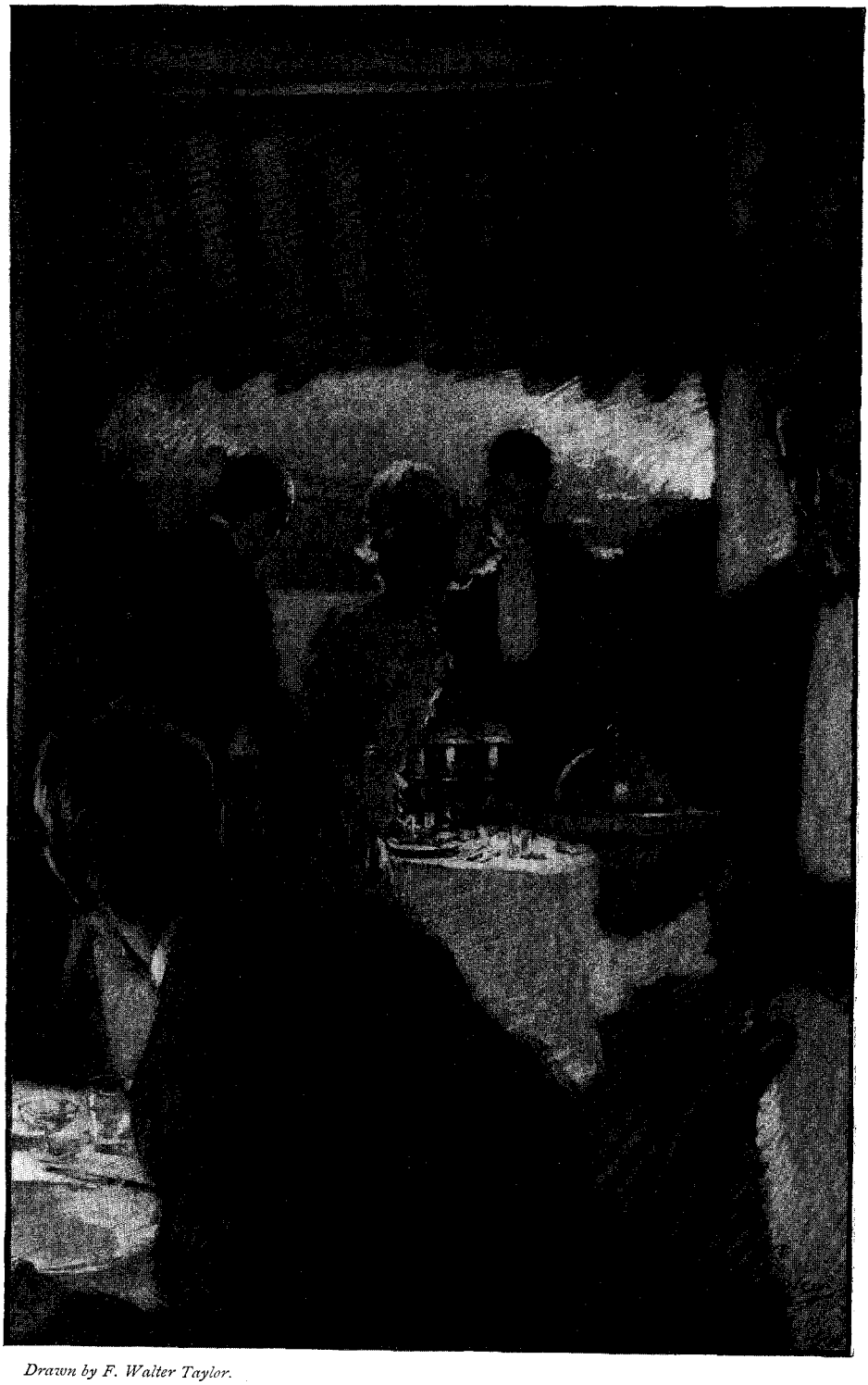

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

I could see that she was young.—Page 684.

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thumb that reached out, and the noiseless closing of the panel. What I omitted was all reference to Joe or his knowledge of the girl.

Mahmoud was staring into my eyes now.

"Where was this?"

"Just behind you. Lift your head—that seam marks the sliding panel. She may come again when she sees the top of my umbrella over the wall. Listen! That's her step. She has someone with her—crouch down close. There's only room for her head. You may see her then without her attendant knowing you are here. Quick! she is sliding the panel!"

Outside of Paris, overlooking the Seine, high up on a hill, stands the Bellevue—a restaurant known to half the world. Sweeping down from the perfectly appointed tables lining the rail of the broad piazza; skimming the tree-tops, the plain below, the twisting river, rose-gold in the twilight, the dots of parks and villas, the eye is lost in the distant city and the haze beyond—the whole a-twinkle with myriads of electric lights.

There, one night, from my seat against the opposite wall (I was dining alone), I was amusing myself watching a table being set with more than usual care; some rich American, perhaps, with the world in a sling, or some young Russian running the gauntlet of the dressing-rooms. Staid old painters like myself take an interest in these things. They serve to fill his note-book, and sometimes help to keep him young.

When I looked again the waiter was drawing out a chair for a woman with her back to me. In the half-light, her figure, in silhouette against the cluster of candles lighting the table, I could see that she was young and, from the way she took her seat, wonderfully graceful. Opposite her, drawing out his own chair, stood a young man in evening dress, his head outlined against the low, twilight sky. It was Mahmoud!

I sprang from my seat and walked straight toward them. There came a low cry of joy, and then four outstretched arms—two of them tight-locked about my neck.

"Tell me," I asked, his own and Yuleïma's hands still clinging to mine, "after I left you that last night in the garden, was the boat where we hid it?"

"Yes."

"Who rowed you to the steamer?"

"My old *caïque-ji*."

"And who got the tickets and passports?"

"Hornstog."

THANKSGIVING

By Ruth Sterry

Not what we have, O Lord, but what we missed:
For shining eyes to-night Death might have kissed,
For loving hands so dear we might not hold,
For lips we love which might to-night be cold.

For what we missed, O Lord, for what we missed:
The child who might have wandered, Judas kissed,
The sin which might have found us unaware
And entering in our hearts have flourished there.

For what we missed, O Lord, for what we missed
We give Thee thanks; for days no blight has kissed—
For hearts and homes to-night that by Thy grace
Rejoice that there is not an empty place.

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SCENES FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF IRELAND

BY

HENRY McCARTER

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES
BY DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

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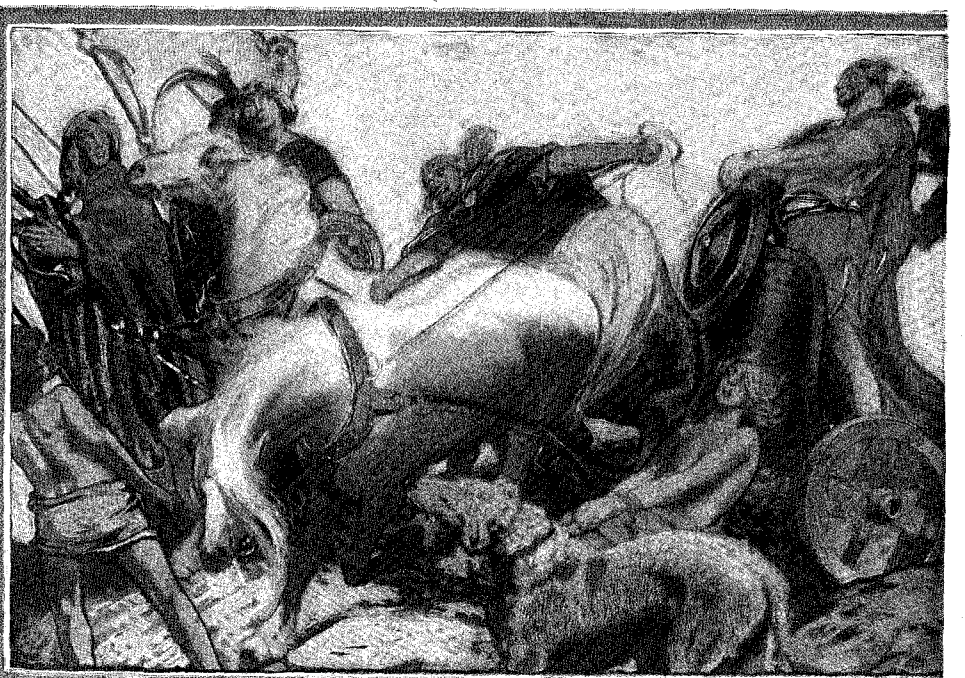

SCENES FROM IRISH HISTORY

"ALL the records of the Irish prior to the time of Cimbaeth are uncertain," so wrote Tighearnach, the great Irish annalist of the eleventh century. When he penned these words he had before him the earliest written records of Ireland, so far as those records had escaped destruction at the hands of the marauding Northmen.

This Cimbaeth, the founder of Emania, which was the home of the Red Branch Knights, lived some three hundred years before Christ, and the inference of the annalist is, that in his eyes, at least, the substance of Irish history from that time forward may be more or less relied upon. Certain it is that Ireland possesses a great number of very ancient sagas, epics, and histories, which are essentially non-Christian and Pagan, for as Windisch has well remarked in a public letter which he addressed to me a few years ago, "neither the Germans nor the Slavs are able to produce any such living pictures out of their wild-heroic prehistoric times as can the Irish."

Certain typical scenes from this ancient past Mr. McCarter has chosen to illustrate.

We see on the title-page an Irish king seated between his poet and his brehon or law-giver. The harp in the poet's hand does not denote his office, for the poet was really only an artist in words, and it seldom happened that he was a musician also. The musician never took precedence of a poet, nor sat by virtue of his office, as did the poet, at the king's right hand.

In the next picture we find the king returning in his chariot from a foray or hosting. His warriors are leading with them a captured elk, whose

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head is bowed beneath its enormous horns. The chariot and the charioteer play as great a part in Irish epic as they do in the lays of Homer. This shows the great antiquity of the Irish sagas and the primitiveness of the life which they depict, for even in Gaul, when Cæsar invaded it, it was found that the Celts had ceased to fight in chariots. The Irish elk, as it is called, must have been a noble animal. Its horns, still found throughout Ireland, have a span of ten or eleven feet, or more, but my friend George Coffey, who has made a special study of the point, tells me it is more than doubtful whether the era of this beautiful beast overlapped that of man in Ireland. The idea in the mind of our artist may well be taken from the home-coming of Cuchulain, the great epic hero of Pagan Ireland, who when he returned as a youth from his first foray bore behind his chariot two great stags "of the wild deer of the dark places of Slieve Fuad."

In the next picture we find a very typical incident from early Irish life, the driving of the annual tribute of some sub-king to the court of the High King at Tara, or to the court of the King of Cashel in Munster, or Cruachan in Connacht. The ancient vellums still exist which clearly define the rights and tributes of the lesser and of the greater kings. It is noticeable that not only did the greater king receive tributes, but that he also paid them, and their acceptance at the hands of the sub-kings was an intimation that they acknowledged the overlordship of the donor. Thus the King of Muscraidhe or Muskerry paid to the King of Munster, his overlord, at Cashel, a tribute yearly of 300 beeves, 300 hogs, and 100 cows, while he received from Cashel seven steeds, seven tunics, seven hounds, and seven coats of mail. The great Boru tribute, first levied by the High King upon the province of Leinster, a hundred years after Christ, and the imposition of which probably changed the whole course of Ireland's history, by making that province side first with the Northmen and later on with the Normans under Strongbow, consisted of 15,000 cows, 15,000 swine, 15,000 wethers, and the same number of mantles, silver chains, and copper caldrons. In the picture we see the long file of cattle followed by a group of gray steeds—the color of the

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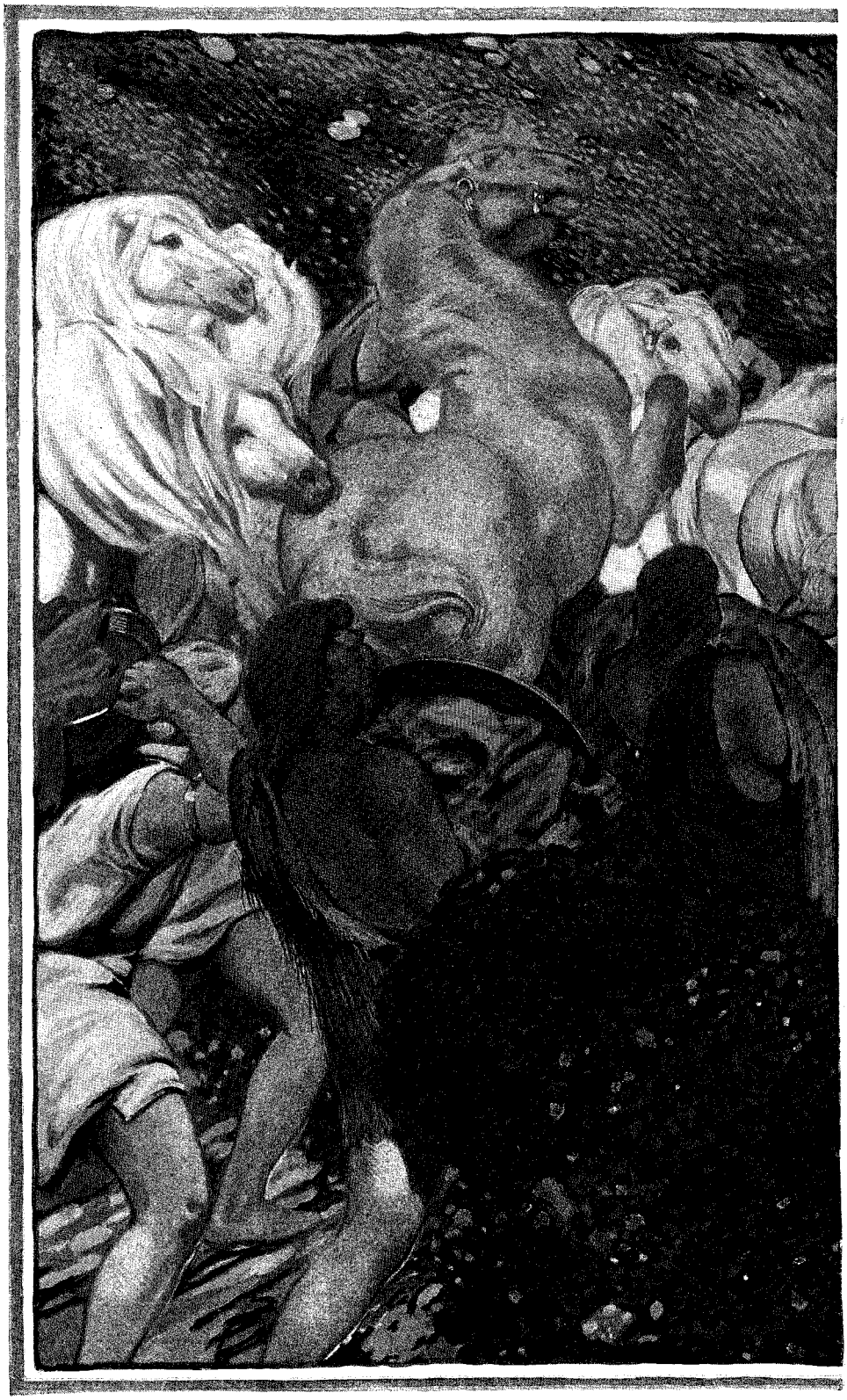

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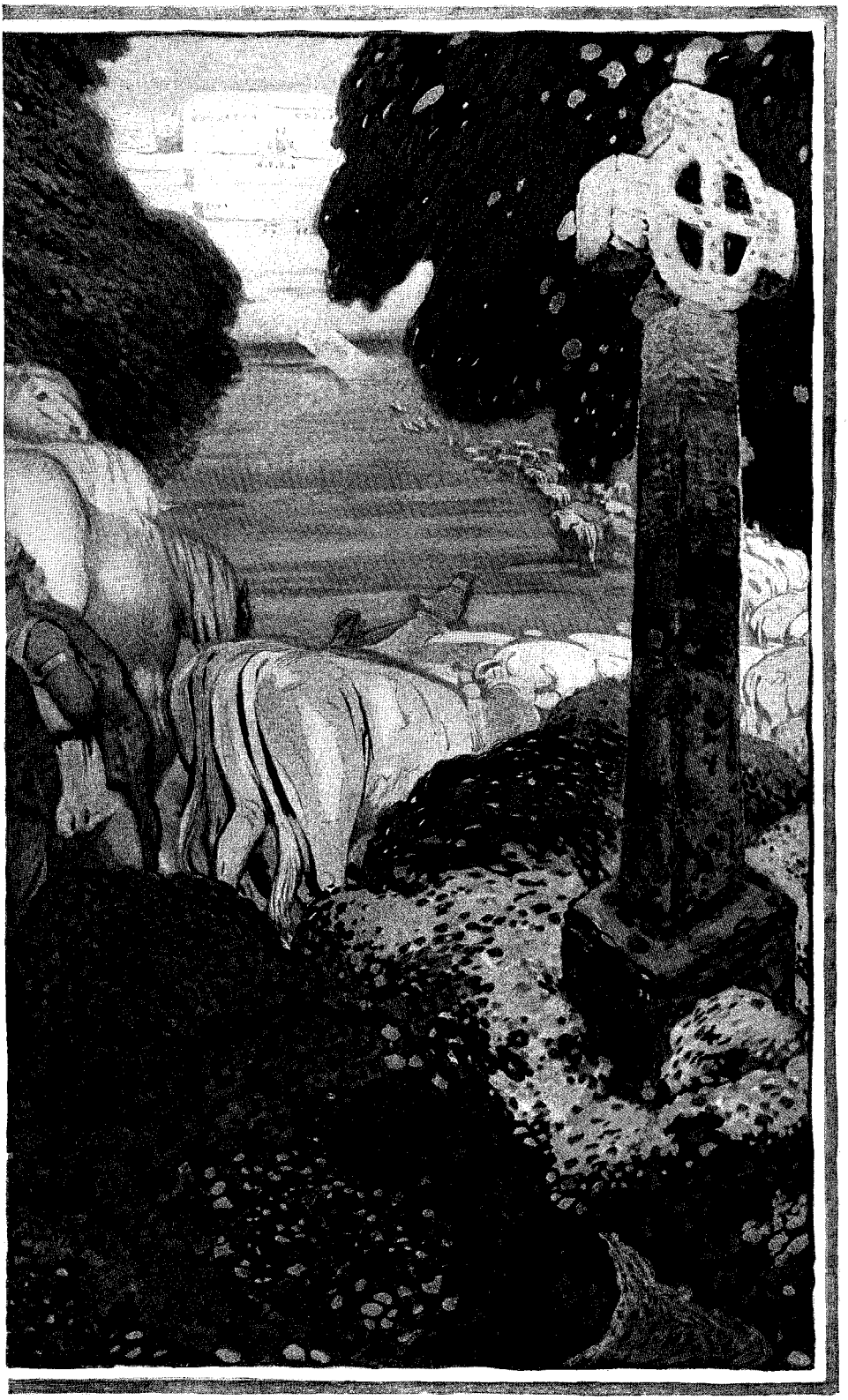

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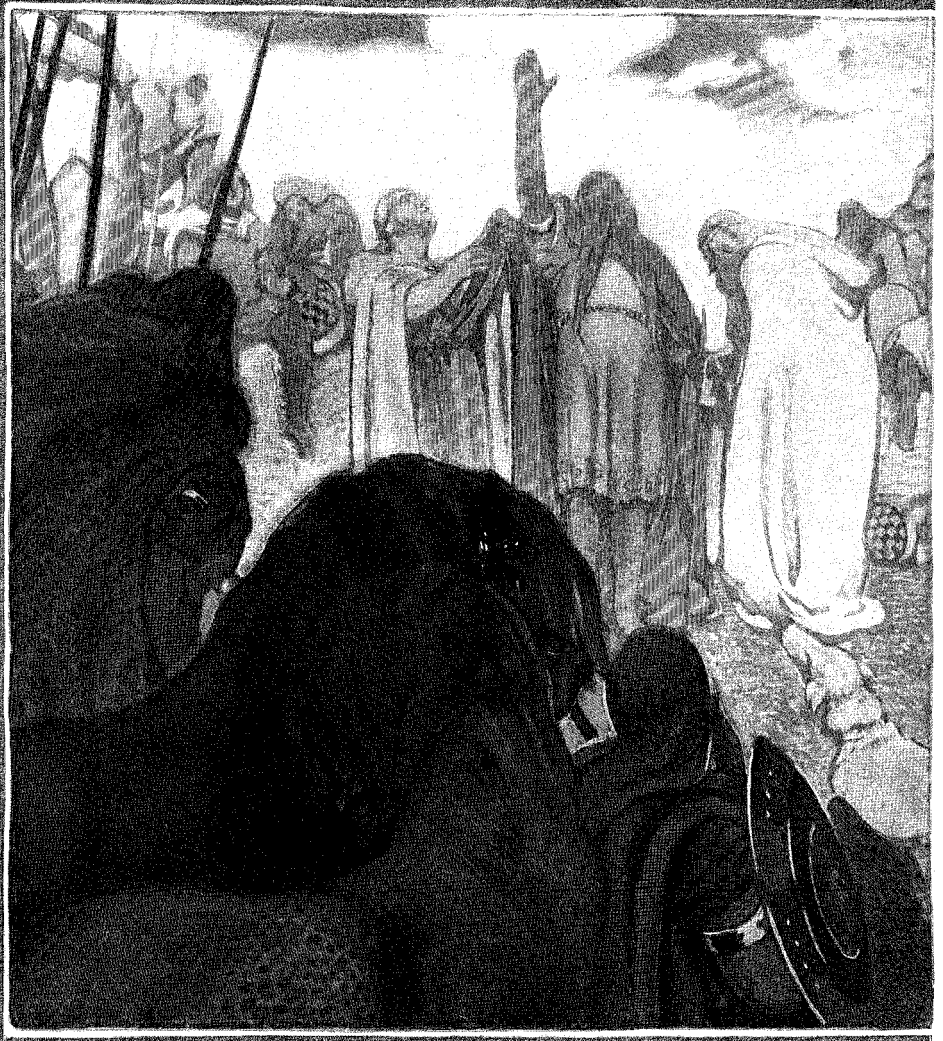

cattle was sometimes specified—winding their way across the plains to the king's *dún* in Tara or in Cashel. The Celtic cross on the right of the picture would indicate that the troop is passing by a Christian churchyard. There still exist numerous high Celtic crosses, many of them covered with elaborate sculpture in relief, with undercutting, and ornamented with the divergent and interlined spiral pattern. Most of these beautiful works of art are later than the year 900, but hardly one is posterior to the Norman invasion, which may be said to have wiped all real culture and all artistic work out of Ireland. Hence we may assume that this cross is an earlier and undecorated one.

In the next picture we behold the election of an Irish king. He stands with hand uplifted taking the oath of office; on one side is his *ollamh* or head poet, on the other side is his brehon or judge. Ranged along the wall, but not entering the open space, and again in the forefront, are the feudatory kings who have come to take the oath of allegiance, with their banners displayed. In the foreground

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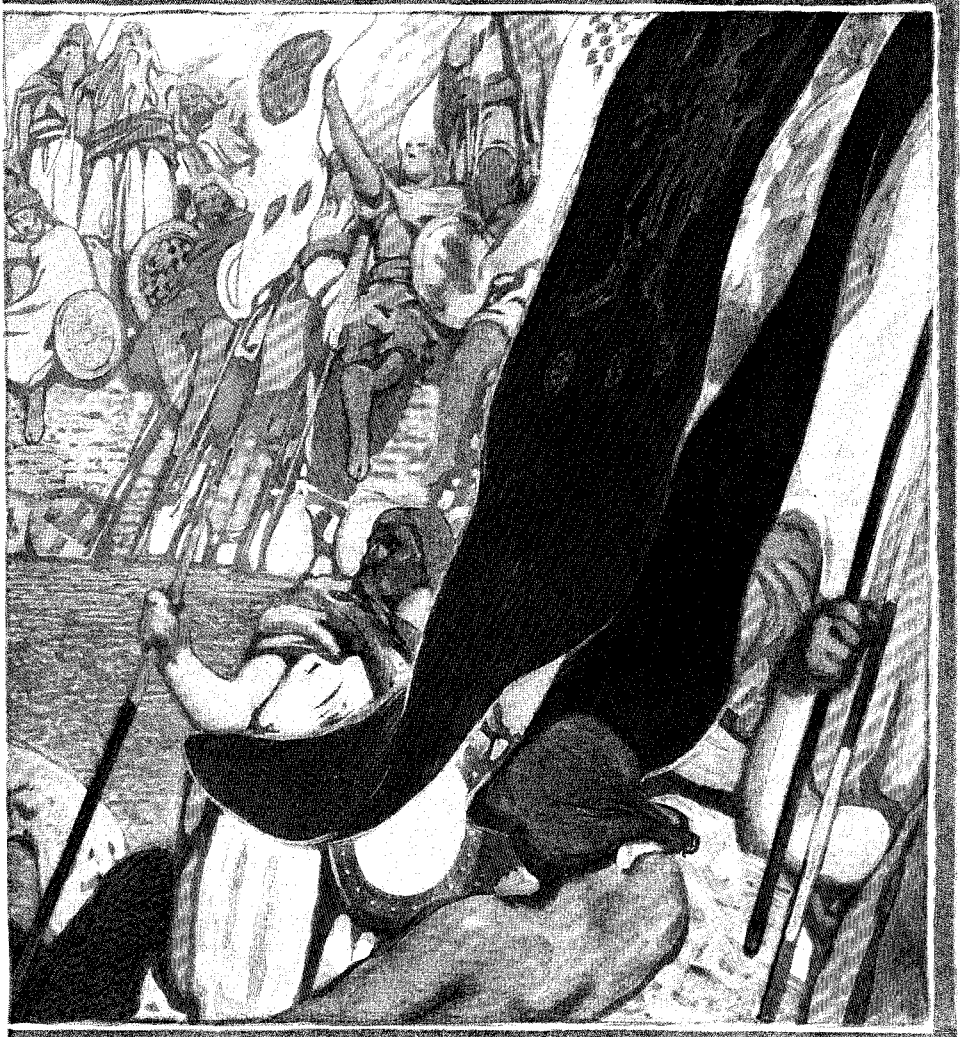

are a pair of steeds which have been brought as presents to the king. A peeled willow wand was usually placed in the king's hand, whose straightness was to denote his honesty of purpose, and whose whiteness typified the purity of his rule. This, no doubt, is what the king holds in his left hand.

The artist's last picture deals with the mysterious story of the cursing of Tara, the most august spot in Ireland, the great palace where, according to general belief, 136 Pagan and six Christian kings had ruled uninterruptedly, and where a "truce of God" had always reigned during the great triennial assemblies. This was cursed by St. Ruadhan in the sixth century. The saints circled it, ringing their bells against it, and the palace was finally deserted. The artist depicts King Diarmuid, the High King, listening defiantly to the curse of the saints against himself and his palace. This is one of the obscurest passages in Irish history, but certain it is that the desertion of Tara in the sixth century was a blow from which in some ways the monarchy of Ireland never recovered, as the great tri-

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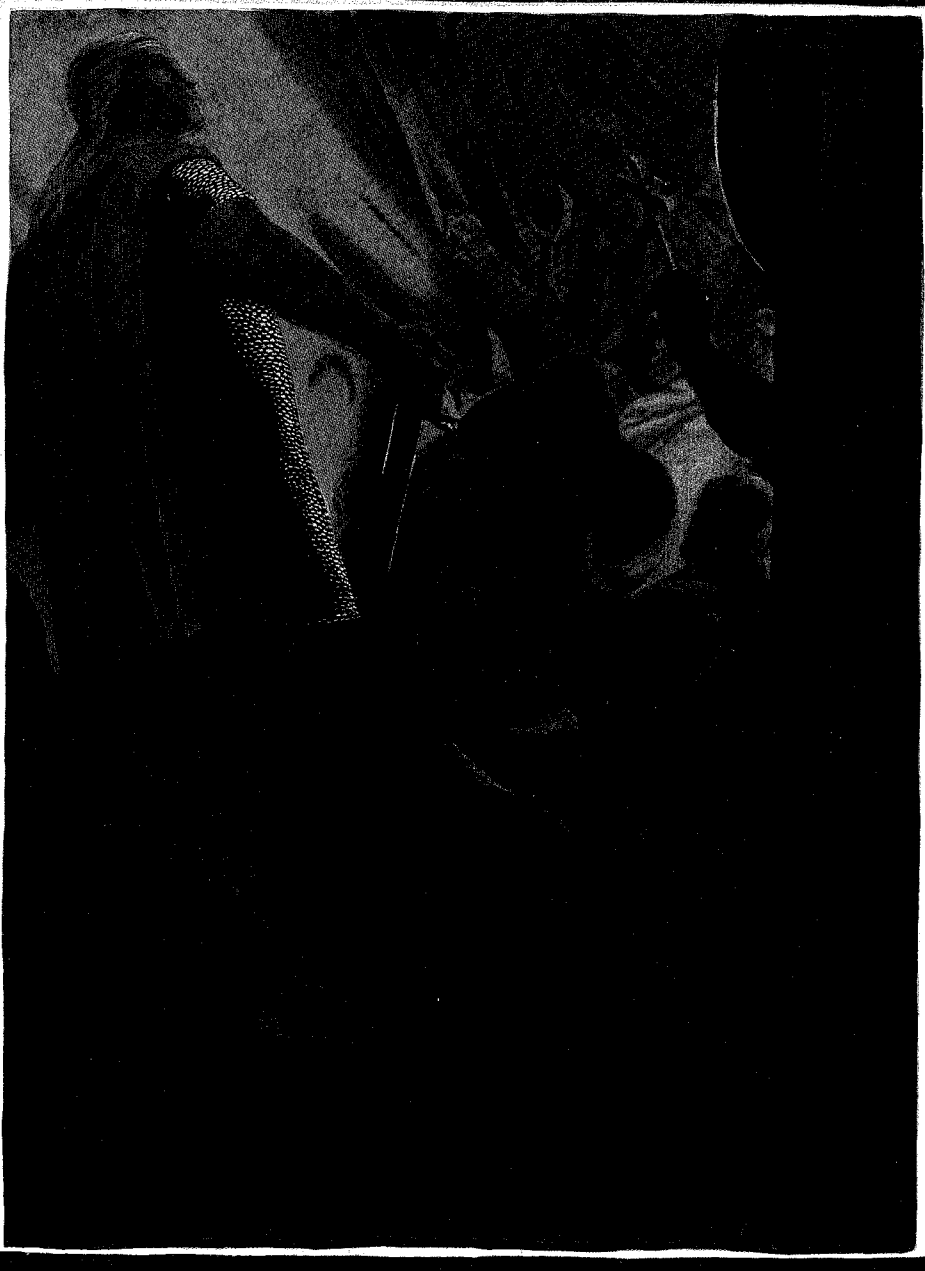

ennial assemblies which accustomed the people to the ideas of a central government, protected by the truce of God, could no more be convened, and a thousand associations and memories which hallowed the office of the High King were snapped in a moment. The coat of mail which the king wears may be perhaps a slight anachronism, as the Irish scarcely wore chain armor at this period.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

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JOHN VAN BUREN IN ENGLAND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY AND LETTERS IN 1838

JOHN VAN BUREN (nicknamed "Prince John" for the charm of his manner and the courtliness of his bearing) was the second son of Martin Van Buren, President of the United States. The following extracts are taken from his diary and letters written from England in 1838, where, while engaged upon some private business, he attended the coronation of Queen Victoria and most of the festivities incident to the occasion. He received a very unusual amount of attention from notable people, and was warmly welcomed everywhere. Lack of space has of course compelled the omission of many interesting descriptions of persons and places, and many amusing accounts of the entertainments to which he went. The Coronation, a royal banquet, a dinner at Lord Palmerston's, one or two balls, a day at Windsor, a visit to Lord Leicester (Thomas William Coke, the American sympathizer, created Earl of Leicester only the year before), and the prorogation of Parliament, are the only passages given at length, with some comments on his voyage across the Atlantic.

Friday, May 25th, 1838.

Well, here we are, four days out at sea, and running along delightfully. Everything augurs a charming passage, and very good luck attending me, now as ever. It is curious how very sad I felt the first 48 hours after leaving New York. The weather was delightful, too, which always exhilarates me.

We have been running rapidly away from the Hook, some two hundred miles a day, and are now within three hundred miles of the Banks of Newfoundland. There we are just in time for the islands of ice which float along the outside of the Banks in great quantities in June. But I passed there in June in returning in '32, and fell in with no ice. A packet ship, the *Liverpool*, ran on the ice some years since and went down in fifteen minutes. The passengers were saved after being out seventy hours in the long boat. On leaving New York I prophesied that we should be twenty-two days on the passage. Since then I have bet against twenty-two. But for that I believe we should run over in eighteen. We might easily do it at our present rate.

Saturday, May 26th, 1838.

A lovely night, last night, and I lay on the taffrail smoking cigars and looking at the phosphorescent lights about the keel of the ship and stern, and up into the clear, starry heavens till the one o'clock bell admonished me to have an end to my smoking and castle-building, and betake myself to sleep. We had a fine run through the night and this morning, and are now near the Banks. The Captain thinks we shall pass to the South of them. Last night was Saturday evening, and according to usage we gathered around a noggin of punch to tell and hear the wonders those see that "go down to the sea in great ships." A veteran gentleman, who is now making his forty-third voyage, gave us some fearful accounts of hairbreadth escapes—which were well enough—but then he began to comfort us with assurances that *we* should fall in with ice; that it abounded in the longitude exactly at this season; that the last time he was in the ice on the Banks they first knew of the presence, or propinquity, of ice, by seeing it shelving over the foretop and carrying away the fore and main masts. With the help of the mizzen sails they backed out from under it and were saved. It was the easiest thing in the world to avoid the ice by steering south, but the Captain, from sheer obstinacy, never would. With much more consolatory and cheering information. We had a fog and cold weather last night, both of which portend that ice is near. After this veteran of forty-three trips had made most of his associates as uncomfortable as possible, he turned into his berth and in fifteen minutes one could hear him snore all over the ship. Pleasant fellow, sure enough.

Had a curious talk with an English merchant on board, of more than common in-

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telligence for his class. He predicts for me a very cordial reception in England and, considering my position, a commanding one. I hope he is right, but my fears are stronger than my hopes. I should be disappointed if coldly received by those to whom I have letters, but quite as much disappointed at any extra attention. There is nothing about me personally to attract or retain it. I have no official position, am no literary or intellectual celebrity. I am the son of my father they say, and if this is to o'er-leap all obstacles, why then, English society is more absurd than I thought it.

Monday, May 28th.

A week out to-day and the temper of my fellow passengers sorely tried yesterday by a rainy, foggy day and no progress made. We kept the blue laws most religiously against travelling on Sunday, lying still and rolling about. The Captain made an effort to break the day by spearing a porpoise but could not hit one. To-day his luck was better and we had a famous row in getting on board a fellow eight feet long of his slaughtering. Poor beast, how it groaned and struggled! and it blew—like a porpoise

To-day we have had a little wind, and that little dead ahead. If the Captain don't draw his bet with me we shall miss the Coronation.

Wednesday, May 30th.

A ship called the *Susan Maria Brook* bound for St. John, sent a boat aboard of us yesterday, ostensibly to give us a letter to somebody in Donevail, Ireland. I took advantage of the chance to start a letter through Victoria's Dominions to my father. It may reach him after journeying many a weary mile. After the small boat had left us it came a long way back to ask the longitude, which we inferred afterward was its real object in boarding us. The small boat pulled a couple of miles to reach us.

We are wallowing about on these Banks yet. The change of the moon may bring wind.

Thursday, May 31st.

At last we have a breeze, but not so fair as one could wish. However we are completing our journey. We encountered yesterday a fleet of eleven ships in full sight from our quarter deck, which makes it probable that this calm is surrounded by winds blowing vessels from all directions into this confounded pot. We must be over Symm's Hole. The *Republican*, which sailed the day after us from New York, has kept us company for the last two days.

Saturday, June 9th.

Had a splendid sail for the last seven days and but for our being becalmed on the Banks should have made the passage in thirteen days. Our running time thus far is twelve days and we expect to make Scilly Light by six P. M. The distance passed by us in the last six days exceeds 1400 miles. Sounded at four this morning but got no bottom. The changed colour of the water, though, denotes that land is near.

June 24th.

Fifteen days have elapsed since I put pen to paper, and what an age it seems. We got ashore on Monday, a fine, clear afternoon, and took up our quarters for the night at the Royal George, Portsmouth.

Tuesday we had a half-pleasant, half-wretched drive up from Portsmouth to London. Part of the time it rained in torrents, and having an outside seat and no overcoat, except a poor thing I borrowed, I was drenched. Again it was fine, and the charming country of Hampshire spread out before us offered a rare feast in the way of scenery. Tuesday I ate my first dinner in Long's Hotel in Bond Street at 7½ P. M., and am now regularly installed in my comfortable quarters and have fallen into the English habits of living with as much ease as if I had been to the manner born.

The people here are treating me uniformly with the greatest kindness, quite beyond my deserts or expectations. The season is at its height, the town is crowded with strangers of great eminence in their own countries respectively, and amid all this I am contented with a very moderate allowance for myself. Lord Gosford is unwearied in contributing to my enjoyment. Through him I was invited to the Queen's Ball before I had been presented, an unusual thing. The ball was magnificent beyond everything, but an attempt at description would occupy all my time, which is now so limited that I have not time to write to my friends. Stevenson* and myself had a grand conference as to the dress which I should wear. The court dress here for private gentlemen is preposterous.

*The American Minister.

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I therefore decided to wear my old attaché uniform, which I luckily brought with me. With a little fitting it answered extremely well, and except when I have to wear breeches (when nothing saves the character of my nether extremities but the neatness of my feet and ankles) I pass off well enough.

On arriving at the palace Mr. Stevenson inquired of the Marquis of Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, whether I should be presented. He replied, no, it is not usual to present except at a levee, and we acquiesced. A moment after we saw him conversing with the Queen, and rejoining us, he said, "Her Majesty commands that Mr. Van Buren be presented." Accordingly, I was walked up to her little Majesty and presented. She very graciously, and what struck me more, very gracefully, asked me several commonplace questions, such as—when I arrived, whether I came in a steam packet, if it was my first visit to England, how it pleased me, whether I left my father in good health, etc., to all of which I responded as properly and respectfully as my curiosity to get a good look at the little thing would allow.

I was at Ascot races a day or two before, where I had a fine opportunity of seeing her for half an hour in an open balcony a little raised above the course, known as the Queen's Stand. She was surrounded in the stand by her household, the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Paget, Charles Murray, and others, the Marquis of Anglesey, etc. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was at her side. The Queen is fair, with blue eyes, light brown hair, rather a slight figure and an uncommonly pleasing expression of countenance, and very graceful manners. She talked and laughed much with those about her and seemed a lively, clever, happy person. At the ball she danced several times, but did not waltz. I suppose the contact of this last dance is too close for Majesty. She opened the ball with Prince George of Cambridge, a genteel-looking young man, a trifle shorter than I, and otherwise much the same—his hair a little darker. She danced during the evening with the Duke of Buccleuch—Lord Ward, and a son of Esterhazy, Prince Nicolas. Her figure is neat and graceful and she dances decidedly well, though rather more and harder than is customary with us. My friends threatened me with the honor of dancing with her Majesty, which would have annoyed me not a little in my court dress for the first time; otherwise, of course, I should have been much flattered. I was relieved of all apprehension, however, by learning from Mr. Stevenson that her Majesty could dance with no one who had not been regularly presented.

Wednesday I attended the levee and had the honor of being presented in form to her Majesty. She again asked me a few questions in a sweet voice and manner, and hoped I had good news from the President. To which I again responded in my best holiday style.

It was a droll sight at the levee to see the old, war-worn veterans bowing down before this young creature and kissing her hand. Some of them were so wounded and crippled that in kneeling they fell at her feet, which caused her considerable embarrassment. Others again were so stiff that when down they could not rise and then Lord Mulgrave or Lord Conyngham or others of her household would help them up. Some were knighted, which exaltation is effected in this wise: The Queen, who at the levee is surrounded by the ladies and gentlemen of her household, with a couple of pages holding her train, has at her left an officer holding a large sword which she receives from his hands and places the blade of it first on the right shoulder and then on the left of the "operatee," who remains on his knees before her. She then says, "Rise, Sir So-and-So," and he gets up—a knight.

The day after the levee the Queen held a drawing-room, where only ladies can be presented. This one was most brilliantly attended, being the last of the season and the last opportunity of being presented so as to attend the Coronation. Victoria was supported on the left by the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cambridge, Duchess of Kent, Duchess of Gloucester, etc.; on the right by the officers of her household. She stood at the foot of the steps in front of the throne and behind her on the steps and platform were her ladies and maids of honor; all the ladies were magnificently dressed. The Queen wore a brilliant coronet of diamonds and her bust and stomacher were profusely covered with the same stones. The ladies enter at a door on her right, where their trains are adjusted by an officer, when they sweep forward the half of a semicircle to the front of the Queen, where they courtesy twice and converse with her Maj-

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esty, if she pleases. Other officers then take up their trains and pass them from hand to hand till they complete the half circle, when they leave the presence-chamber by a door opposite to the one where they entered. The Diplomatic Corps, of about forty privileged persons, of which I am one by chance, are allowed to remain in the presence of the Queen, and of course see the whole ceremony. The Queen salutes the princesses and their daughters by a kiss on the cheek. Their indecision as to whether she should kiss them or they her gave rise to much laughable butting of noses. I stood opposite the Queen for an hour gazing at the passers-by and could not help laughing at the curious and tremulous anxiety depicted on her countenance whenever a man took her hand to kiss it. She followed her hand with her eyes when she tendered it during the operation until it was finished, and seemed right glad to have it returned to her in safety.

June 27, 1838.

It is impossible to keep anything like a regular journal in this scene of unutterable confusion. Sunday I dined with Lord Holland at Holland House. There were present Lady Cowper [afterward married to Lord Palmerston], widow of Lord Cowper, a relative of Cowper, the poet. I put myself on excellent terms with her by inquiring if she were any relative of the lovely Lady Ashley, who turned out to be her daughter; Lord Mulgrave, the Viceroy of Ireland, a tall, dark, good-looking, clever but cockneyish gentleman; Luttrell of the Commons; Lord and Lady John Russell, both uncommonly nice and unaffected people, she quite pretty and he a very clear-headed man but small and insignificant; Sergeant Talfourd, a gentleman who has become eminent at the bar and as a writer, but has not entirely rubbed off in mingling in society his roughness of manners—he has been very kind and civil to me, though. We were a party of ten or so. Lady Holland is a coarse, strong-minded, masculine woman, of whom everybody is afraid. Holland House is a famous old chateau of Queen Elizabeth's time, in fine order and preservation. In the evening Lytton Bulwer came in. Bulwer is very like the portraits of him, not as affected as I feared I should find him. I did not make his acquaintance.

Monday night we had a famous ball at Lord Fitzwilliam's. Lord Fitzwilliam is a very rich but unostentatious nobleman, a Whig of great simplicity of manners. The company were all of the *Haute Noblesse*. The Duke de Nemours, Louis Philippe's second son, was present,—a light-haired, sharp-faced youth, with nothing particular in his face.

Sunday I went through the Zoölogical Gardens which are in Regent's Park and were literally crammed with people. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George mingled with the populace there for an hour.

Lord Mulgrave unfortunately pronounced "balcony" with the "o" short at Lady Holland's dinner. Her Ladyship shamed him out of it, and "balcony's" penultimate was unanimously settled long.

Last night attended the Caledonian Ball, the finest spectacle I have seen in England; everybody was in fancy dress. Turkish, Scotch and Chinese costumes gave a very gay look to the rooms. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Duke de Nemours, Marshal Soult, the Duchess of Sutherland, a wonderful old preservation, etc., etc., were there. The Scotch dances with whooping, snapping of fingers and bagpipes are no bad imitation of a North American Indian dance.

Yesterday dined at Greenwich on whitebait with Macaulay, Hoyt and others to gratify old Buckland. To-morrow is the Coronation, and all London is thronged with those who intend to be spectators.

Saturday, 30th June.

I attended the Coronation of her most gracious (sacred, I believe the English call it) Majesty on the 28th and was highly delighted. We formed in procession about ten in the morning in the Green Park and passed along up Constitution Hill into Piccadilly, along Piccadilly to St. James's Street, down St. James's Street to Pall Mall, along Pall Mall to Charing Cross, then down Whitehall and Parliament Street to the Abbey. The whole route was bordered with people extending from the side of our carriages back to the very tops and ridges of the houses. Most of the better class of English, excepting a privileged few, preferred a good view of the procession to a bad one of the Coronation, and as the number of good seats in the Abbey

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was very limited, most of the English ladies occupied stands in front of the clubs and other houses along the route of the procession. I was in a coach with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and was infinitely pleased with looking out upon the parterres of beautiful women that decked either side of the street as we passed through. The good nature of the crowd when beat over the nose by a policeman, and kicked and thrust about by horses must strike everybody.

My seat in the Abbey was an excellent one for seeing and hearing everything. I was in the Ambassadors' tribune, directly behind Mr. Stevenson and before all the secretaries and attachés of embassiés and legations. The simplest mode I can adopt of describing the ceremony is to cut an account of it from a newspaper which gives a more accurate and detailed description than I have either time or inclination for. The Queen was directly in front of and below me, where I could see much of her expression. Whilst engaged in prayer she raised her countenance directly towards our box, and a sweeter face no Queen need have. When she first entered she was considerably flurried, but became calmer after half an hour's performance, as I call it. The whole ceremony occupied about four hours and a half, during which time she retired from public gaze only twice, and each time only for a minute. She got through the affair admirably and without much apparent fatigue. She seems to have excellent sense, and keeps constantly inquiring, like a sensible woman, what she is to do next, rather than push on and bungle. I cut from the morning paper a capital and very accurate account of the whole affair, which saves me much trouble. When old Lord Rolle was doing homage, being very infirm he fell after he ascended the throne, and rolled down three steps to the bottom of the Abbey floor. Everybody but the Queen made an exclamation of concern; she started from the throne as if to catch him, and recollecting her dignity, reseated herself instantly, which natural and graceful movement in a young girl, though Queen, drew down thunders of applause from the spectators.

When speaking of the Queen's Ball, I ought to have said that her little Majesty has a throne in each of the dancing rooms where she sits intermediate dances, and looks about to see whom she shall dance with. When she determines, she gives her orders to the Lord Chamberlain and he trots up the lucky individual to her Majesty, and the dance commences. One dances with her exactly as with other girls except that she is handled rather more gingerly. I saw a great many wall flowers who seemed willing to exchange conditions with Victoria, for the evening, at all events.

July 3, 1838.

The night after the Coronation I attended a ball at Apsley House in honor of the event. The Duke of Wellington is decidedly the first person in England, the Queen not excepted. He is greeted everywhere he goes with thunders of acclamation. His palace is magnificent beyond everything and is filled with choice pictures, plate, etc., the presents of the different sovereigns of Europe for whose behalf he whipped Napoleon. I was amused to find his rooms crowded and covered with full length cabinets, busts, etc., of Le petit Caporal. Mr. Stevenson presented me to Lord Brougham. He is intellectual looking though coarse and somewhat vulgar. Our conversation, of course, was commonplace and uninteresting. Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, a girl of twenty, was the prettiest woman present. Got home about four by daylight. In England there is no night. In the evening it is twilight until eleven and daylight again by half past two. One goes to a party about half-past eleven and returns again by daylight.

General Jackson sent me a very handsome letter to the Duke of Wellington, which induced the Duke to call on me directly, make my acquaintance, ask me to his ball, etc. (The letter began "My dear Duke," which, it was afterward ascertained, interested and pleased the Duke much.) When I was presented to him, on my remarking that the General ventured to give me the letter though he had not the honor of a personal acquaintance, he replied that he was proud of the compliment, that he had the greatest respect for General Jackson, etc. When I entered his crowded rooms and was announced up the stairs (everybody lives on the second floor here), one of his aides met me and took me up to the Duke, after which I was left to wander through his splendid apartments at will.

I am invited to-day in a mighty neat note from Lady Blessington to dine with her on

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Sunday, which I shall certainly do. Her little Majesty has also given me a bid for tomorrow week, about which one has no option. Of course I prefer to go.

The Coronation was on Thursday. Friday Lord Palmerston invited me to a splendid dinner at the Foreign Office in honor of the Queen. All the special and general ambassadors, etc., were there in full costume, except Soult, who dined with the Queen, or Melbourne, I forget which. Spring Rice asked me to a great dinner in honor of the Coronation, which I had to decline. Esterhazy was at Palmerston's dinner, though he did not wear his jewelry shop. He is a good-natured man and has been very civil to me, but really looks, when in full dress, like nothing else than Rendell and Bridges bow-window!—He is literally covered with diamonds and pearls. At Palmerston's dinner I was dressed in a full suit of black, with white neckcloth, shoes and stockings,—and every other soul (44) was in full court dress. It was the result of an accident, Palmerston's note not specifying the dress, as they usually do. He is a very sensible man, however, and on my alluding to it, said: "Oh, it's all right, the Americans are privileged. It's great nonsense our wearing this stuff," looking down at his toggery. I sat next Baron Munchausen, who like a sensible man, having a name of such little veracious odor, never opened his mouth except to put something in it. Palmerston introduced me at table to my right and left hand neighbors to make me comfortable, which is unusual.

On my left was Mr. Cowper, Palmerston's private secretary and a son of Lady Cowper, as I discovered by treading most awkwardly on his toes. First about his uncle, Lord Richmond and Mrs. Norton, and next, feeling my way along to talk a little about Palmerston and Lady Cowper. In the former matter I was checked by his saying that the general impression was that his uncle, Lord Richmond, had been innocent, and in the second instance I began by asking if Earl Cowper was dead, and he replied, "My father has been dead about a year." This is what I call pleasant!

Friday night there was a grand dress ball at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, who has been very civil and kind to me, called in person and asked me to his ball and to dinner last Sunday, which a previous bid obliged me to decline. Lansdowne House is the handsomest establishment I have been in, though not so gorgeous as Apsley. At Lansdowne House I made many charming female acquaintances—the most so Lady Brabazon, only a month married to Lord Brabazon. She is one of the loveliest women I ever beheld and very clever. She presented me to some pretty girls, by name Glynne, with one of whom I danced. It is rare that so much beauty is collected as at Lansdowne House that night. For instance, at one end of the room there were gathered in a group, Lady Brabazon, the three Sheridans, all eminently beautiful, Lady Seymour, whom I have stared out of countenance at half a dozen places (and could not change for the better in a single particular if I had the reforming of her), Mrs. Blackwood, and Mrs. Norton, the celebrated, and if innocent, dreadfully injured woman,—the last the most intellectual looking of the three—Lady —— Grimston, the maiden daughter of Lord Verulam, Miss Glynne, daughter of Stephen Glynne (a noble on the mother's side, but I forget how), Lady Sidney, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Stewart, the reigning belle of London, with uncommon accomplishments, two ladies Campbell, daughters of Lord Cawdor, a descendant of the Thane of Cawdor, the youngest too white, both very pretty. Now, any one of these women in a room without the others would arrest attention,—fancy, then, the effect of grouping a dozen of them together. Before I got away the sun broke through the windows and shamed out the candles and me too.

July 29th.

Wednesday we had a grand dinner at the Queen's. The Morning Post supplies me with a description of it. We assembled in an antechamber, where the Queen came to us a little before dinner. When she entered there was such a rush towards her that I did not get within sight, hardly, of her Majesty. She took the Duke of Sussex's arm when dinner was announced and led the way to the splendid feast. The different Ambassadors, their ladies, and the nobility were arranged about her at table. I sat between Lord Hill, her Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Warwick (Lord Gray's oldest son), her Secretary of War. It was curious to see Murray, a man of such fine attainments and gentlemanly qualities, ordering the servants

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about and commanding the meats, vegetables, wines, fruits, etc., that he had purchased; in short acting the *maître d'hôtel* without the least apparent sense of degradation. In truth, all these things depend on custom and fashion. Here Murray's post is deemed an honorable one and it puts him quite on the top of fashionable society. He sat not far from me at one end of the table. When the Queen retired from table we sat half an hour and then followed to the drawing-room. Her Majesty was kind enough to inquire after me particularly of Mrs. Stevenson, the crowding patriotism of her other guests having prevented me from paying my respects. She afterward came up to me, inquired how long I was going to stay in England; on my saying I should visit Ireland and Scotland, she said I should be pleased with those countries, they were well worth seeing. She hoped I had good news from home, etc., and was very civil.

Last night we had another magnificent ball at Buckingham Palace, which was kept up till four in the morning. Her little Majesty danced with great grace and spirit, selecting her partners with a good deal of taste, both physical and political, though she omitted me most unaccountably.

Friday, August 5.

Saturday I was to have gone to Sir William Middleton's, but having received an order to show me Windsor from the Lord Chamberlain and a kind note from Murray, saying he would meet me there, I wrote Sir William he must not expect me till Monday. I made up a party, consisting of Captain Perry of the Navy, Gibbs, Preston and Clarke, and taking the railroad for Slough at twelve, and an omnibus from there, was at Windsor by two o'clock, and there found Murray. We took a look at the famous castle, which is very magnificent. It struck me much more than anything of the sort I have ever seen before, but it has been described to death and I shall let it go.

Before we got through Murray announced to us that one of the Queen's carriages was at the door and we had better take advantage of the fine weather to drive around the park. Descending to the door we set off in a very capacious conveyance of her Majesty's drawn by four very good horses, with two postilions and an outrider. We visited Virginia Water, a large artificial sheet of water, about two miles in extent, with a Chinese pagoda at its end and a couple of handsome frigates in miniature upon it,—one of them Nelson's barge rigged up as a frigate. In a little cove along the bank and under cover, lie her little Majesty's roomy barge and two immense fishing barges, which I think would rejoice any genuine fisherman beyond anything. They are large, flat boats of an eliptical shape with the pointed ends cut off, made of mahogany, richly gilded and carpeted, with an awning in the centre and cushions arranged round under it on benches. Her Majesty's seat is a little raised above the rest, but whether she gets more bites or takes more fish in consequence, I did not learn. Her boatman rowed us out to the frigates, which we boarded and admired, and returned to shore.

From Virginia Water we went to Belvedere, a tower commanding a richly wooded view of the park, thence to Cumberland Monument, a handsome obelisk erected to commemorate the victory gained by the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Culloden in '46, I think; thence to Cumberland Lodge and along by the remains of a beautiful villa, erected by George the IVth and since his death in great part removed. Windsor Park and Castle are indebted to George the IVth for almost all their present magnificence. His taste was sufficiently gorgeous, whatever else may be said of it. We got back to the castle about five and spent two hours ranging through its rich and spacious apartments, and admiring a capital collection of pictures, particularly a roomful of Rubens and another of Vandykes, but our daylight failed us and we were obliged to return to the inn to dine, where, unfortunately, we had stopped to order it on our way from the park with the Queen's equipage, an imprudent demonstration for which we paid dearly when we got our bill.

August 26, 1838.

We left Sir W. M.'s Thursday and got to Norwich in the evening to a sort of tea dinner.

I had found at Norwich a very kind reply from Lord Leicester to the note I wrote him from Sir William Middleton's, expressing the gratification it would give him to see Clarke and myself at Holkham. In the morning we took a post-coach from F—— and posted the ten miles to Holkham in a

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short hour. On our arrival Lady Leicester came down to us, and after giving us a hearty welcome and regretting that an engagement for the morning would not allow her to be with us till dinner, she said Lord L—— would be ready at twelve to show us over the farm. By the way, I should have mentioned that when the servant announced us to Lord L——, he sent, like a wise man and good host, to know the first thing if we had breakfasted, which we had. To amuse us until twelve, it being then about half past ten, Lady L—— sent us the housekeeper, who showed us over the entire suite of first floor show-rooms in the house. They are, of course, exceedingly magnificent, very rich and spacious, and filled with choice and valuable specimens of art. The house itself is an excellent specimen of modern architecture, being built in the shape of a letter "H" with four wings (like Scott's army in the Seminole country). These four wings are called the Strangers' Wing, the State Wing, the Servants' Wing and the Family Wing. The building covers precisely an acre of ground; it stands only a mile from the open sea, of which you have a superb view in approaching Holkham and from different parts of the park, but not from the house itself. The late Lord, who built Holkham and who was an uncle of the present, left a fine view of the sea from the house, but the present Lord, with bad taste, as I think, has shut it out with trees. I believe he thinks so himself now. The entrance to the house is particularly striking, the hall is very vast and the ceiling of it is supported by immense columns of Devonshire marble.

At twelve we were shown to Lord L——'s little sanctum-sanctorum, where we found an old man of eighty-four, but showing the remains of the bluff, hale, well-looking country squire, which Mr. Coke used to be. I forget whether I have ever written in these scribblings an account of my interview with him on the Fourth of July. At Mr. Ellice's instance I called upon him and, though then more enfeebled than now, he saw me. I told him I thought I could not better spend my Fourth of July, our national anniversary, than by calling on one who had done so much to achieve our independence. He thanked me, and went on to give an account of the different speeches, etc., that day, which as he repeated now I can give in their place. In his private room he showed me a dreadful philippic against Pitt and an eulogium on Fox, both purporting to be obituary notices, though I believe they were squibs of the day. He had a portrait of Washington, a print presented by Kit Hughes with some of Hughes rhodomontade at the bottom of it (Hughes must be, though, rather an imposing man, for he has two strong friends in Lord Leicester and Head*), also a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence and the signers, a print of Brougham, another of Fox, another of Franklin, etc., etc.

His coach and four, with two postilions and an outrider, was at the door and we helped him into it and took a seat ourselves. Dr. Wigby, his attending physician, accompanied us. We drove over the old man's farm of 5000 acres, which is all in that high state of cultivation which one might expect in the lands of so celebrated an agriculturist. We chanced to have a most lovely day that Saturday—the oats, barley and pease were ripe and the harvest just commencing. Wheat and rye wanted about two weeks to ripen. His fields are of great extent, often 80, 90 and 100 acres; and even to so inexperienced a husbandman as myself, a field of barley, for instance, full ripe, as thick as it could stand and entirely free from weeds, covering 90 acres, presented a scene of rare beauty. He has in his Holkham estate about 40,000 acres of land, much of which was formerly waste land, but reclaimed by him with work and manure. The land pays him about 27 shillings an acre when the leases are at all recent. He generally leases for 21 years, as he says to leave his tenants independent in their politics, but he says the Tories won't imitate him; they want their tenants where they can intimidate them by threatening to take away their leases and so lease to them from year to year. He showed me a very pretty farm which formerly belonged to a competitor of his for the Commons. "I told him," said L——, "that I should ruin him if he ran against me, and I did. He spent 60,000 pounds in the canvass. I beat him and then bought his estate for 56,000 pounds. I was very sorry for him, but his land was right in the midst of mine; I could have got it in no other way, and was very glad to have it." I ventured to ask what his election cost him. "About 130,000 pounds," said he. "Pitt,"

* Perhaps Sir George Head, the traveller and publicist.

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he said, "used to promise people peerages if they would turn me out. They did not do it. but he gave them the peerages for trying so hard." He says that he moved the address to the King praying for the cessation of the American war in 1783, that Conway seconded him, and that it was carried by a a majority of one. But I think he must be mistaken, for no history that I can find records such an occurrence. The only thing that bears a resemblance to it is that a motion about the war was made in '82 by Conway and lost by one vote, 172 to 173. Coke in '83 moved an address to the King, asking him to form a cabinet, which was carried with only four dissenting voices, this is Adolphus's account. Lord L—— says that he carried up the address to the King and was dressed in top-boots and spurs, that being his privilege as a county member. That when he delivered the address to the King "that rascal Arnold" was standing next to George III and so near that if he had leaned his head over he would have touched him. "Was not this a base insult?" asked the old man. George the IV, when Prince Regent, used to spend weeks at Holkham, and as Coke says, "He called me Tom." The Whigs all thought much of George the IV when he associated with Fox, Sheridan, etc. Lord L—— showed me a field which the Prince Regent insisted in galloping over, though Coke told him the sod would yield under the horse's feet. It did so, and the Prince and his horse tumbled heels over head. "We were all much frightened for fear of losing so fine a Prince, but," said he, "in process of time we found we had not saved so good a King after all." After George the IV apostatized it is said he was very anxious of revisiting Holkham and caused a communication to that effect to be made to Lord L——, then Mr. Coke. Coke sent him word that "Holkham was open to the public every Thursday."

Sunday I wanted to come away, but Lady Leicester would not let me. Finding Lord Leicester so much exhausted and fearing that I was injuring him, I stipulated that if I remained he should keep his room, which was agreed to, and observed most religiously until evening. Monday afternoon at half past three the coach drove up and, the servants not being able to find us in so immense a house, the coach took our servants and trunks and started off without us. We rushed out and, finding it gone, leaped, by the servants' direction, into a one-horse wagon which had just driven up, and by dint of a very hard beating, shouts, etc., we overtook the coach after a John Gilpin chase of six miles and got into Cambridge at night.

A few days since I went to see the Queen prorogue Parliament. Having neglected to procure tickets and not knowing how to get in exactly, I went down about one o'clock, as the prorogation was to be at two, and had an interview with Murray. He went to the Palace, but all the Queen's tickets were already given away. She, however, directed that he should drop a note to Lord Willoughby, commanding him to admit me. Armed with this note, I drove rapidly to the House of Lords, and to the soldiers and others who offered to stop me, I said: "It is quite impossible, I have a message from the Queen." This operated immediately as an "Open Sesame" and I was shown into Lord Willoughby's room. He was suggesting some difficulties and puzzling over Murray's bad handwriting to decipher my name when I aided him by pronouncing it, and the change in his manner was amusing enough. He begged me to be seated, apologized for not knowing me, etc., etc. He asked me if I would go in the Ambassadors' box, which I declined altogether, not being in full dress. I asked him to assign me some retired place where my plain clothes would not be observed, but where I could have a good view of the ceremonies. He offered to attend me to the Chamber, and was, in short, as polite as possible. In the end he sent a gentleman with me to a spot which answered my purpose precisely. It was an enclosure below the bar, holding about a dozen persons, immediately alongside of where the Speaker stood when he entered and so remote from the Queen that I got an excellent idea of the strength of her voice and the distinctness of her utterance. Many peers and peeresses were in attendance, in full dress, as usual.

About a quarter past two the roar of cannon announced the arrival of the Queen. She entered the room preceded by her chief officers of state, all carrying the insignia of office, and she, wearing the crown, took her seat on the throne. When she entered the spectators all arose and were seated again when she sat down. The Commons were summoned to the bar and soon made their

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appearance, preceded by their Speaker, and rushing and pushing ahead to get to the front ranks. The Speaker delivered his address, which recounted the doings of the Session, and closed by offering for her royal assent the supply bill. A clerk about midway between the Speaker and the Queen then rose, and making a profound obeisance to her Majesty, read aloud the title of the bill. Another clerk abreast of the first then rose and made a like salutation. Victoria did not move a muscle, unless she was guilty of the indignity of winking, which I did not see. The clerk, acting on the principle that silence gives consent, turned to the Commons and communicated the result to them in Norman French after this fashion:

"*Sa Magesté remercie ses sujets loyales, accepte lour bénévolence et aussi le veut.*"

The same process was gone through with about a score more bills, except the process was shortened to "*La reine le veut,*" and in conclusion the clerk said: "*Soit il comme il est desiné.*"

How wedded are these people to old customs to keep up this Norman French in the nineteenth century! Sir Alex Villiers, Minister to Madrid, Strangeways, Under-Secretary of State, and others in my little enclosure seemed as much surprised at this as I. After this the Lord Chancellor, standing on the right of the Queen, knelt on one knee and handed her a written speech, which she read in a beautifully sweet and clear voice and with the utmost distinctness. I heard every letter of it. There is no royal flattery in what is said of the Queen's voice —its tones are really delicious. Her self-possession, too, is perfect—incredible. I am told that Queen Anne had the same peculiarity of voice and utterance.

After the speech was finished she whispered to the Lord Chancellor, who immediately said: "It is her Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued till (I forget when) and it is accordingly so prorogued."

All then rose, the Queen retired as she had entered, and after a chat with Mrs. Lister, I escorted Lady William Bentinck into the Queen's robing-room to wait for her coach. Her little Majesty has a well-arranged dressing-room, fitted with all sorts of looking-glasses, brushes, etc. It is in the House of Lords building. They were just packing up her robe as we entered.

Lady William's carriage was soon announced, and, after handing her into it, I made the best of my way home. I ought to mention that as I was leaving Murray's rooms, in the right wing of the palace, earlier in the day I met her State Coach coming round to take her up. There were three richly ornamented coaches with six horses each, and her own State Coach, an extremely gorgeous but rather tawdry affair, looking most like huge masses of gold, twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes, lions, etc., with nothing like wood or panel work about it, and drawn by eight cream-colored horses, richly caparisoned, the two leaders led by men on foot. With the help of these four coaches and twenty-six horses, a girl of nineteen, with a few attendants, manages to get from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords, some quarter of a mile, to read a few lines and hear the Lord Chancellor prorogue Parliament.

Well, it is no affair of mine, and if the people like to pay for it, it must be very pleasant to her.

September 4th.

My Dear Father,

I sent you by the *Great Western* a sort of rambling journal which you may read as much or as little of as you like, or can. Having travelled about with me it is very shabbily blotted and illegible. It will serve to show you how kindly the people here have treated me and how I am passing my time.

I have left Long's Hotel and gone into cheaper and better quarters. The expenses in London during June, July and part of August, exceed all descriptions or conjecture. The furnace of English extortion, always hot, seemed seven times heated for the Coronation. I managed with the help of great hospitality to get through the season and pay all my bills with the money I brought. My bills show that I only dined at the hotel six times in eight weeks. And I never dined elsewhere except on an invitation and to keep up a respectable appearance. I am now, however, hard aground, being kept here longer than I anticipated. I have therefore been compelled to draw on you for $1000, which will take me home in October. You will not pay the draft with more reluctance than I drew it.

I did hope to have been able to have made a tour in either Ireland or Scotland, but cannot leave this. I had even fixed on a

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day. Luckily somebody put my departure in the paper and I am now as quiet here as one could wish. I shall be ready to come home on the *Great Western* on the 27th of October. I do not see how I can get home sooner, for no vessel that leaves here after the first will beat the *Great Western* home, that is, there is no certainty of it.

What a man Blair is to edit a paper! I could forgive him his onslaught upon the Navy, his remarks on the cobblers and tinkers, but what am I to think of a man who empties into his paper a mass of foreign news which he never could have read and amongst which I find reference to myself, saying, "John goes here and John goes there, does this, says that, etc." These things would hurt me very much if they were seen here, and will bother me not a little at home when I get there.

I was delighted with the reception you met with in Virginia, and have no doubt your visit there will be of service. The opposition, I see, admired your manner very much and you admired the scenery. Political acrimony seems to have been laid at rest, which is all encouraging. I have no fears for the South and great hopes for Maine, Pennsylvania and New York. At any rate you are clearly at the head of the Republican party proper, and will fare as well as your friends, which is all an honest man could wish.

Yours truly, J. V. B.

PASSING

By W. L. Alden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE Reverend Daniel Scroggs had been for six years a missionary to the heathen of the West Coast of Africa. He had been sent to Boango, a small station some thirty miles from the coast, by a local American missionary society, which, after he had labored six long years, and undergone four attacks of fever, permitted him to return to his native land for a brief visit. He left his little flock of converts in charge of a native preacher, who was his prize convert, and he trusted that all would go well during his absence. He had grown to love his people, and the sadness and mystery of the Dark Continent fascinated him. His little frame house stood near the edge of the illimitable forest but it seemed infinitely distant from the log house on the edge of the Wisconsin forest, in which he had lived when a child. That Western forest he understood. He knew its speech, its ways, its rages of fire and hurricane. It was a familiar friend, and with it he was always at home. But the vast, dense, dark African forest was another thing. He could never become intimate with it. It would never be friends with him. It filled him with a vague fear. While it fascinated him it also repelled him. It was kin to the unknown, the infinite, the eternal. His own American forest had seemed full of the breath of life; but this one, constantly brought to his mind death, and vastness and mystery that lie beyond.

The converts whom he had slowly gathered together were fairly good specimens of the converted West Coast negro. They were enthusiastic in their enjoyment of the simple religious services which their pastor provided for them. They were honest in most things, and sober, except when they went down to the coast and met with trade rum. They professed to love the missionary who had brought the Gospel to them, and clothed them in the cast-off clothes of Wisconsin, and in their love the lonely man found compensation for his years of exile. When he left them they wept, and promised to follow strictly all his counsels. But the missionary had many misgivings as to what might happen at his station during his absence, and before his three months of leave were at an end he was longing for the day when he should see the black faces of his people again and listen to the low, secretive breathing of the night wind in the African forest.

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When Mr. Scroggs once more entered his African village on his return from America he was unspeakably astonished at the sight of a new meeting-house. It was larger than his own; it had a real steeple, and to his horror the steeple bore on its apex a gilded cross. Even at that moment a bell tinkled, and he saw the natives gathering around the door of the new church in numbers larger than those who had been accustomed to assemble at his own meeting-house. What had happened needed no further explanation. While he was absent a Roman Catholic missionary had arrived in the village, and had dared to set up his false tabernacle on ground that by right of six years of labor belonged, so Mr. Scroggs felt, exclusively to him. What made the matter worse was the patent fact that the interloper had already made many converts, and Mr. Scroggs's heart burned with indignation as he reflected that in all probability some of his own people had been misled by the emissary of the scarlet woman.

The native preacher whom Mr. Scroggs had left in charge of his mission was still true to him, but he reported that the Roman Catholic missionary was a very good man, and that the natives greatly liked him and his new religion. About one-third of Mr. Scroggs's converts had gone over to the Roman Catholic mission, and the priest had baptized more heathen during the preceding two months than Mr. Scroggs had baptized during the previous year.

This was not the home-coming of which the American missionary had dreamed, and he was filled with righteous indignation, which, in the case of good men like himself, is the sufficient substitute for the anger which seizes upon worldly men. Here on the spot where with infinite pains he had gathered his little congregation and taught them the only true doctrines, this emissary of a rival faith had come to mislead the poor heathen and to pervert those who had been led into the right path. Mr. Scroggs assured the native preacher that the new missionary was a wicked man, and a teacher of false doctrine, and he exhorted him to tell his fellow-Africans that if they valued their souls they must have nothing to do with the priest, and must never enter the building with a cross on its steeple. Then he went to his house and shut himself up alone to meditate on the terrible misfortune which had befallen Boango.

That evening—it was Saturday night—Mr. Scroggs sat down with a heavy heart to prepare his sermon for the morrow. He had intended to preach of the joy of reunion with his people, and of the blessing of a pure and peaceful spirit, but he now felt that the subject would not be a timely one, and he was searching the Old Testament for some strong and bitter text, when there was a knock at the door and the priest entered.

He was an evident Englishman. Mr. Scroggs had assumed as a matter of course that a Roman Catholic missionary must be either a Portuguese or a Frenchman. That an Englishman should be a priest seemed to him no less than a deliberate crime. There might be some allowance made for the inherited Romanism of an ignorant Portuguese, or naturally perverse-minded Frenchman, but for the Englishman born in a Protestant land who unblushingly entered the priesthood there could be no possible excuse. Still, Mr. Scroggs could not fail to perceive that his visitor was a gentleman; and that his face, though serious and even sad in its habitual expression, was nevertheless a pleasant one. He was tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders and an habitual lowering of the head, which Mr. Scroggs promptly interpreted as a sign of false humility and hypocrisy. But with this exception Mr. Scroggs, to his disappointment, could find nothing in the appearance of the priest to which he could take exception.

"May I introduce myself," said the visitor, "as your fellow-missionary? We do not belong to the same regiment, but we follow the same leader."

"Sit down," said the American gruffly. "You are of course a Romanist?"

"I am a Catholic," replied the priest, "but I am not here to make proselytes of your converts."

"What I can't get over," said Mr. Scroggs, rising and rapidly pacing the floor, "is that you should take advantage of my absence to come here and interfere with my work. I've been here six years, and preached the Gospel to the best of my ability and built up a church. And then all of a sudden you come to mislead these poor natives, and to undo all my work. I don't call it Christian. I don't call it just. I don't call it decently civil."

"I was sent here by my bishop," replied

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He was searching the Old Testament for some strong and bitter text.—Page 704.

the priest gently, "and I had nothing to do but to obey. I did not even know that there was a missionary here. Had I known it, and had I been at liberty to choose, I should have selected entirely new ground. I have already said that I am not here to try to take your converts away from you. On the contrary, as your native teacher can tell you, I have discouraged those who have come to me from your fold. I could not refuse to receive them, but I should have preferred to have them remain with you."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Scroggs bitterly, "but when you want me to believe that a Roman Catholic priest don't want to make pervert, it's a pretty big order."

"Brother," said the priest without noticing the other's remark, "we are two Christian white men, alone in this wild place. We are both, I trust, servants of God. Let us

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be friends. The field is wide enough for both. Do not let us show these poor people the spectacle of Christian teachers dwelling in enmity."

"I can't be friends with a teacher of false doctrine," answered the American sternly. "Of course, I will not quarrel with you, but we can't be friends. I can't forget who you are and what you have done. The less we see of each other the better."

The priest sighed and rose to take his leave. "I had hoped for better things," he said sadly, "but I cannot force my friendship on you. But please remember that if at any time you should change your mind, I shall always be ready to meet you half-way."

The following Sunday morning Mr. Scroggs preached a vigorous sermon from the text "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmarks." He told his hearers that there were false religions that were even worse than heathenism, and warned them against those who might come to them in sheep's clothing. It so happened that a native wearing a sheepskin, and belonging to some distant and unknown tribe, had been seen near Boango, and Mr. Scroggs's parishioners promptly assumed that this stranger was the wicked man clad in sheep's clothing against whom their beloved teacher had warned them. So they instantly decided to hunt down the man and kill him without further delay, as proof of their regard for their pastor's instructions, and their own attachment to the Baptist faith.

The weeks passed on. The rival missionaries kept carefully aloof from one another, bowing coldly and silently when they happened to meet. Both labored zealously to make converts, and both were measurably successful. Mr. Scroggs had infused new energy into his preaching, and to his desire to convert the heathen from the error of their ways was now added the additional stimulus of anxiety to surpass his competitor. "I'll beat him yet," said Mr. Scroggs to himself, "spite of all his idolatrous incense, and his bowing down to images. I'll show him that the pure Gospel can knock his miserable heresies silly." And the American's courage rose steadily as he strove to make good his words.

Meanwhile the novelty of the Roman Catholic service unquestionably pleased the natives, especially those who had failed to respond to the efforts of the Protestant missionary. The bell of the little Roman Catholic chapel seemed to have a charm for them. Mr. Scroggs's church had no bell, and it suffered from this disadvantage. Oddly enough the Roman Catholic bell, the sound of which had so greatly exasperated Mr. Scroggs when he first returned to Boango, had gradually grown to sound rather pleasant to his ears. It was, as he told himself, because it reminded him of the church-bells in America, though in point of fact it was little better than a tinkling cow-bell. One day he actually found himself walking toward the door of the Roman Catholic church as the bell rang for vespers. He smiled at this curious instance of absence of mind, and it was the first time he had smiled since his return from America.

That very night a negro came to him in great haste, saying that the father was dying. Mr. Scroggs, who had some little knowledge of medicine, and much experience in African fever, did not for an instant dream of disregarding this plain call of duty. He took his little medicine chest and his "Family Practitioner," and hastened to the sick man. He found him suffering from an attack of fever accompanied by delirium. He gave him the remedies that he believed to be appropriate to the case, and sat all night by his bedside. He noticed that the priest was thinner than ever, and that his face, though flushed with the fever, bore deeper lines of care than when the two had first met. As Mr. Scroggs listened to the incoherent mutterings of the sick man, and the night wind among the forest trees, his heart began to smite him. After all, a priest was a man, and all men were brothers. Perhaps he had done wrong in rejecting the priest's overtures of friendship. It was well to be severe and inflexible in upholding the truth, but certainly St. Paul had pleaded for charity toward all men.

In the morning the patient was conscious and Mr. Scroggs assured him that he was on the road towards recovery. The priest earnestly thanked him for his kindness, and expressed his sorrow that the American should have had the care of a sick man thrust upon him.

"That's all right," replied Mr. Scroggs. "You're on the mend now, but you've got to be middling careful of yourself. Just you stay in bed till I tell you to get up, and just you keep on taking my medicines, and

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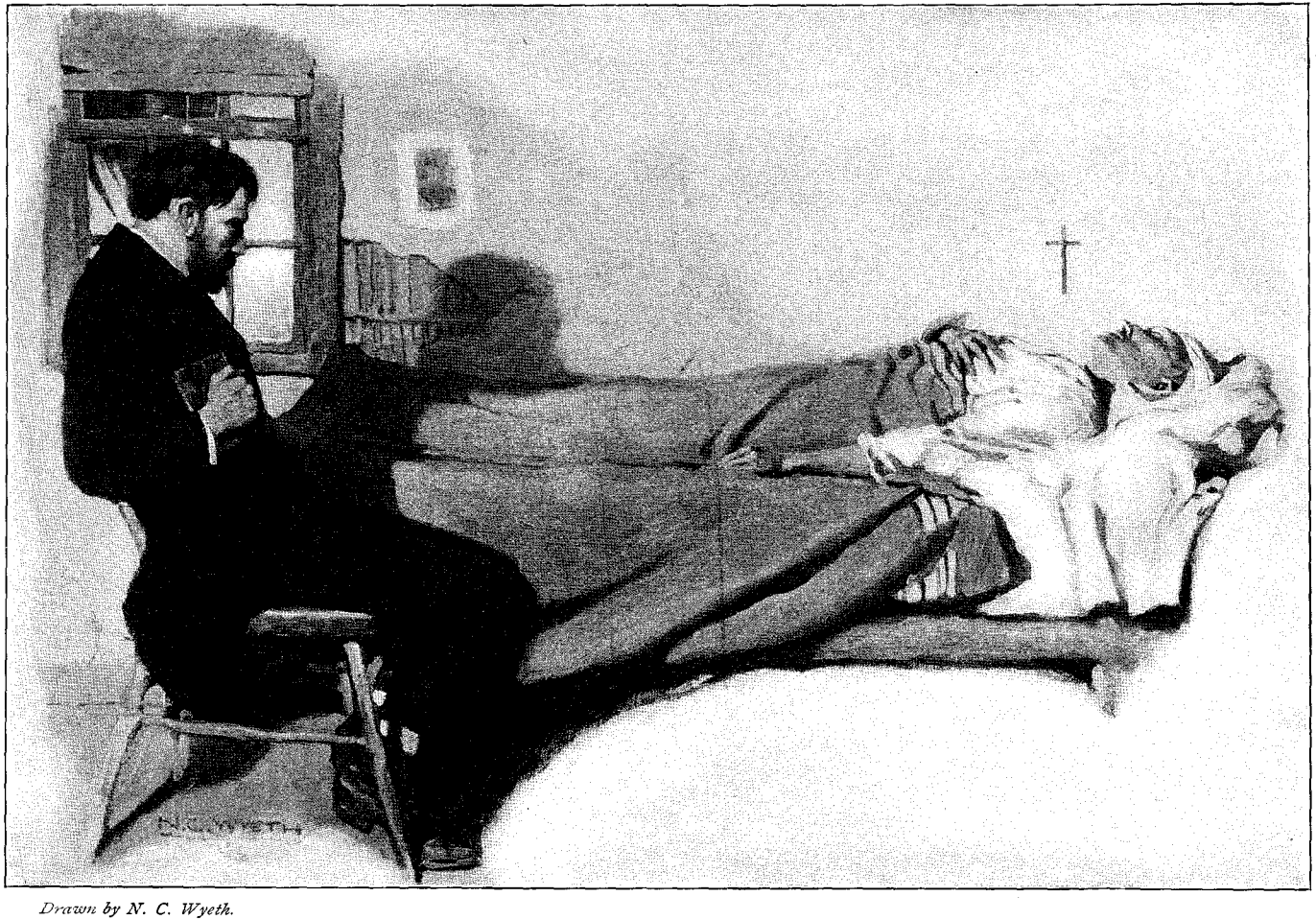

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Sat all night by his bedside.—Page 706.

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doing as I say, and I'll pull you through. I've had pretty near as bad attacks myself, and they haven't done me any real harm."

Father Taylor put out his thin hand and it met that of his rival. The two hands were clasped warmly, and as Mr. Scroggs turned to go he said: "I reckon I made a mistake in the way I treated you when you came to see me that night. If you'll overlook it, I guess we can get on all right together after this,—brother."

He said the word brother with a visible effort but also with a smile of self-approbation. He felt that he had made a mighty effort, and had succeeded. "God bless you, my brother," replied the priest, and his eyes were moist as they followed the tall, ungainly figure of the American missionary from the room.

Mr. Scroggs's anger had melted away. He was filled with pity for the man whom he had so lately detested. He reproached himself that he had never once inquired after the priest's health. "If he had really been dying," he said to himself, "I should have felt as if I'd had a hand in it. The way I've let that poor misguided man go on without any advice or help in a strange, unhealthy place like this wasn't Christian, and there's no getting over the fact."

Toward ten o'clock Mr. Scroggs again visited his patient, and found him somewhat better. "You are so good and kind," said the priest, "that I am going to ask a great favor of you. Would you mind going to the church—my church , I mean—and telling the people who must be there by this time that there will be no service this morning?"

"Of course I will," replied Mr. Scroggs. "Don't you worry about that. And, look here! Whenever there's anything I can do for you, just you let me know. When two white men meet in this savage land they naturally want to help each other, and it's a pleasure for them to——"

Mr. Scroggs, fluent as years of preaching had made him, came to an abrupt stop, as he realized that he was saying in an awkward way what the priest had said to him on the night when the former's offers of friendship had been so roughly rejected. He turned rapidly away and walked toward the Roman Catholic church. Never in his life had he entered such a place. In imagination he had likened its interior to that of a heathen temple, with stone idols and popish pictures, before which benighted worshippers bowed down. To his surprise he found that Father Taylor's little church did not look unlike the Episcopal church of Upper Medway, save that a large crucifix was placed over the little altar. There were no statues and no pictures, and the people who had assembled to wait for the mass were kneeling silently and devoutly in their pews.

Mr. Scroggs advanced boldly to the steps of the chancel, and in a loud voice informed the congregation that owing to the illness of "Father Taylor," there would be no service that morning. He hesitated a little before using the term father, but it was the name by which the priest's people knew him, and, after all, there could be no more harm in calling him father than there had been in calling him brother. Having discharged his duty to the sick man, Mr. Scroggs went out of the church in a most cheerful frame of mind. Not since his return from America had he felt so well satisfied with himself. He had apologized to the priest for his rudeness to him. He had watched at his side during a whole night, and he had actually gone into a Roman Catholic church and spoken to the congregation as if they were fellow-Christians. Surely he had done well, and was entitled to feel the comfort of self-righteous approbation. "After this," he soliloquized, "what I've got to do is to show that my religion don't fall a particle below Father Taylor's. That will be a sight better than pitching into him and his church, and stirring up strife among these poor heathen."

But as evening fell Mr. Scroggs was not quite so well satisfied with himself. As he sat on the veranda of his house, smoking his meditative evening pipe, it was borne in upon him that his offence was not merely rudeness and lack of kindness. He had sinned grievously. He had given the priest of a rival religion good reason to despise the creed that could permit a Christian minister to treat a fellow-being as he had treated Father Taylor. Mr. Scroggs's conscience had been slow to awaken, but at last it was fully awake, and it goaded him sharply. The sighing of the wind in the black forest increased the sadness that crept over him. Henceforth he might do his best to treat the priest as a friend and a fellow-Christian, but that would not blot out the sin that he had committed. He had been preaching the

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gospel of forgiveness and charity to the heathen, while all the time there had been anger and hatred in his heart.

Something rustled in the undergrowth and presently there emerged from the forest the stealthy shape of a leopard. The beast slowly came toward the veranda. It had marked the missionary as its prey, and it was waiting for the latter to make the first move in the game of hunter and hunted.

Suddenly there came into the mind of Mr. Scroggs the remembrance of the Jewish scapegoat. He sprang up and shouted to the beast: "I lay my hatred, and malice, and cruelty, and faithlessness on you. Take the burden with you into the forest. Away with you, and return no more."

The startled animal stopped short. It gazed for an instant at the curious phenomenon of a man who exhorted leopards, instead of either shooting at them or running away, and then it turned, and trotted silently back into the intense night of the forest. Mr. Scroggs heaved a long sigh of relief, and kneeling down by his chair prayed long and fervently. Then he rose up and went to bed, and dreamed that the forest swarmed with Æolian-harps and that their soft breathing filled the night with music of unspeakable beauty.

From that time forth all semblance of hostility between the two missionaries vanished. The priest rapidly recovered from his illness sufficiently to be able to attend to his daily duties, but he did not fully regain his strength. The old look of sadness, however, faded from his face, while the somewhat grim countenance of Mr. Scroggs grew genial and sunny. The two friends spent all their evenings together, except when Mr. Scroggs held his Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. Although, as was inevitable, much of their conversation touched upon matters theological and ecclesiastical, there was never any bitterness of controversy between them. Each seemed anxious to find something to be admired in the faith and practice of the other. They pushed tolerance so far that each seemed at times to be the apologist and defender of the other's dogmas.

One Wednesday evening, while Mr. Scroggs was conducting his prayer-meeting, Father Taylor entered, and seated himself among those present. He bowed his head devoutly as one negro after another offered up prayer with a demonstrative energy that suggested a competitive effort on the part of each one to surpass the others in fervor of expression. At last Mr. Scroggs ventured to ask the priest to lead in prayer. The invitation was at once accepted, and the Roman Catholic priest prayed in a way that the Protestant could not fail to characterize as thoroughly evangelical.

Every succeeding Wednesday evening Father Taylor attended Mr. Scroggs's prayer-meeting. The latter was naturally greatly pleased, and by degrees he convinced himself that he was bound in common Christian courtesy to attend at least one celebration of the mass, as a proof that he was as broad-minded and tolerant as the priest. He had been accustomed to think of the mass as a grossly idolatrous ceremony, though he found difficulty in reconciling this theory with the undoubted piety of Father Taylor. He borrowed a breviary from the priest, and, to his surprise, found that the mass was, after all, essentially the same as the communion service of the American Episcopal Church. There were, of course, errors of doctrine in both the mass and the Episcopal communion service, and it was absurd to say mass in a dead language. Still, to the native African, Latin and English were equally unintelligible, and as Mr. Scroggs held his own communion service in English, he could look with leniency on Father Taylor's use of Latin.

Mr. Scroggs went to his first mass with many misgivings, but, on the whole, he was agreeably disappointed. The service was certainly solemn and impressive, and he fancied that the native converts who were present showed a devoutness that, if less demonstrative than the noisy devoutness of his own congregation, was nevertheless at least as genuine. When the service was over, and he met the priest in his little sacristy, he confessed that he had been almost edified, and he expressed the opinion that the mass seemed better adapted to impress the native mind than was his own simple service.

Although the priest in no way encouraged Mr. Scroggs to attend the service of the Roman Catholic chapel, Mr. Scroggs came more and more often to mass and to vespers. When the two friends talked together in the evenings their mutual tolerance passed into actual defence of each other's creed. The

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Protestant insisted that, with the exception of a few dogmas, which, after all, might not be of fundamental importance, the Roman Catholic faith deserved the respect of every Christian man. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic maintained that the simple faith of the Baptist Church was unquestionably more thoroughly scriptural than was his own; and that the services of the Protestant chapel were better adapted to the needs of the soul than were the elaborate services of the Church of Rome. The priest and the Protestant were no longer striving to meet one another on a common ground of Christian charity. They had met and passed, and each was now well advanced on the road toward the church of the other.

Father Taylor was an Englishman who had been brought up in the Established Church, and had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith after he had arrived at manhood. The first enthusiasm of the convert had long since passed away, and there had set in the reaction toward simplicity of faith and ritual which is not unusual in the case of the too ardent convert. While the priest was thus drifting toward Protestantism, a dormant poetic instinct had been awakened in Mr. Scroggs, and a tendency to mysticism the existence of which he had never even suspected, had made itself manifest. He was drifting as steadily toward Rome, as the priest was drifting toward Geneva.

There was a long conversation one evening as to the Petrine claims. Mr. Scroggs admitted that he could not explain away the words that had made St. Peter the head of the Church, and he could no longer deny the claim of the Church of Rome to supremacy. The priest assented to the interpretation of the commission given to St. Peter, but pointed out that it was limited to St. Peter only. Although he was made the head of the Church, his office died with him for lack of words of inheritance and succession. "No good lawyer would concede," so said the priest, "that the commission to St. Peter conveyed more than a life estate." Mr. Scroggs warmly protested against such an intensely secular view of the matter, and held that to confound Scripture with the common law of England savored of irreverence. The discussion ended with the priest's unreserved denial of the supremacy of Rome and with the Protestant's confession that he could no longer withstand the conviction that Rome had a right to the obedience of every Christian. The two had changed places. The priest was virtually a Protestant, and the Protestant was virtually a Roman Catholic. Each had unintentionally converted the other, and they were now as far apart theologically as they had been on the day when Mr. Scroggs first heard the tinkle of the Roman Catholic bell at the mission station of Boango.

In the early spring a Roman Catholic bishop was to visit Boango, for the double purpose of inspecting the station, and of confirming the converts. Father Taylor confided to his friend that when the bishop arrived he should resign his charge, and withdraw from the Roman Church. Mr. Scroggs boldly said that he had made up his mind to apply to the bishop for admission to the Roman Catholic Church. "I will take your place, and you will take mine," he said. "We shall be as good friends as ever, though I cannot promise to take part in a Protestant service, as you have, to my great pleasure and comfort, taken part in mine."

The priest smiled sadly, for in those latter days sadness had become habitual with him. "Each must take his own way," he said. "You will join the regular army. As for me, I shall enlist in the Salvation Army—the Garibaldians of the Lord. But nothing, my brother, shall ever dissever our souls."

That night the two missionaries spent together. Mr. Scroggs confessed that he felt nervous and lonesome and Father Taylor declined to leave him, fearing that his depression might presage a sudden attack of illness. "Somehow," remarked Mr. Scroggs, as he made ready a bed for the priest, "that forest sort of gets on my nerves. I know it's all foolishness, but when there is no sound of the wind in the trees I feel as if the blackness was going to jump out on me and suffocate me; and when the wind does move the leaves, it seems as if something was whispering threats to me. I guess I must be going to come down with the fever again."

Before dawn the next morning, out of the silent, brooding, menacing forest, came a rush of men, followed by the screams of women and the rapid firing of rifles. The two white men at once ran out of the house to meet the invaders, for they knew instinctively that they had to do with a raid of slave-

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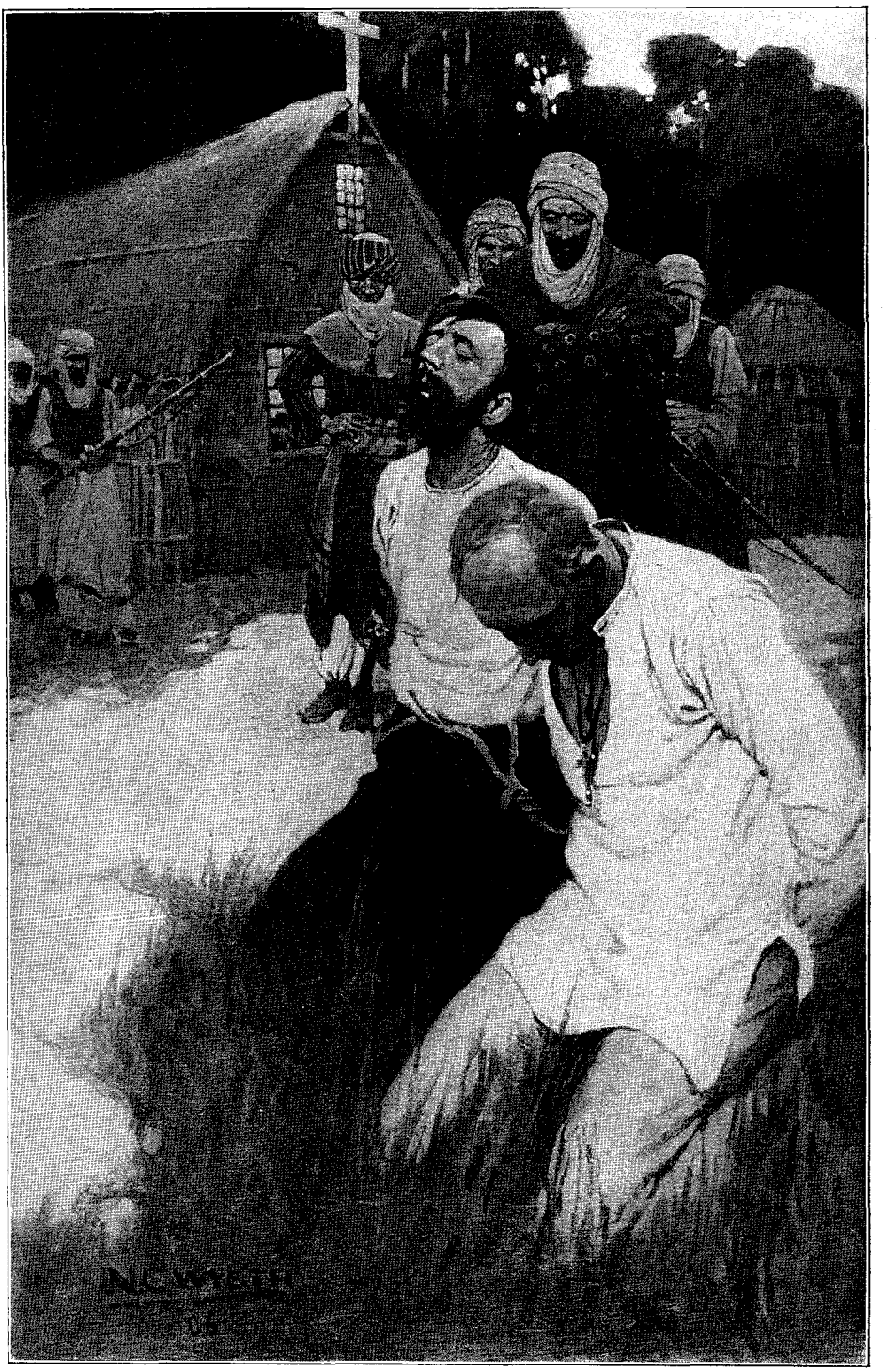

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Mr. Scroggs lifted up his voice in a passionate prayer.—Page 712.

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catchers. Neither was armed, for Father Taylor owned no weapons, and Mr. Scroggs had lent his rifle to a native who frequently brought him game from the forest. The few natives who attempted to resist were instantly shot down, the remaining able-bodied men were rapidly seized and bound, while the protests and appeals of the missionaries were apparently unnoticed by the stolid Arab leader of the raiders. But as soon as the last slave had been secured the Arab, turning to the missionaries, informed them that they were to be shot. He knew that white men sometimes made inconvenient witnesses, and although Boango was a long way from the nearest Portuguese station, and the Portuguese authorities were slow to punish slave-traders, he decided that it would not be altogether safe for him to leave the white men at liberty. In his way he was a pious man, and when Father Taylor asked that he and his fellow-missionary should be given a few moments for prayer, the Arab readily granted the request.

The missionaries knelt down side by side. "Father," implored Mr. Scroggs, "let me confess to you and be absolved." And without waiting for an answer he repeated in substance the general confession of the prayer-book of the Episcopal Church. When he had ended, the priest solemnly pronounced the words of absolution, and then said, "And now, brother, pray for me." Mr. Scroggs lifted up his voice in a passionate prayer for the salvation of his friend, but long before he had reached the end of his petitions the now impatient Arab gave the order to fire, and two more martyrs were added to the long roll of white men who have died for their religion in the Dark Continent.

When at last the bishop came to Boango he found a single family of natives, who were living in the deserted Protestant meeting-house. They told him how the once flourishing missionary station had been blotted out, and they showed him where the two missionaries had been buried. The bishop said the prayers of his Church over the common grave of priest and Protestant, making no distinction between them. He recognized that death had made them one in the larger faith that sustains the martyr of whatever creed. Perhaps, had he known all that had taken place in the settlement during the months before the slave-traders' raid, he would have been at a loss to decide which of the two martyrs was the Roman Catholic and which the Protestant. Perhaps also, for the bishop was a broad-minded man, he would have said in his heart that it did not matter what uniform a brave soldier wore who died in the discharge of his duty.

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ECCE HOMO

By William Hervey Woods

"O THOU that comest past the stars
And past the utmost bound that bars
Us from unguessed infinity,
What hast thou seen along the road,
What marvels vast thy pathway strewed,
The long, long path to Calvary?"

"I saw the Sower down his brown fields striding
Fling wide the fruitful grain,
I saw the foxes in the old tombs hiding
By white towns veiled in rain."

"But this we that are men may see—
Did no great Voices speak with thee
A journeying to Jerusalem?
Thou that hast walked with Life and Death
In lands forbid to mortal breath,
What secrets are unloosed of them?"

"I heard what games the children's feet were winging
There in your markets met,
I heard the price two tiny birds were bringing—
That I remember yet."

"Nay, Lord, but show some wonder done,
Now, or in times ere times begun,
That flashes forth thy Deity;
Light with a look a new-made world,
Or stay the swift hours onward whirled,
Till we forget Gethsemane."

"I knew, I knew, ere Eden's rose was blowing,
Prick of the twisted thorn—
The nails, the darkness, and the warm blood flowing,
I knew—and I was born."

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A PRAYER

By Ella Higginson

God of the lonely soul,
  God of the comfortless,
God of the broken heart—for these,
  Thy tenderness!

For prayers there be enough,
  Yea, prayers there be to spare,
For those of proud and high estate;
  Each hath his share.

But the beggar at my door,
  The thief behind the bars;
And those that be too blind to see
  The shining stars;

The outcast in his hut,
  The useless and the old;
Whoever walks the city's streets
  Homeless and cold;

The sad and lone of soul
  Whom no man understands;
And those of secret sin, with stains
  Upon their hands,

And stains upon their souls;
  Who shudder in their sleep,
And walk their ways with trembling hearts,
  Afraid to weep;

For the childless mother, Lord,
  And ah, the little child
Weeping the mother in her grave,
  Unreconciled—

God of the lonely soul,
  God of the comfortless,
For these, and such as these, I ask
  Thy tenderness!

Whose sin be greatest, Lord;
  If each deserve his lot;
If each but reap as he hath sown—
  I ask Thee not.

I only ask of Thee
  The marvel of a space
When these forgot and blind may look
  Upon thy face.

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ADDOLORATA'S INTERVENTION

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF MARCELLUS BLAND)

PALERMO February 10, 1903.

ALBERT JORDAN has arrived. I was strolling this forenoon along the Marina when the launch from the Villa Rosalia came sputtering across the harbor and set down a number of people near the Porta Felice, Jordan among them. I recognized him at once, though he was somewhat changed; and he, though rather less promptly, recognized me. He did not detach himself from his little party, nor pause on his way into the town; so there was no exchange of verbal greetings. He appeared as composed, as self-centred, as ever, despite a certain effervescent hilarity among his associates. Indeed, I think I may say, without any imaginative excess, that he was even a bit subdued and chastened; something not to be wondered at after last autumn's *peripezia* —a change of fortune, if ever there was one. The sum total of his presence—a mere passing presence, true—was this: he seemed to be saying, with his odd air of quiet determination: "No, you shall never know me better; give up any such idea for once and for all."

The conduct of this young man begins to irritate me. He is just as baffling here in Sicily as he was on Broadway—and just as ungrateful. Ungrateful, I say; and here is my case. I was one of the first to welcome Jordan when, in all his rawness, he came to town from his haunts "up State." I was among the earliest to recognize the talent in those impromptu newspaper sketches which he afterward got together in book form. I perseveringly praised to the sceptical the first fruits of his acquaintance with the city, his "In the Crosstown Cars," though Heaven knows I am chary enough about giving approval to the ephemeral stuff of the daily prints. When he adventurously invaded the theatre with a drama founded upon his rural observations and experiences, nobody was more friendly than I to "Fudgetown Folks." Later, I was one of the vociferous crowd at the Walpole that started "Boys Will Be Boys" on its two-year run; and when, last fall, the reaction came and "Youth Must Have Its Fling" was smiled pityingly from the boards and the gallant young career seemed over, I strained my credit to make the confident, half-studied thing appear at least a *succès d'estime*. Why, I have written reviews of the fellow's doings—a practice I rarely condescend to; and I have sent him congratulatory notes and telegrams which were not only enthusiastic but effusive. And what in return? I am snubbed. No, not snubbed; I retract the word, for no one has ever snubbed me, and no one ever can. But the sort of treatment meted out to me is only one degree better: I am held at arm's length; I get—when escape is impossible for him—a single perfunctory word; and I must content myself—here in foreign parts, where national consciousness and local ties sometimes turn even antipathies into attachments—with a cool nod and the present view of a highly indifferent back.

Does he not know who I am? Does he not realize what I stand for? Does he not comprehend what value a word of praise from me may have? Has he never read "Etrurian Byways"? Has he never heard of "The Grand Master" or of "Emir and Troubadour"? I am, indeed, no national celebrity, no household word, as he is; I have never seen my name lettered in fire before three Broadway theatres at once; nor have I a "farm" in Connecticut that has been celebrated by half the writers of "specials" in town; but I do enjoy, all the same, a reputation of my own among the few whose good opinion is worth the winning. Though I have nearly forgotten the meaning of the term "royalty," while his annual

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income amounts to figures that are almost fabulous, I would not consider, for a moment, an exchange of place and fortune.

I say this despite the obvious failure of "The Grand Master." But why should I employ the words "obvious" and "failure"? For the book no more reached the public consciousness than a snowflake falling into Vesuvius reaches the earth. "Youth Must Have Its Fling," on the contrary, did fail—spectacularly, resonantly. After its first grand flare it flickered before diminishing hundreds for a fortnight, and then it flickered out. Its passing was notorious. They knew about it in Syracuse and Detroit and Atlanta and Denver. The daily papers had their gibes about it; weeklies with "theatrical departments" gave it a cut as it hastened down the dark corridor of failure; and long afterward belated monthlies were busily explaining why the wreck had come about and acutely speculating on the dazed young author's future. Never before such buffets on so confident and smiling a face. Our young author fled the country—to study, far from the scene, the cause and nature of his *débâcle* and to take counsel with himself as to his future. A moving situation for thirty-three.

I suppose his lighting upon quiet Palermo must be held to be purely fortuitous. Neither his tastes nor his traditions can have assisted him in making so luminous a choice of an asylum. I should have expected him to stop short at Naples or to go on to Cairo. In my own case, however, there seemed no great choice. Rome being ruined, and Naples detestable, and Algiers quite second rate, and Cairo both too far away and much too expensive, what other town was left for one who would be at once in the midst of things and yet somewhat aside from them? Such at least is my feeling at the Albergo della Marina; a little shabby, a trifle dingy, and altogether in the past tense, it is perhaps the best that an unsuccessful novelist may aspire to. How things may seem at the Grand Hotel Villa Rosalia I have no means of knowing; probably all the pomp and circumstance that enwraps the cosmopolitan tourist may help to make even a youth under the passing shade of failure feel that he is still in the world and of it. One can scarcely, I apprehend, sojourn at the Villa Rosalia and yet confess that the pride of life has been altogether renounced; whereas a man housed in a cell at the Marina—but let me not abuse the roof that shelters me.

Yes, Albert at the landing-stage was cursory and nonchalant past all endurance. Why should it be so difficult for me to put myself *en rapport* with him? His life is public to a degree—thousands of Toms, Dicks, and Harrys share in it with all freedom. I have been kind, I have been interested, I have been enthusiastic, I have been articulate; and I am but nine years older—a gap that might easily be bridged, if any gap at all can be held to be made by so slight a difference.

Privately—very privately—I fear that Jordan looks upon me as an amateur, and that in his clear young gray eyes the opinion of an amateur has no value whatever. He regards me as a *dilettante;* so, always, to the trained craftsman must appear one who follows an art on the basis of some private competency, however small. Jordan, on the contrary, has his "trade," and has used it to fight his way up to his present position. Those years in the Herkimer County newspaper office must have been of the greatest service to him. To recognize the idea when it comes; to realize its values and its possibilities; to deal with it competently, cleanly, unfalteringly, and at the first essay—all this is very fine; and all this, with more, is plain on every page of "From the Back Counties," and is none the less apparent in his intimate studies of middle-class realism in the life of the metropolis itself. Fluency and precision show in the very preparation of his manuscripts. Once, in the *Recorder* building, I passed his door; a few pages of "copy" for the morrow's sketch lay in plain sight on his desk. Trim, clean-cut, unblotted, they represented well the craftsman in his absence. Does anyone imagine that the author of "Etrurian Byways" would dare leave exposed a sheet or two of his manuscript for the inspection of the casual passer-by? Never! Yes, I see: Albert Jordan looks upon me as an amateur, and of my reiterated compliments and congratulations he makes no account whatever.

Another thought. Jordan cannot but be proudly aware of his firm grip on present-day actualities. To him, ever welcoming the stinging impact of life as it is lived, my doings must appear tenuous, derivative, remote. Of course those character illustrations of Snow's helped his first book greatly; still,

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

I was with a troup of roistering young Yanks.—Page 718.

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it would have stood without them—the rustic oddities of Herkimer County could have been depended upon to speak shrilly and shrewdly for themselves. To one who is so surefooted both on the old Pike Road and in East Fourteenth Street, of what possible interest are loiterings through the byways of Etruria or the back lanes of Malta? No; Jordan taxes me for my lack of vividness and vitality and properly scorns me.

Yet again. What are a few thin and inconspicuous books compared with a reverberating succession of plays? I have timidly looked over the hedge, while he has boldly held the highway. I have scotched my dozens, while he has slain his thousands. He has battled for big stakes in one of the great arenas of the world, and scoffs at me for a faint-hearted slinker through unregarded by-paths. But why proceed? He can care nothing for my opinion, nothing for my approval. Drop, my pen; close, my little book; I have answered my own weak question over and over again.

II

(FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALBERT JORDAN)

GRAND HOTEL VILLA ROSALIA, PALERMO,
February 11, 1903.

. . . I am well enough placed here and shall probably remain until along into March. I might have chosen Florence or Cairo, perhaps; but at present—as you can very well understand, my dear Arthur—I am in no mood to encounter the Anglo-Saxon world wholesale. In Sicily the cosmopolitan blend seems a little more perfect; one is not trampled down by a mob composed of one's fellow-countrymen exclusively.

Let us dispense with description; I cannot endure to pen it, nor you to read it. For an idea of my present surroundings consult my letter-head. The Villa supplies a better class of stationery, without any Earthly Paradise above the date-line; but sometimes one's second-class manner is more graphic and successful than one's first.

Is it, though? That is precisely the point I have settled down to consider. But no more of that just now.

Well, gather in for yourself, old fellow, the mountains and the sea and the subtropical flora. And add, if you like, a tennis-court, something of a golf-course, a steam-yacht, an electric omnibus, an orchestra for dinner, and St. Rosalia herself somewhere up in the mountain behind.

Am sorry to hear so unfavorably from the sheep. I thought sheep, if anything, could be depended upon to pick up their living from those Connecticut bowlders. Let us worry them through the winter as best we may, and next year I will try Holsteins or Jerseys. Thanks for your good report about the beaver dam. There's one fad, at least, that is self-supporting.

Beaton's last week's check came yesterday; also the Thespian for the 25th. Ask B. it he hasn't overlooked those two dates at Terre Haute.

If old Murdock is ready to part with that twenty-acre tract to the north-east, don't let me lose it. Stanhope may go on enlarging the terrace, but any more nonsense about foundations is quite superfluous in such a rock-ribbed region. Am glad to hear that that fly-by-night company down in Kentucky has been nipped. But I want an example made of them—have them followed up sharp. Forgive all these particulars; you understand that the most I ask you to do is to pass on the word to the right quarter.

Marcellus Bland is here; I think I heard you praising one of his books last spring. I passed him yesterday in the town. He looked as if his foot was on its native heath indeed. I was with a troup of roistering young Yanks, male and female; they attend me in all my walks and treat me like a fellow-kid. If they want to be disagreeable they treat me like a fellow-kid that has just slipped up on the ice. Well, no more of that; a man may rise again, I hope. I never realized before how uproarious my younger compatriots abroad may be, nor how disadvantageous it might turn out to have made myself the public limner and apologist of and for—oh, mercy, prepositions *are* tough! —their antics. Bland looked a shade scornful, and I don't blame him.

Still, I should have clapped on a few more years and broken from the ranks to greet him if he had been alone, for he has been rather civil to me (in his own peculiar lofty way) on more occasions than one. But he wasn't alone. An intense young woman with large dark eyes and a considerable overplus of "soul" was with him,

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and she looked immensely like one I met at your musicale in November, where she was busily watching out for chances to frown distressfully at the slips of your performers. If she is the seemingly slender creature of good height with whom I sat for a few moments in your dusky bower, and if she is as intense in Palermo as she was in West Eightieth Street, I shall hesitate about meeting her a second time. For in answer to my simple inquiry as to what she thought of Filkins's "Lady Rosamund Risks It," *the* success of the season, she affected not to know who I was and coolly replied that she had no money to squander on the commercial drama! That ended Little Bertie.

Well, she may appreciate Bland. Indeed, I saw at a glance that she was an "admirer"; nay, more—as we say in real literature—a "worshipper." H'm! you know what I think of admirers and worshippers: the art-life—do you get that, my boy?—the art-life, I say, would be much more comfortable without them. When the admirers are arranged by the hundreds in the orchestra-chairs at two dollars per, it isn't so bad; but to have a single admirer come up softly and touch your coat-sleeve with her fore-finger, and say, "You're it!" might test the nerve of the strongest.

Such, I thought, was the situation in front of the Porta Felice, or whatever they call it; so I moved steadily past, with my whole train of coeducational hoodlums—*quorum pars fui*. I know *that* much Latin, even if I didn't get more'n two-thirds through high school. I say I should have liked—I mean, I should like to have—no, I should have liked, just as I had it at first. I should have liked, I say, to stop and do the civil with Bland; but though I say it, I don't quite mean it. You were always urging me to be friendly with him, you incorrigible "genial," but there was one thing about him you never realized, and that's this:

The fellow has two standards—one for himself and the other for me. When he wrings my hand and tells me how clever my last sketch is, or when he despatches a note to assure me how magnificently I have done on the boards, there is always present that damnable thing called styled, and entitled the *arrière pensée*—more high school. Everything is all very clever and magnificent and racy and redolent and characterful and *patati* and *patata* (oh, how I am swimming along!)—considering. Considering what? Considering that I am an up-State jay whose only *alma mater* was a country newspaper office; considering that I never lingered for several years, as he did, in some academic New England grove and never had, as he had, any of the further advantages of travel and study abroad; considering that I couldn't distinguish Pontormo from pudding-stone or tell a biography of Guidarello Guidarelli from a treatise on double-entry bookkeeping. Yes, the warm pressure of Bland's palm, or the warmer imprint of his device on a small dab of sealing-wax, may assure me that I am racy, sincere, authentic, national, realistic, what you will—but a rail-fence hayseed, all the same. Now, am I going to thank a man very heartily for such praise as that? Let him judge me by his own standards, as applied to himself, and I will reciprocate as warmly as you please.

One more point while I am wound up. Such gilt-edged encomiums from a man who is only seven or eight years my senior savor of patronage. The circumstances don't justify them. True, he got in on the ground-floor of the Temple of Art—do you get the capitals, dear old man?—a little before I did, but not so very long before; just about long enough to thrust his arms out and seem to be helping me in. Why, I was climbing in all right *without* any help! I was sweeping along and getting a thousand hands where he was getting one.

The proportion hasn't changed much since then—that's another point to remember. If I went about boasting of the good opinion of Marcellus Bland, dozens of fellows would say, "Who the deuce *is* Marcellus Bland?" How far would Bland's name carry on upper Broadway? Half across the sidewalk? Well, perhaps so; but not much farther. Whereas, mine—but you have read it there by the month, and you shall read it there again, be sure.

Well, let's dispense with shop—at least, with that particular kind of shop. This hotel is full of all sorts of human odds and ends. I can't make much of them, but Bland could. The town itself, too, seems packed with every variety of interesting stuff. I can't make much of that, either, but Bland is doubtless putting it all to good use. Among other rarities at our Villa

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here we have little Maribel Blennerhassett, some of whose people you met at Ardsley. Maribel is *my* admirer—every man has his cross. Maribel broke out of school last June, but she is still at the college-pin stage, and she is always harrying me about the sole college man I ever allowed to get before the footlights. Two or three of the genus are at large in Santa Rosalia's domain, and now and then we catch one for purposes of comparison. Maribel is always trying to make "'Squab' Madison" square with them, and when he won't then they have to square with him. Maribel is loyal but wearing. If she doesn't soon go to Tunis, as she talks of doing, I shall have to switch her off on to somebody else.

If you meet the Prestons—either Senior or Junior—tell them I find the "Back Counties" everywhere, and remind them—genteelly—that they are getting more out its lasting old frame than I am. There, now, is a book the world will not willingly let die. I found a copy in the hotel at Brussels, and one at Cannes, and one at Perugia, and there are two here. (I say nothing about the Vallombrosan effect they produced on the promenade-deck of the *Cyclonic*.) Little Maribel loves the "Back Counties" as much as anybody else does. Only yesterday I saw her offering one of the Santa Rosalia copies to an elderly Florentine and explaining to him in her own sweet way (or so I guessed) what a great man I was. He restored the volume early this morning with the sole remark that it was "curious." Once or twice during the day he has looked at me, oh, so dubiously!—as if he thought that I were curious, too. Not a bit pleasant, my dear Arthur. You see one may have a vast currency in a particular field and none whatever outside it. Bland, I fancy, might have fared better at the elderly student's hands. But of course our up-State dialect was never meant for the Tuscans.

However, I must not run on indefinitely. If I write long letters it is because I am not yet in the mood for any other kind of writing. I have had a bad jolt, I acknowledge, and I haven't quite yet begun to find myself. Try to let me know, when you reply, just how I stand with regard to club dues—a subject that has grown much too complicated for me to keep in my head. I have written Belden that positively not more than twenty-five thousand must go into those Iowa farm mortgages. Above all, be sure that everything is done to exact a penalty from those pirates in Kentucky.

Yours, as ever,

A. J.

III

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF MARCELLUS BLAND)

PALERMO, February 13th.

I RESUME my diary. The reading public may have conspired to immure me in the Tower of Silence, but between the covers of this faithful repository I shall be as articulate as I please. After all, the best things are often accomplished in quiet and with no thought of fame.

To-day I walked out again with Miss Matthews—this time in the Villa Giulia and the Botanical Garden. An intense young person who takes her Italy in the most poignant fashion; it was all quite like a visit from one's earlier self. Miss Matthews, as I make it out, comes from somewhere up the river—from Peekskill or Newburgh; being, in some sense, a suburbanite, she is even more metropolitan than the metropolis. And having put much of her abundant and eventless leisure into study, she is more cultivated than Culture in Culture's most cultivated moments. She seems devoted, heart and soul, to the Peninsula; she is so completely Italianate as to call herself "Addolorata." If she has pushed her devotion too far she has not gone unpunished. For there is often at her elbow an elderly commonplace person, with thin hair and a plaid shawl, who plaintively calls her "Addie."

Miss Matthews's attitude toward me is most appreciative and deferential. I am certain, therefore, that she hails from the background. The sincerest worshippers are ever those simple folk who stand just within the church doorway. The "quality," whom the luxurious *prie-dieu* draws nearer to the chancel, take a calmer and more worldly view; while for a perfectly hardened and cynical estimate of the whole situation commend me to those practised creatures who serve the altar itself. Yes, Addolorata Matthews is doubtless from Peekskill.

As we sauntered down the avenue of date-palms she began to quote the "Etru-

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rian Byways" to me, and she told me that she had selected a passage from it to preface a book of travel written by a very intimate friend of hers.

"Dear, dear!" I said, half in dismay.

"You are not displeased?" she asked, opening her brown eyes to their widest.

"N—no," I replied; "only I am pretty certain it was some passage that would have been improved by a recasting and by a closer study of its punctuation."

"I found no fault in it," she returned promptly. "It was that beautiful page about Cervetri and Castel d'Asso and the Fanum Voltumnæ. Cervetri," she went on, "that is one of the places I have longed to see for years. Heaven knows when I shall finally reach it. Those tombs! oh, those tombs!"

"I remember," I said gloomily. "It would have been better if I had used dashes instead of parentheses."

"When were you there?" she demanded eagerly.

"At Cervetri?"

"Yes."

"Why, I have never been there at all—as yet."

"Never been there at all? And Castel d'Asso, then? And Norchia? And Toscanella? And——"

"Well, some of them I have visited, and some of them I haven't. Intuition, my dear young woman—invention—imagination."

But my dear young woman looked at me very doubtfully. Therefore——

"If I have a *feeling* for a place," I asked, "must I visit that place and have my feeling compromised by facts?"

She made no reply, but bowed over the waxy red blossoms of a thorny euphorbia. I saw that she was disappointed and grieved. I had also given away quite unnecessarily the secrets of the shop. Therefore——

"Drop the 'Etrurian Byways,'" I said, a bit tartly, "and read 'From the Back Counties.'"

"What!" she cried, with some sharpness; "that thing by Albert What's-his-name?"

"Albert Jordan—precisely. That 'thing' is a good thing, and I'm glad you know it."

"I don't. I have found it lying about in every hotel I have visited, but I haven't once looked inside its covers. I make it a matter of principle never to read such stuff!"

"Stuff? Let me assure you that Jordan's 'stuff' is every bit as good, in its own way, as mine. And you might visit many and many a hotel, even in Italy itself, without finding a single copy of the 'Byways.'"

"I don't need to find a copy. I have my own. And I have given away a dozen others. Only—it disappoints me—to——"

"To find me describing what I don't know anything about? Well, you won't find that weakness in Jordan. He is genuine throughout. Come, read him. There is a copy of the 'Back Counties' in the *sala* of the Marina itself."

"No doubt—no doubt!"

"Nothing can beat him in the rendering of familiar things observed at first hand. Nobody can surpass him in the qualities that appeal to the normal man. He is so sane and hearty; he is so fully documented, so completely in sympathy with all the humors and oddities of his native region——"

"And doubtless as scraggly and formless as the society he depicts."

"Not at all. That's the wonder of it. He's as trim as you please. He's as clear as a bell, as clean-cut as a diamond, as exact and rigorous in form as—as anybody I know. His forms are of his own devising, true, but they suit his matter to a 't.' In fact, I often read him *for* his form after my interest in the mere matter has become rather dulled."

"Is his form any more clear-cut than the form of 'The Grand Master'?"

"Why, have you read 'The Grand Master'?" I cried in amaze. Nobody had referred to the fated book in my hearing for fully six months.

"I have read it three times. Or rather, I carry it about with me everywhere and read in it habitually. But tell me, why did you go to the Tyrol for your hero?"

"To put him in contrast with my Sicilian heroine. Besides, all the recent grand masters have come from the Tyrol—or, to be more exact, from the Trentino." A fact, that—if fact were wanted.

"But his name was Italian."

"In part—as many of the names of the south Austrians are."

"Guido Camillo——" she began.

"Yes," I cried; "Frà Guido Camillo Fürst von Hochwald und Hohenberg—what a splendid assemblage of syllables!" Oh, if

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you *will* talk to a man about his books select his latest—whether it be a success or a failure—his latest!

"And what a fine idea that Guido should have taken the vows! A man of mature age and devoted, by his very office, to celibacy; yet he falls in love with that charming little Contessina——"

"Contrast on contrast!" I cried enthusiastically. "He an Austrian; she an Italian. He middle-aged; she in her first youth. He bound by his vows; she free to choose and to adore—— Oh, what theme could more deliciously invite a light decorative treatment that——"

"H'm!" she said, as she thoughtfully worked her foot once or twice over the gravel path. "A treatment less light and decorative might perhaps have been justified." Her tone had a tinge of discontent.

"Tell me," she asked again, after having smoothed down the gravel with a shining black toe, "have you visited the palace of the Order in Rome?"

"In the Via Condotti? Yes."

"And the church of the Order on the Aventine?"

"Santa Maria del Priorato? Well, I have paced off the ilex-path there and have seen the dome of St. Peter's through the key-hole of their garden gate, but I have never been inside the church itself."

"*I* have," she said reproachfully. "I attended there the funeral of the late grand master."

Wonderful creature! Going everywhere, knowing everything, exacting as much from others as from herself! To be the idol of such a worshipper must certainly be no sinecure. Might I but help her to find some other saint standing in some other niche!

She paused, and during the pause she looked at me most intently. Finally she spoke.

"Have you ever—have you ever——?" she began, and braced herself for a blow.

I knew what was coming. "Have you ever been to Malta?"—that was the question she was trying to ask, and the question she presently did ask.

"No," I was obliged to answer, and felt like an assassin.

"But Valetta," she faltered, "is full of their old 'auberges,' I hear; and the palace of the governor is hung with portraits of the grand masters; and the cathedral is set thick with their monuments; and the streets and ramparts are wrapped in memories of the old days when knight and Turk fought for mastery; and—and—I was going there next week, and——"

"And all on your account!" her eyes plainly said.

"Oh, heavens!" I groaned inwardly. This was worship, indeed—worship of the most exigent description. Now, the saint—oh, nothing is truer!—ought to maintain the level of the faith itself, and I, alas, was pitifully falling far below it. What to do? I jumped down from my niche and rushed forth from the fane.

"Read Jordan!" I cried. "He knows every street in Fudgeville, and every house at Tompkins' Corners, and every pike throughout the length and breadth of good old Herkimer! Encourage him. He is a 'native author' as much as I am—more so, in fact. Do homage—for he is in position to accept it; he is in Palermo, too."

She looked at me in some bewilderment; partly, too, as if she were about to tax me with ingratitude.

"Yes," she said slowly; "I had an idea that that man at the Porta Felice might perhaps be he. I met him once, I think, in a half-lighted drawing-room. So," she went on, "that tall, slender young man with the cool blue-gray eyes and the broad square shoulders and the nice light-gray suit was Albert Jordan. Well, he looked civilized enough."

"He *is* civilized. Yes, his are the cool blue-gray eyes and the broad square shoulders"—my own shoulders, I acknowledge, have become somewhat rounded and humpy. "Herkimer County is full of such youths. They grow tall and slender and broad-shouldered and cool-eyed. And when they come down to town the light-gray suit is added unto them. Then, if a final perfection is required, a white camellia is added unto the button-hole of the light-gray suit. As in that case!"

And I waved my hand toward a cross-path, where a tall, slender young man with cool eyes and broad shoulders and a light-gray suit with a white camellia in the button-hole, was tiptoeing along with a cautious outlook over the adjacent shrubbery—Albert Jordan in his own person.

He was alone. There was no reason why he should not stop to speak as he

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reached us, and he did. He was perfectly civil, though not very cordial; and he referred whimsically to the retinue that had attended his steps on the occasion of our other encounter.

"I have escaped from the kindergarten—for a little," he said; "and if we don't speak too loud perhaps they won't catch me again." A juvenile clamor made itself heard from an adjoining alley, and we felt that he might be recaptured at any moment. "I am not a kid," he went on, "however much appearances may be against me. Try to regard me as a grown-up, please."

He straightened himself till he was half a head above either of us, and drew on the slow, sweet smile that he always wears for his first-night curtain speeches. That smile never fails, and I saw that it was not to fail now. It immediately became clear that Addolorata Matthews was prepared at least to "endure." I felt that I should never again be taxed for my failure to visit Malta and blessed myself for my lavish praise of Jordan and all his works.

Fragments of a college cry now broke on our ears—a college cry of the most "fresh-water" character—and Jordan was presently claimed by his own. It was the same band of young people that had swarmed about him on the Marina—two or three youths pausing between Academe and Business, and a brace of tousle-headed young girls. The more vociferous of the latter was presented to me as Miss Blennerhassett.

"How do?" she half gasped, half panted, in an excessively cursory fashion, and at once turned back her attention to her youths—to Jordan himself first and foremost. It seemed to count for nothing with her untrained consciousness that it was she who had been presented to me, and not I to her. But there are those with whom no one—not even the best—can expect to stand as a personage.

Now there is a freemasonry among men, just as there is among women. Jordan gave me a glance. "Take this insufferable child off my hands," his eyes plainly said. I liked that of Jordan. I felt that now at last the barriers had been swept away and that he was about to admit me as a friend—the inner chamber after the vestibule.

During our few remaining moments in the garden I did what I could to favor him, though the girl evidently had no knowledge of me or of my works, and no faintest shade of deference for me—nor, as it would appear, for anybody or anything else. However, I annexed Miss Maribel Blennerhassett and her young associates, while Jordan and Addolorata Matthews strolled along in our rear.

Is he disposed to render me a *quid pro quo?* That fine action would make us friends, indeed!

IV

(FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALBERT JORDAN)

PALERMO, February 19, 1903.

. . . Stanhope may take his time over the plans for the enlarged terrace, but everything must be right. That south-east angle, my dear Arthur, should not fail to give me the best possible outlook on the Sound and to bring in the Long Island hills to the greatest advantage. The place is costing me big money, and I want all the landscape I can appropriate.

I went up to Monreale yesterday, on the track (though I talk like a fly) of a certain carved and painted ceiling. I found the thing rather mediocre both in design and execution, but it is old and authentic, and is touched with just a bit of Saracenic wildness, and I imagine I shall end by having it sent over for the drawing-room at Cobblestone Corners. I suppose I must trust to you to find somebody capable of putting it up.

While at Monreale I looked into the cathedral. It had to be done one time or another, and I thought I might as well do it and have it over with. Some sort of fête happened to be going on, and the big cool place was trimmed sparsely with crimson hangings. Two or three of them would make first-rate curtains for my den. A few people were strolling about—among them that Miss Matthews you are always trying to have me appreciate. "Addolorata Matthews"—it doesn't sound quite right, does it? The two names don't seem to go together. Sometime, when we get a little better acquainted, I'm going to ask her what her name really is. There's a good deal to the girl, I am ready to acknowledge; and that

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story-book appellation of hers must be just a bit of whimsey. But one may be guilty of almost any monkey-shine in this romantic region.

There was a parade of priests and choristers and acolytes and all, and their reds gave the chill old cavern quite a touch of color; but somehow or other Miss Matthews and I got to talking and a good deal of the function went for nothing. She told me lots about the tremendous layout of mosaics overhead—a well-posted young woman, Arthur, if ever there was one. Left to myself, I never should have made head or tail of them, and I don't quite see even yet how I could use any of them in Connecticut; but she made it all mighty interesting and I came away a wiser and a better man. She also told me something about the music, which has a form and a procedure that a poor farm-hand from Herkimer could hardly have suspected. And then she did a little literature for me—oh, she put the daughter of Herodias nowhere! She talked about *my* literature—at last, at last! And her tone was the winsome tone of apology.

"My dear Mr. Jordan," she said, just as earnestly as you can think, "I am going to beg your pardon a hundred times over. I have been very unfair to you, and very prejudiced. But I have just finished reading 'From the Back Counties,' and I want to tell you how much I think of it. It is all so real, so honest, so earnest; yes, and so touching. I know you don't expect people to be very much affected by that christening in the Methodist meeting-house, but along toward the end I couldn't quite hold in a sob——"

However, you must know about what she said—so many others have said it. I just mention the sob because that part was sort o' new and different. I guess she meant it, too; anyway, she had a kind of little twitch to her mouth and a suspicion of moisture in her eye. And to think that I should have always considered her a piece of pure intellect!

Still, a very little moisture is enough—you know my theory about overdoing it. So, to secure the floodgates, I said:

"This is a sudden conversion. Who brought it about?"

"Mr. Bland. He insisted that I should read you."

"Very friendly of him," I replied cautiously. "Very decent indeed."

"He *is* friendly to you. He has followed everything you have done, and has nothing but praise for all."

"My plays, too?"

"Yes."

"And when are you going to do justice to *them?* Oh, I forgot; you don't encourage the 'commercial drama.'"

Was that a mean dig? Well, she passed it over grandly.

"I don't believe your plays can be 'commercial,' and I am going to begin to 'encourage' them as soon as I get back."

Rather nice and high-minded of her, wasn't it?

"Well," I said, "you will generally find some one or other of them running on Broadway. And the rest can be picked up—more or less mangled—in Michigan or Utah."

"I shall pick them up," she declared. Then, "Have you read anything of Mr. Bland's?" she asked me.

"Why, no, not exactly," I acknowledged. "But I have met a press notice now and then. I don't think I should quite fancy his things. Aren't they like the parade in this church—a small fire in a very large, cold room?"

"There's the 'Etrurian Byways,'" she submitted.

"They're a long way from here," I objected.

"There's 'The Grand Master,'" she proceeded. "That's nearer. At Malta."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Must I skip along to still another island?"

"Well, there's 'Emir and Troubadour.' That isn't his best book, but the scene is partly laid right here in Palermo. It's an historical romance, at the court of the Emperor Frederick the Second."

"I might look into this last, I suppose, if it's as instructive as that."

"A lady at my hotel has a copy, and I think I could borrow it for you."

She spoke with no particular enthusiasm, and I surmised that what principally prompted her was a sense of fairness.

"Do so, by all means," I rejoined. "I am willing to do the right thing by Bland, since he has been so decent to me."

But you understand, dear Arthur, that I am not abroad for the purpose of plodding

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through historical novels. However, I disposed of the book in my best reviewing style—I read the opening chapter, and the closing one, and another from the middle. Then I turned it over to little Maribel Blennerhassett. Maribel isn't beyond the age for learning, and a trifle more knowledge won't do her a bit of harm. She is busy on the book now; she sits with it in the sun-parlor and hasn't made a pass at me for twenty-four hours. Bland is a pretty good sort, after all.

Upon leaving the cathedral we strolled about for a time. Noble views whichever way we turned—and you know I save the word "noble" for deserving occasions. The almond-trees were coming out, and from the hill-slope below the apse of the church—the apse, Arthur, is the round part at the back—the perfume of the orange-blossoms surged up tremendously. I don't generally care much for orange-blossoms, as you know; in fact, when I acted as usher for Johnny Frazer I should have stampeded if you hadn't tied me to the chancel-rail with a length of that white satin ribbon. To-day, however, the odor was less disconcerting—perhaps our being in the open air made some difference.

"Addolorata" Matthews!—no, such an accordion-plaited name doesn't do. And the aged crone who circled about us at a discreet distance once came up and called her "Addie!"—and neither does that. Oh me! oh, my! there must be some golden mean. What is it? You needn't take the trouble to cable, but don't forget that point next time you write.

Say, it was awfully fine of her to sob, wasn't it?

I am glad I am going to have all that extra room at Cobblestones. I begin to feel that I shall be able, before long, to rehabilitate myself in the public eye, and a thumping big house-party about Thanksgiving time is coming to loom up pretty large in my own.

Yours, as ever, A. J.

V

(THE MEDITATIONS OF ADDOLORATA MATTHEWS)

PALERMO, February 24, 1903.

No, I cannot look upon myself as a Puritan, else why should I have abandoned myself so completely to the ever-delightful South? Yet I have never so far let go my hold upon the more serious realities as to accept grace for thoroughness or mere attractiveness for solidity. A work of art is best, no doubt, when it rises effortlessly from its conditions; yet it should rise, not as an exhalation from the water, but rather as a flower from the soil. And the soil, for us strayed revellers, lies no doubt in another part of the world; we are far from home. With every passing day I come to feel surer that, after all, I still view the great fundamentals through the atmosphere of my native Poughkeepsie. It is well, I apprehend, that this should be so, and better that it should continue to be so. A woman who is approaching twenty-eight may becomingly devote some thought to the solid actualities of life; it is proper that she should begin to feel for firm ground beneath her feet—and the firmest of all ground is that offered by the land of her birth.

We drove to-day to Bagheria and Solunto. Aunt Juliana easily persuaded herself that the excursion would overtax her powers, and decided to remain behind. In any event, Mr. Jordan could not have been expected, as one of a party of five, to sit beside the driver. Mr. Bland has an immense feeling for villas, and I for classical remains; and Albert Jordan (despite his curious way of expressing—or, of withholding—himself) cherishes as pronounced a passion for the mountains and the sea; so all three of us had cause for gratification, and the 24th of February, for me, at least, will ever remain a red-letter day.

The little Blennerhassett girl begged very prettily, yet pertinaciously, to go with us; and although Mr. Jordan insisted that I could in no degree fill the place of chaperon, Mr. Bland thought a point might be stretched. I rather dreaded the child, but really she behaved very well. A change has come over her—she has entered upon a new phase. Somebody or something has caught her at the psychological moment and she is transforming before our eyes. She is rising from a conception of her little college world to a conception of the world at large. To-day, for the first time since I have been meeting her she left her college-pin aside, and she has learned to move among the beauties of art and of nature without the emission of a single war-cry.

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She told me, as we were bowling along the seashore, that only yesterday she had persuaded her parents—or her guardians—to take her out to La Favara, the remains of which, lying a mile or so inland, she enthusiastically indicated. All this is due, I suppose, to her reading of Marcellus Bland's story, which devotes several rather good chapters to the brilliant doings of the Emperor Frederick's court. If it be really Mr. Bland who has caught and tamed and transmogrified this young hoyden, all that he needs is a little more currency to rank with Schiller and Scott as a benefactor of youth. Her whole attitude toward him has changed most amusingly; the deference and the apologetic remorse she displays set very well upon her, and have not yet begun to annoy him.

Of course the villas at Bagheria, from one point of view, are quite preposterous. I hope it was an amelioration of taste, rather than anything else, which caused their owners to abandon them. But Mr. Jordan was greatly taken by their fantastic sculptures, and I soon saw that he viewed all pleasure-seats, as well as many things besides, from the standpoint of his own fine new place in New England. He let fall many descriptive hints of this notable estate—the result, as it appears, of but three or four years of his own unaided efforts. Mr. Bland, in so far as I am able to learn, has no landed property and would find the care of such possessions irksome. His treasures are elsewhere. He enjoyed all the villas most heartily, however—as the possessions and responsibilities of others. I think our enthusiasm rose highest at the Villa Valguarnera, upon the terrace of which Mr. Jordan—who is vastly taken up with terraces—became quite lyrical. It was a moment of the most precious self-revelation, and I liked and admired him as never before. Mr. Bland, who made some references to his native Hartford, was far from being vivid or convincing.

Then we drove up the hill-slope to Solunto, where the compact brown ruins of the little old Roman town were awaiting us with all composure. And on this height the sunset found us. Here, through the golden-purple haze, Cape Zaffarano called across the bay to Monte Pellegrino, and Palermo, la Felice—the Happy City—rose from the shining cincture of the Conca d'Oro. Little Maribel looked out over the wide prospect with eyes that seemed to say, "Why have I never seen the world before?" And at a certain angle of one of those straight and narrow little streets Albert Jordan laid his long slim hand upon one of those immemorial brown blocks and looked me in the face very calmly, and told me that he had had an idea.

"I see a new play," he said. "It will be no kid thing; and it will be no home-spun thing, either. It will treat of grown men and women out in the big world." He smiled a crooked, whimsical smile, but there was a little tremor in his voice.

I apprehended a moment of exaltation, and did not ask him the source and nature of his sudden idea. I cannot credit the foolish old pleasaunces of Bagheria with it, nor can I relate it to the long-dead stones of Solunto. Ah, well, the alchemy of genius—and Albert Jordan is probably a genius, in his way—must ever elude all our little tests and formulæ.

February 26.

This afternoon the Battle of Flowers in the grounds of La Favorita, at the base of Monte Pellegrino. Albert Jordan asked me to drive with him, and as I had the proper frock and hat, I accepted without compunction. He had had the light vehicle very tastefully decorated and had provided plenty of flowers, and he handled the ribbons over a strange horse with much skill and composure. He had picked up—I know not how—all the vocabulary needed to urge or to restrain the creature; he would have found it hard, he explained facetiously, to sit still and "just be driv'." The day was lovely and the occasion perfect of its kind. Admission to the enclosure was by ticket, and there was no bandying of bedraggled flowers that had been forced back into service by street gamins clinging to the steps of one's carriage, as at Nice or Monaco.

"It isn't hilarious; it isn't overcrowded!" said Albert Jordan through his twisted lips, as the two lines of equipages drove back and forth decorously. "But it *is* choice."

He appreciated the quality of it all most acutely. Why should I have assumed that he would give the preference to quantity—to the measure, pressed down and running over, of a rabble rout in a wide metropolitan avenue?

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Maribel Blennerhassett, forced down a peg or two from her recent lofty stand by the festal nature of the occasion and its opportunities for unconventional merriment, appeared in a large and elaborately decorated conveyance with a party of her young friends. Mr. Bland was among them. He threw flowers with a carefully calculated abandon, but seemed out of place and rather unhappy.

The Corso was not crowded, neither was the pace rapid; and presently Albert Jordan began to talk about his play. I, meanwhile, sped a few perfunctory flowers at attentive passers-by, tossing a nosegay to Mr. Bland, who looked rather foolish (whatever the admiring gaze of Maribel Blennerhassett might say) in a neck-chain of anemones. The first act of the new drama was already sketched out. "And later on," the author declared, waving his beribboned whip over the shifting assemblage, "there shall be something like this—only much more so, of course."

"You are going to let me have your idea?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; presently, presently; not in this madding crowd. Later on; when the hurly-burly's done. In fact, there will be several points where you can help me, if you will."

If I will! Well, I have seen something of the world, fortunately; and so, by this time, has he. It is a rich, complicated place, and I shall watch with interest his gallant endeavor to make something of it. Simply to save him from mistakes would be a service. Here, no doubt, are the "several points"; but we shall be clever and wary enough to weather them.

The idea, then, remains, thus far, undeclared. But as we ambled along he imagined for me a Battle of Flowers at Beaver Falls, with Uncle Jed Parsons, the hero of forty Fourth-of-July parades and of innumerable county fairs, as chief marshal. It was very exhilarating, but I should be quite willing for him to fit his instrument with new strings. I think he means to.

It is unlikely that I shall try for Malta. The steamer from Syracuse is very small, I am told, and the passage most trying. Mr. Bland, I must confess, has rather disappointed me, and, in any event, "The Grand Master" is a thing of the past. I find myself in close touch with the tingling actualities of the present, and feel that I shall do better service by remaining here.

VI

(FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALBERT JORDAN)

PALERMO, March 3, 1903.

THE blow, dear Arthur, has fallen. At last the single "admirer" has come up and touched my coat-sleeve with her forefinger and called me "It." The forefinger belongs to Miss Matthews—if you ever thought me backward about coming forward, think so no more. I don't know what she sees in me; but it is there, and she sees it. I must take her word for it. Our engagement is an accomplished fact, and our marriage will follow presently.

You may ask how the event occurred, and you are entitled to know. It took place yesterday within a certain old Saracenic pavilion on the edge of the town. There was a floor mosaicked in peacocks, and a fountain in good running order, and a series of mottoes which, Her Divine Intelligence said, were in the old Cufic text. I am not a bit versed in Cufic, but a clairvoyant flash helped me to read all those mottoes on the instant. The first one said, "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady." The second said, "Bachelors are the Poorest Sort of Horned Cattle." The third said, "Be Prompt and you will be Happy." The fountain, too, was babbling rather foolishly, and I babbled along with it. My observations, halting as they were, had the good fortune to please my only auditor, and the trick was done.

"And now, my dear girl," I said immediately after—"and now, my dear girl"—yes, sir; just as bold as that—"what is your really-truly name?"

She hesitated for a moment and blushed a little, and then told me what you probably know perfectly well already. Her name is not "Addolorata"; neither is it "Addie." It's Dora.

Dora. There! "Good," said I. "I like 'Dora' extremely. There's no letter I enjoy writing more than capital D. So 'Dora' it stands."

She shrugged slightly. "My pose is over. Let us banish the exotic. Henceforth we will rest upon the realities."

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I dined last night at her hotel, taking the realities in six courses. Marcellus Bland hailed us befittingly. The dowdy old lady at Dora's other elbow broke out quite bravely in dinner dress and found the right things to say. It may be, after all, that I am on the edge of "society." You are acquainted in Poughkeepsie, and may know as well as I do; perhaps better.

We shall probably be married toward the end of the month, in Rome. With regard to the terrace at Cobblestone Corners, Stanhope will have to work in a few more pedestals; Dora will see about the statues as we pass through Florence. Relative to a herd of cattle, I shall do nothing hasty; Dora may prefer a bunch of longhorns from the Roman Campagna. Please contract at once with some reliable nurseryman for a dozen stone-pines, to be placed in carefully arranged disorder—they are her favorite tree. Also kindly communicate with the chief of the U. S. Coast Survey and tell him to raise the Long Island hills four or five hundred feet. At the same time he may change the waters of the Sound to a blue about three shades deeper.

One word more. I am up to my neck in a new play. It will be a winner. The idea is immense, and we have the first act blocked out, and all the notions for the second. I mean to show the world that I am no longer a juvenile, nor a hayseed. This time we tackle good society—New York society, as being the only sort that the American public much cares for. There will be costumes and furnishings, never fear; we shall try to be discreetly swell without being tawdry. The "upper classes," my boy, have hearts and feelings, and we must try to find our way to them, both on the stage and off.

As one means of preparation, we shall try to see some society on the way home. We shall reach Florence about the middle of April for what Dora calls the "stagione brillante," and we shall try later to do justice to Paris and London. I shall land at New York with the thing as good as written; it will be pulled off in November, and Cobblestone Hall (as Dora may prefer to call it) will be a very jolly spot, believe me, about next Christmas.

For our wedding at the embassy in Rome I should naturally have preferred you as best man; but you are many miles away and cumbered with many cares—mine, as well as your own. Bland, whom you admire, and to whom we may conceive ourselves as under obligations, will be asked to take your place. He has lost an old disciple, but he has gained a new one. Little Miss Blennerhassett is taking him up like a sponge that has just learned of the existence of water. Under cover of her attentions and exactions the defection of Miss Dora Matthews passes almost unnoticed. Have I done Bland a kindness? Or have I played the poor fellow something of a trick? If the latter, all the more reason for asking his participation in the little affair at the embassy.

Dora joins with me in best regards.

Yours, as ever,

A. J.

VII

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF MARCELLUS BLAND)

NAPLES, March 12, 1903.

How sweet is obscurity! How charming, after all, is neglect! How odious, on the contrary, is adulation grown rampant! How calamitous to have pressed an electric buzzer that will not cease even when one's finger is removed. Miss Blennerhassett, in brief, has been too much for me. She showed no sign of leaving Palermo, so I left instead. Jordan tells me I "awoke her mind." But it was a mind like the bottomless pit. Nothing could fill it. The ravenous young creature seized on everything I wrote. She was bent on an instant assimilation of everything I knew. She took all my time and all my knowledge. I fled; now let me rest in peace.

Miss Matthews writes to me pleasantly from Taormina about the play. Jordan is there, too, of course—and adds a postscript. I gather that she is to initiate him into the mysteries of "society." Well, the acute consciousness of a comparative outsider will perhaps be of more service to him than the dulled perceptions of one to the manner born. Still—to avoid any injustice—she *may* be that *lusus naturæ*, a social personage with some concern for the things of the mind.

I go to Rome on the 28th for their wedding. It is sudden, but Jordan is a man of decision. At one time I fancied that he slighted me, but now all difficulties are re-

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"Read Jordan!" I cried.—Page 722.

moved and no understanding could be more complete.

As for his bride to be, she will think more highly of me when she learns that I have spent a week to the southward and have finally seen Malta. It is quite what I expected, and substantially as I described it. My intuitions are never at fault. As regards their own affair, I divined its whole course at the moment of their first meeting in the Villa Giulia. When one's intuitions are in such satisfactory working order what need to indulge in the laborious accumulation of mere facts?

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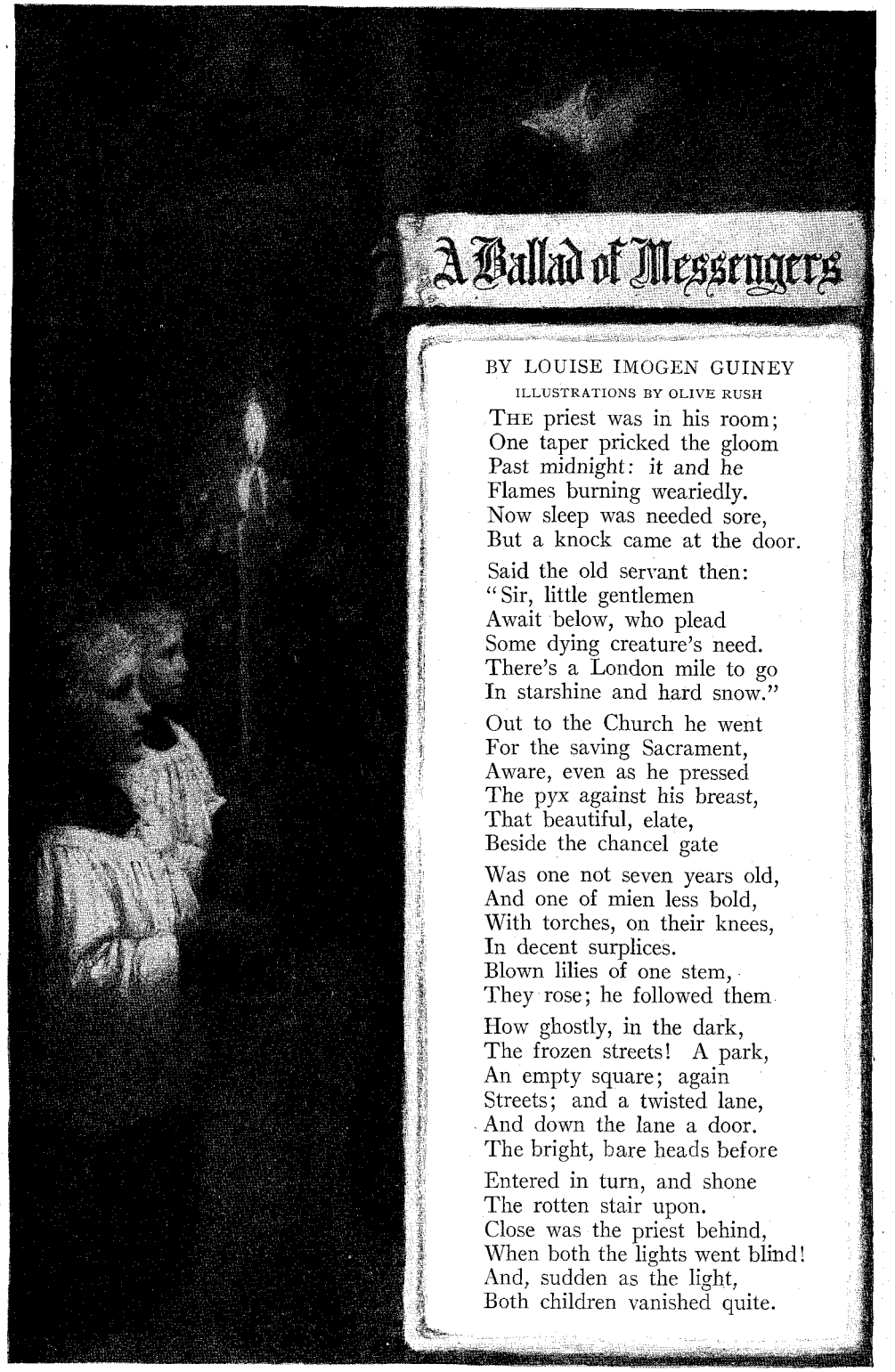

A Ballad of Messengers

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVE RUSH

THE priest was in his room;
One taper pricked the gloom
Past midnight: it and he
Flames burning weariedly.
Now sleep was needed sore,
But a knock came at the door.

Said the old servant then:
"Sir, little gentlemen
Await below, who plead
Some dying creature's need.
There's a London mile to go
In starshine and hard snow."

Out to the Church he went
For the saving Sacrament,
Aware, even as he pressed
The pyx against his breast,
That beautiful, elate,
Beside the chancel gate

Was one not seven years old,
And one of mien less bold,
With torches, on their knees,
In decent surplices.
Blown lilies of one stem,
They rose; he followed them

How ghostly, in the dark,
The frozen streets! A park,
An empty square; again
Streets; and a twisted lane,
And down the lane a door.
The bright, bare heads before

Entered in turn, and shone
The rotten stair upon.
Close was the priest behind,
When both the lights went blind!
And, sudden as the light,
Both children vanished quite.

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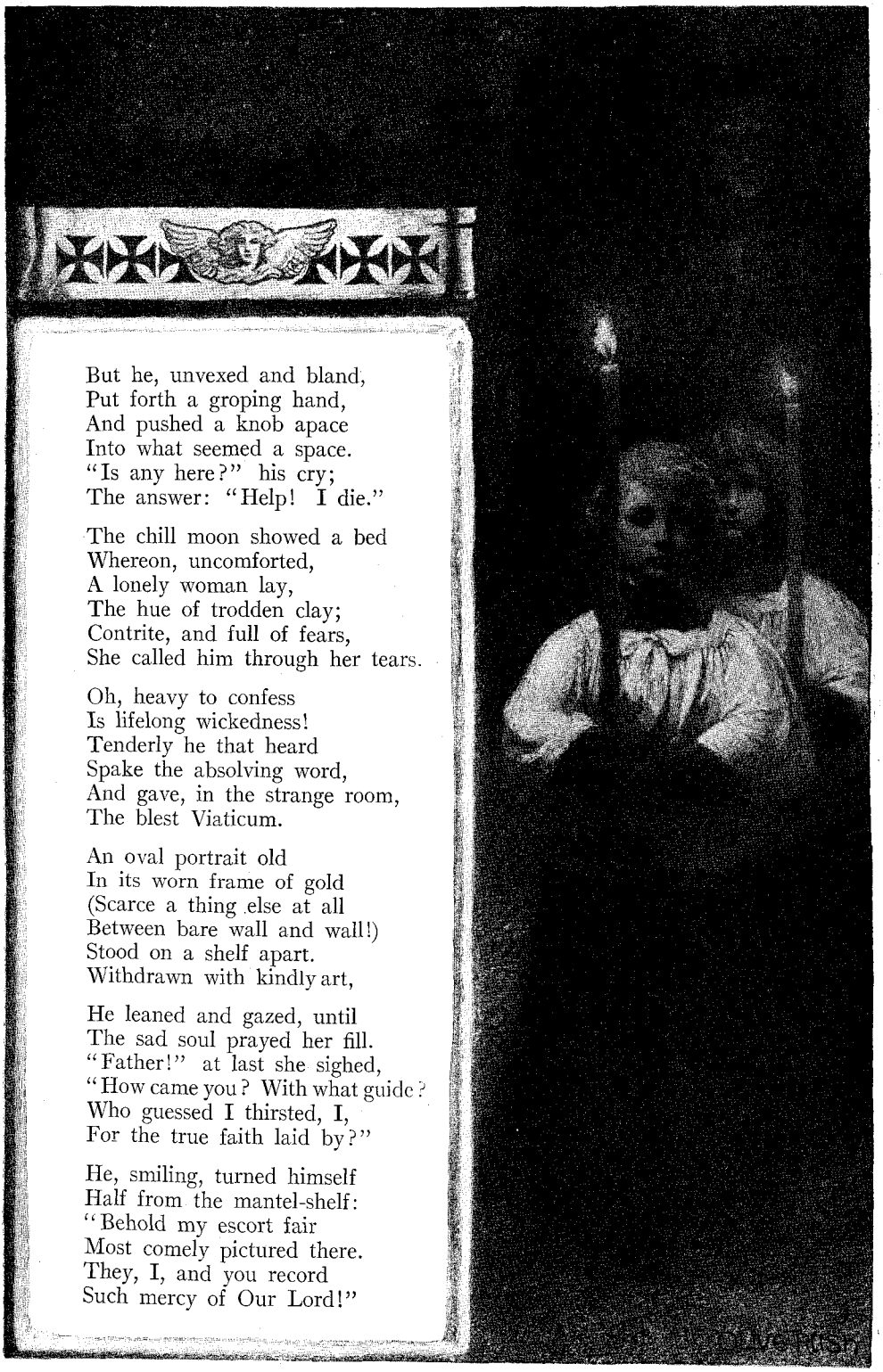

But he, unvexed and bland,
Put forth a groping hand,
And pushed a knob apace
Into what seemed a space.
"Is any here?" his cry;
The answer: "Help! I die."

The chill moon showed a bed
Whereon, uncomforted,
A lonely woman lay,
The hue of trodden clay;
Contrite, and full of fears,
She called him through her tears.

Oh, heavy to confess
Is lifelong wickedness!
Tenderly he that heard
Spake the absolving word,
And gave, in the strange room,
The blest Viaticum.

An oval portrait old
In its worn frame of gold
(Scarce a thing else at all
Between bare wall and wall!)
Stood on a shelf apart.
Withdrawn with kindly art,

He leaned and gazed, until
The sad soul prayed her fill.
"Father!" at last she sighed,
"How came you? With what guide?
Who guessed I thirsted, I,
For the true faith laid by?"

He, smiling, turned himself
Half from the mantel-shelf:
"Behold my escort fair
Most comely pictured there.
They, I, and you record
Such mercy of Our Lord!"

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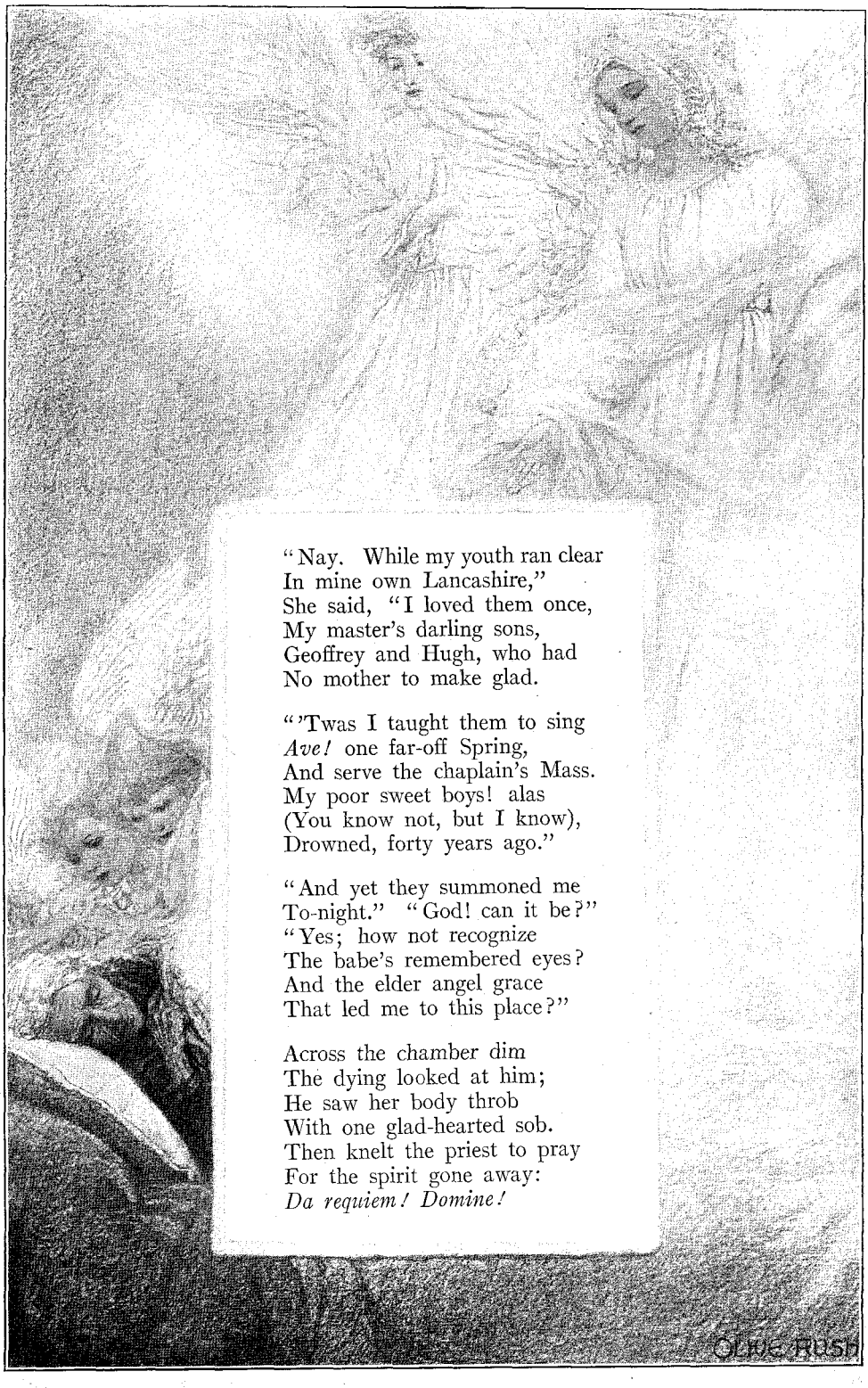

"Nay. While my youth ran clear
In mine own Lancashire,"
She said, "I loved them once,
My master's darling sons,
Geoffrey and Hugh, who had
No mother to make glad.

"'Twas I taught them to sing
Ave! one far-off Spring,
And serve the chaplain's Mass.
My poor sweet boys! alas
(You know not, but I know),
Drowned, forty years ago."

"And yet they summoned me
To-night." "God! can it be?"
"Yes; how not recognize
The babe's remembered eyes?
And the elder angel grace
That led me to this place?"

Across the chamber dim
The dying looked at him;
He saw her body throb
With one glad-hearted sob.
Then knelt the priest to pray
For the spirit gone away:
Da requiem! Domine!

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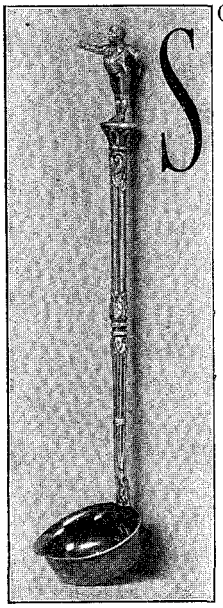
THE PICKWICK LADLE

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK



SOME of their friends said that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wyckoff stood in danger of falling into the stupid life in their avoidance of the strenuous. For instance, on this snowy evening, when they might have gone to Mrs. Jenkins's dinner to meet a wandering Irish poet together with all the great and good people who habitually dined at each other's houses about once in so often, these two misguided young persons had made excuse, and were now sitting in front of a hickory fire in their apartment, soaking themselves in the quiet atmosphere of home.

Their old chairs had embraced three generations of gentle people before these two Wyckoffs; their lamp, of ormolu and old red Bohemian glass, had first lighted the drawing-room of a lady who visited Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, and it stood on a "butterfly table" whose leaves were upheld by the queer little wings which gave it its name. It was a fine new table in the days when Buckingham was governor of Connecticut, and it had suffered the usual ravages of years until it had descended to the humble office of holding milk-pans in the dairy of a New England farmer, where Peter had found it a few summers ago, and gained the reputation of spendthrift in that frugal community by giving the farmer two dollars for it. To-night, as the polished surface of its soft-toned wood reflected the firelight, its simple outlines harmonized perfectly with the warm cheer of Edith Wyckoff's little drawing-room, and its solid legs straddled comfortably down into the red and blue depths of the dingy old Kazak rug which resisted stoutly even the trampling of Peter's heels.

Their friends would have said, What did we tell you? For Edith had laid down her favorite "Mayor of Casterbridge," and joined her uncontemporaneous husband—Peter left the concerns of the day behind him at the newspaper office, and gave little attention to "news" by his own fireside unless something unusual pressed—in looking through back numbers of *The Cabinet*, an English periodical devoted to old silver, Sheffield plate, enamels of Limoges and Battersea, treasures of Wedgwood, Worcester, Chelsea and Lowestoft, and similar pasture of the collector. Full of beautiful photographs were those alluring pages, and the text was almost disregarded as they browsed contentedly among the teapots and candlesticks, vases and snuff-boxes, helmet pitchers and tea-caddies which were all theirs to enjoy by sight if not to hold in their own hands. But suddenly Peter sat up.

"Hallo!" said he; "listen to this, Edith." And he read a paragraph that had been printed in the late nineties.

"At a sale last week by Messrs. Robinson & Fisher of the effects of Mr. Charles Dickens, Junr., the three toddy-ladles, 'Mr. Jingle,' 'Mr. Winkle,' and 'The Fat Boy' went for 22 guineas, 32 guineas, and 30 guineas, respectively. These formed a portion of the celebrated set of six silver Pickwick Ladles, with gilt figures of the characters on the handles, modelled by Woodington and presented to Charles Dickens by his publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, on the completion of 'Pickwick.' They were purchased by Sir Baines Carew, and go to enrich his superb collection of pictures and curiosities at Carew Court."

"By jingo!" said Peter, "do you know, Edith, that I once had the toddy-ladle with Pickwick on it in my hands?"

"Goodness, no," returned his wife in-

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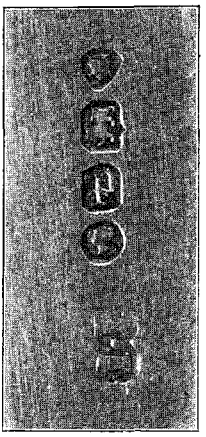
credulously. "I never heard of it before. Besides, if you had ever got it into your hands I don't believe you would have laid it down."

"Well, that shows what a good plan it is to buy a really fine thing when you have the chance, and not wait till another day. You go back and find it gone, as I did."

"But tell me, Peter," she rejoined. "I never heard anything about it."

"Why, it was six or eight years ago, before we were married," he said, recalling the incident step by step in his mind. "It was in a bric-a-brac shop in Union Square, kept by a man named MacPherson—he's out of the business, now, I think. It was a little silver ladle with a handle about six or seven inches long, beautifully designed, and with a gilt figure of Mr. Pickwick standing on the top, like the figures on the apostle spoons. He only asked a few dollars for it, but like a fool, I didn't take it when I saw it. But I did take a rubbing of the hall-marks on a cigarette paper, and I tried to spell out the year it was made, but the mark was so small and indistinct I couldn't make it out. But I could see it was an interesting bit of old silver, though I didn't know anything about all this history of the presentation set; and I went back to get it, about a week afterward, and found it had been sold to somebody, meantime. And to think that I missed getting such a thing as that! Pickwick, too—the most desirable one in the whole lot!"



Hall-mark of the Pickwick ladle.

"But what was it about the hall-mark, Peter?" asked his wife, her instinct for the chase leading her past vain lamentations to the single clew which seemed to exist.

"Oh, I tried to take a rubbing of the marks on the bottom of the bowl of the ladle, but it wasn't of much use," he said. "I believe I've got the scrap of paper yet—I kept it, I know." He went to a drawer in the top of the old French desk that stood against the wall near the window, and presently fished out an envelope containing a cigarette paper marked with five curious blurred spots.

"O Peter, you are such a magpie!" cried Edith. "How did you come to keep a thing like that? And can you read it?"

Peter shook his head doubtfully. "Afraid not," he admitted. "The marks were so small and the impression was not very distinct. It's hard to tell. But we can look."

They laid the bit of paper upon the dark surface of the table, and studied it with a big reading-glass.

"There are four marks," said Peter, "besides the mark of the maker, which is down here at the side. The second one of the regular marks is clear enough, looking at it sidewise. That's the lion, which is the sterling mark, to show it's of standard silver. But this first mark, the thing that looks here like a rose, is really a leopard's head—I remember seeing it distinctly enough on the ladle itself as I looked at it. That mark shows the piece was made in the city of London. Now, what is that mark at the bottom?" Peter twisted his neck and scrutinized the smudgy mark on the paper. Presently his memory came to his aid, rather than his eyesight.

"Oh, yes," he cried, "that's the Queen's Head—the 'duty mark,' as they call it. That shows that the tax imposed by those careful Britishers on every piece of sterling silver made in the kingdom had been paid. And the third mark, here—that's the most important one of all. That is a letter, and what it is I never could make out. It stands for the year in which the piece was made. We haven't got any book of English hall-marks, but I could find one in a library and look it up easily if I could only make out what that letter is. But I declare it's beyond me—can you tell?"

Edith could not, nor could any human being, certainly. It was sharper and less smudgy than the others, but its outlines were very blind. It looked like a small black-letter i, like a small d, like an e, or like a broken c. "'Backed like a weasel, and very like a whale,'" commented Peter. The imprint was not much larger than the head of a big pin, and the futility of trying to decipher it was evident.

"You see," said Peter, "each year, from way back, has its own special letter, in various kinds of type, and I'd rather try to find a needle in a whole salt-meadow than at-

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tempt to make out such a blind thing as that. And I don't even know the year in which the original set of ladles was made, so I guess we won't lose any sleep over it. But I do wish I had had sense enough to grab Mr. Pickwick when I saw him. If you should ever run across him anywhere, Edith, you'd better buy him for my stocking next Christmas."

The next day as Edith was going her jog-trot round of the housewife between butcher, grocer, fruit-shop, and fish-man, her thoughts recurred to Peter's suggestion about a Christmas gift, and she remembered that though Christmas had but just come and gone, Peter's birthday was looming up within the next month. And since this young woman was always willing to go treasure-hunting if she had half an excuse to soothe her conscience, she went straight to the nearest antiquity shop, which happened to be that of Dirck Amstel, where Peter had once found the Lowestoft hot-water plates which had led them both into strange adventures.

That hearty son of Holland gave her a warm welcome. "Oh, Mrs. Wyckoff, it's a great pleasure to see you," he said, his smile breaking up his rubicund face into a thousand little shining wrinkles, and as the morning sun irradiated his sturdy figure, he looked like his own life-size portrait image in ancient, colored Delft, fit to adorn the city hall of his native Leyden.

"It's always a delight to me to come in here, Mr. Amstel," she replied, with a smile as friendly as his own. "Because your things are always different, and a little nicer than anywhere else; and then, you know, everybody says you tell the truth about them."

Amstel covered his modesty with an obeisance. "Well," he said, "I'm proud to know I have credit of that sort, even if I can't seem to get rich. But I want to show you some lovely bits of china that I've got in since you were here. See these little cups —Ship Lowestoft, or Union Jack Lowestoft, some call them. Ah, they're pretty!" and he took three little bowls from a cabinet. "See—a full-rigged ship in colors, with all the details drawn in so carefully! And then, see this bit of old Wedgwood—isn't that a precious sugar-bowl? Isn't it charming?"

Edith thought it was. A sugar-bowl, doubtless, but fit to be a cup for a nymph's lips to touch. The fragile paste had a color which was that of a candle-flame seen through an amber ball—or was it the hue of golden straw tanned by the sun—or was it not, rather, the yellow side of a peach, with a hint of late crimson beneath, yet clearly golden? And the down of the peach was matched in the velvety surface of the pottery, smooth as oil to the touch, yet clinging. On either side was a Greek design in low relief of a sacrifice of lambs, each tiny figure delicate and exact as the stamen of a flower; a magnifying-glass only showed more clearly the exquisite drawing and proportion. A conventional border at the base and one corresponding just below the rim completed this song of the potter.

"Oh, lovely!" assented Edith, stroking the little ceramic tenderly, and returning it to Amstel, who folded his hands upon it as though it were the sacred pyx. "How did they do it! I am hunting for something for Mr. Wyckoff's birthday—do you suppose he'd like that? Would it be absurd to give your husband a sugar-bowl? He gave me a snuff-box, once, and another time a pair of silver spurs. But that was a good while ago, when he just bought things for things' sake."

Amstel laughed. "I'm sure he'd like the sugar-bowl for itself, but maybe we can find something else," he said. "Oh, Mr. Wyckoff smokes a pipe, does he not? Well, here is one of the scarcest things I ever had—I've not seen one in fifteen years before. It is an old Holland pipe-stand, with places for three long-stemmed pipes and a drawer below for the cleaners." Amstel lifted the little mahogany rack with its delicately chiselled mountings in ormolu, and setting it before her, extended his hands in admiration. "Pure Empire, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said. "You know the Dutch workmen at that time were strongly under the French influence. It's in perfect condition, and one of the rarest bits I ever had. I don't believe there's another in New York. I've written to Mr. Ten Eyck, of the St. Nicholas Society, about it.

Edith remembered Mr. Ten Eyck's name as that of a rich young bachelor with whom she and Peter had a slight acquaintance. He was a fastidious collector, who only wanted "museum pieces"—things that nobody else had, or could get. He cared little for the intrinsic beauty or interest of a piece, but much for its rarity. Consequently, he had many things in his collec-

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tion which were ugly because they were archaic—made before people learned to make more beautiful things. He had a greater respect for the Pyramids than for Giotto's Tower; he valued a muddy old cup of the time of the Chinese Emperor Sung more highly than the finest blue and white vase of the Augustan Ming; he preferred a rusty Saracen helmet (with all the chances of its being spurious) to the finest gold inlay upon steel of Cellini. In short, he was a dismal faddist, and while he was not exactly sordid about his collecting, he had a general idea of getting things which would become increasingly rare with the passing of time, and so worth more money.

Edith remembered all this, and knew he would buy the pipe-rack if he saw it. She also knew Peter would fall in love with it on sight, for its own sake. It was absolutely quaint; perfection of its kind. "How much is it?" she asked.

"Oh, this cost me such a lot, for a little thing," sighed Amstel, "I must get a good price for it. I'm asking twenty dollars for it, but you may have it for fifteen. I can't let it go for a cent less—it cost me twelve guilders in Holland, and there's the sixty per cent. duty, and all."

"Oh, I know I shouldn't find anything nearly so good if I hunted for weeks!" she wavered. "But it seems as though I ought to look at a lot of things—it's for his birthday, you know, and I haven't looked around at all."

Amstel waved his hand. "I understand perfectly," he said. "But really I haven't anything else in my shop that I should suggest in preference. It's unique, I believe."

A memory of Peter's lamentation for his lost ladle passed through Edith's mind. "It's a good plan to buy a really fine thing when you have the chance," he had said, "and not wait until another day. You go back for it and find it gone." She rose to the occasion.

"I'll take it, Mr. Amstel," she decided. "I shall be sorry if I don't. Only last night Mr. Wyckoff was telling me how sorry he was that he had not bought a little toddy-ladle with a figure of Mr. Pickwick on the handle when he had the chance. Somebody snapped it up overnight, while he was thinking about it."

Amstel stopped in his gentle polishing of the little mahogany pipe-rack. "What did you say?" he asked. "A ladle with Mr. Pickwick on the handle? That's queer. I saw one like that yesterday."

"What! where?" demanded Edith.

"Why, up in Saxon's auction rooms," he replied, puzzled. "Mr. Wyckoff said it was sold?"

"Oh, that was years and years ago," she cried. "And you say it is going to be sold at auction? Could it possibly be the same one, do you think?"

"Who knows?" he shrugged. "It is not a common design—I happened to see it in the case with a lot of other things to be sold at the end of this week, I think. I went into the place to look at a little pair of colored Delft vases for a customer of mine—she asked me to go and see them and tell her if they were really old. But alas!" Amstel grinned cheerfully. "Just another good fake. If they were old they would be well worth sixty dollars, but—they were made yesterday—last year. Very pretty, but that's all!"

"But the ladle?" Edith brought him back.

"Oh, yes, the ladle," he said. "I don't do much in silver—good things are so dear, and hard to get. But this looked like good work—not Dutch, but English, and I happened to recognize the figure on the handle. I think I once heard that such spoons were popular in England about the time Dickens died. And who can tell? It might be the very one Mr. Wyckoff saw. There's a chance of it, and you know our Dutch proverb, 'If the sky should fall we'd all get blue nightcaps.'"

Edith drew a long breath. Evidently this loyal Dutchman had never happened to hear of the presentation set of ladles. Ought she to tell him? He was so punctiliously honest with her! But no, she reflected; she was buying his pipe-rack, her footing in his shop was paid for, and this bit of information about the ladle was her own. She buttoned her fur collar.

"You'll clean the pipe rack all up for me?" she said. "And send it home carefully wrapped up so Mr. Wyckoff won't see what it is. I'm sure he would never forgive me if I didn't buy it now I've got the chance."

She rushed up to Saxon's, that famous auction room where so many treasured collections have been dispersed to the cheerful

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It was absolutely quaint; perfection of its kind.—Page 736.

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rhythm of the veteran auctioneer's clattering, sing-song drone. The place was filled with old furniture, rugs, china, and silver plate, and two long cases held hundreds of small objects in silver, gold, ivory, and porcelain. Edith's glance swept over a small collection of exquisite Japanese lacquer boxes, an array of miniatures no more antique than beautiful, and searched among a lot of toys in new Dutch silver till it fell upon the ladle she sought. There it lay on its back, with Mr. Pickwick's right hand outstretched in his most familiar gesture.

She found one of the attendants. "Will you let me see something in this case?" she said. "When are these to be sold?"

The man unlocked the case. "Which piece?"

"That one," and she held the Pickwick ladle in her hand. He gave her a catalogue and consulted his own. "This is No. 552—in Thursday's sale," he said.

Edith found the number in her catalogue. "Old English gravy ladle," she read. No word of Pickwick, no hint that the piece had any special value. She looked at the gracefully carved stem of the ladle, topped with the portly figure of the immortal founder of the Pickwick Club, one hand under his coat-tails, his gaiters, the eyeglass upon his waistcoat, his outstretched hand—all were there; Edith strained her eyes to detect P. C. on the buttons of that snugly fitting coat. And to think that nobody knew Mr. Pickwick when he saw him!

She looked at the bottom of the bowl; there were the four tiny marks, besides the maker's mark in another spot. Her hand trembled as she laid it down.

"Thank you," she said. "How much do you suppose I should have to pay for that spoon?"

"No tellin', ma'am," said the attendant. "Solid silver, hall-marked. Oh, I guess it'll go cheap—not much call for fancy spoons lately."

On Thursday afternoon Peter and Edith came early, and sat in the front row, where there could be no chance of not catching Saxon's eye. As if that experienced distributor of collections were likely to miss their slightest nod! But the Wyckoffs were not victims of the auction habit; antiquity hunters though they were, some special providence had saved them both from indulgence in the dissipation of the auction-rooms, and they regarded with wonder the band of devoted women who straightway filled the seats about them and bid with the true fervor of their darling habit. The auctioneer knew most of them by name, and he chaffed and hypnotized them by turns. They go to every sale, and always buy something.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Saxon, as he screwed himself into his revolving chair on the raised platform, "we'll go on with the sale that stopped yesterday with No. 524." He glanced over the room, and rubbed the black silk skull-cap in which he sheltered himself from the draughts issuing from the cave of the winds behind the crimson curtains which veiled the future from the assembly in the rows of camp-chairs. "Now, if you are ready; No. 525 in your catalogue, if you please, and may I ask that you'll bid promptly, as there are many lots to sell to-day. There you have it," as the attendants held up a picture in a dingy gilt frame. "An old colored print—Morland, isn't it? Of course, Morland; and a treasure. What do you say for it? Bid right along, now. Five, do I hear it, now—what is your pleasure, then?" He accented the syllables like a chant, interrupted by terse prose appeals. "Come, now, start it at something—beautiful old print; oh, well, suit yourselves—what? three? Well, I should say so! Bid right along, please. Three, three, three, three—half will you make it now?—a half, three'n a half, three'n a half—is it four now?" and so on, his chanting voice rising and falling as the panorama of prints, Sheffield cake-baskets, old clocks, chairs and tables in various stages of pleasant decrepitude, and all the variegated wonders drawn by the strong net of the auction-room, appears from behind the crimson veil, passes quickly over the altar of sacrifice, and disappears again, their ownership shifting with the glitter of the overhead light which glorifies for its brief instant even the least attractive "lot" on which Saxon drones his professional [illegible] cadabra, while the crowd rustles its [illegible] logues, confers together, laughs at the [illegible] tioneer's historic jokes, and waits, always waits more feverishly as the time goes on, for the next "lot."

"Things are going pretty cheap," whispered Edith to Peter. "If they wouldn't pay more than twelve dollars for that old

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Dutch clock, I'm sure nobody will want that little ladle. But you mustn't get excited, Peter, for if he sees you want it he'll run you up."

"I only hope Ten Eyck isn't after it," said Peter, as he smiled and nodded to a young man with a dark, pointed mustache who sat hunched up against the wall on the other side of the room.

"Oh, is he here?" said Edith, flushing half with the guilty memory of having snatched away the pipe-rack which would have been his, and half with delight in the same thought. "I didn't see him. Well, she went on, "if he should want our ladle, I think it'll be just too mean. For we can't pay as much as he can for it, and he's got so much already."

"Well, we shall know pretty soon, anyhow," returned Peter, "for it's coming now—the next lot to this." And with the passing of the imitation Chippendale mirror then under the hammer, Peter and Edith sat up straight, cleared for action.

"Now we come to the next, No. 552, ladies and gentlemen," said Saxon. "An old English gravy ladle, and what do you say for it? Ten dollars—eight dollars—five do I hear for it? Come, come, bid up, ladies! Beautiful old English ladle, St. George on the handle, I guess; ought to be worth ten dollars for the figure alone; fine old hall-marked English ladle, solid silver, and St. George going out for the dragon—why, bid up, somebody! Come now, let's have it, five do I hear for it? Three, three, three, three; four do you say, madam? Half, madam? Thank you; four will you make it now?"

Peter nodded. "Four, do you say, sir? Four—do I hear the half? Four, four, four, four——" and so on up till finally: "Eight dollars, eight dollars, eight, eight, eight, eight—half, do I hear it? Why, it's thrown away, but we can't delay if you won't bid anything—eight dollars once, and twice—ah, nine! Almost too late, there; you shouldn't wait like that. Nine dollars, nine dollars, ten, do I hear it?" And he droned along while Peter's head drooped.

Edith clutched his arm nervously. "Oh, is it Ten Eyck?" she whispered.

"Yes," said Peter, "but I'll give him a run for his money," and he nodded to the auctioneer.

"Ten dollars—thank you—ten; where's the 'leven, now?" sang Saxon, glancing across to Ten Eyck. He got a signal, and the tune began again.

"'Leven dollars—thank you, sir; twelve will you say, now? 'Leven, 'leven—twelve, sir—who'll give me thirteen?" chanted the auctioneer, as he took another bid from Peter.

"Oh, it's foolish, Peter," sighed Edith. "He's bound to get it, and I wouldn't run him up."

Ten Eyck bid another dollar, and as Saxon glanced toward Peter the latter shook his head. Ten Eyck saw the motion, and the faintest grin curled the pointed mustache. But the smile faded in the same instant, for a new bidder struck in.

"Fifteen from two at once—oh, yes, you all want it, now," said Saxon. "Well, which is it? Yours, Mr. B.; very well, fifteen, sixteen from you—I thought so; sixteen, sixteen, where's seventeen, now?" cried Saxon, his eyes brightening as the bidding continued unexpectedly.

"Who is it?" asked Edith excitedly, while Ten Eyck turned and looked toward a knot of dealers who sat at the back of the room, ready to cut each other's throats as cheerfully as those of their customers.

"Why, I believe it's old Bouvier," returned Peter, after a study of the group of *cognoscenti* banded together as if for mutual protection. "I can tell in a minute"—as the bidding went on. "Yes, it is!" he whispered. "O Edith, it must be a good thing if that old rascal is after it!"

Bouvier was an elderly English child of Israel with a French name whose frosty head was full of curious knowledge of his calling. He looked like a sly old white rat as he slipped about his shop, and his customers included some of the richest and most well-informed collectors in New York. He always had a gold snuff-box, or a wonderful ivory miniature, or a few unset gems in his waistcoat pocket. He was a good judge of old paintings and fine antique jewelry, and Peter argued wisely in thinking that he was not bidding on the Pickwick ladle out of mere idle fancy.

"*He* knows the story," whispered Peter. "And Ten Eyck'll get a run for his money now, sure enough."

On went the bidding, from twenty-five to thirty and forty dollars. Only Ten Eyck and Bouvier were left now, and they

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bid up the ladle by fives till seventy dollars was reached. The whole room was interested, and when Bouvier bid seventy-five, after a long deliberation, Ten Eyck paused in his turn. Saxon was long since on his feet, whipping up the bidding, his keen old eye flashing with the excitement of the first real battle of the sale.

"Seventy-five, seventy-five for the ladle," he said. His sing-song was dropped, now, and his glance flitted over the room while he kept a sharp watch of Ten Eyck. "Eighty, do I get it? Only seventy-five dollars for this historic piece?" He knew it must be something historical, by the bidding, and he no longer talked about St. George. "Seventy-five dollars, once—seventy-five dollars, twice—ah, eighty!" he cried, as Ten Eyck nodded again sulkily, for he particularly disliked being forced to pay a big price for anything he wanted. "Eightyeightyeightyeightyeighty!" rattled Saxon with incredible swiftness. "Five, do you say, Mr. B.? Oh, don't lose it for a trifle like that—well, eighty dollars, eighty dollars, e-i-g-h-t-y d-o-l-l-a-r-s," he drawled as slowly now as he had been swift before. "We can't delay, even over this interesting lot—eighty dollars, once! twice!—and sold to Mr. T. E. for eighty dollars."

Peter and Edith rose in the rustle that marked the end of the duel, and while Saxon, once more settled back in his chair, rubbing his skull-cap, was saying, "And now it's the solid mahogany four-poster, ladies, carved by Michael Angelo, I guess," they fared soberly homeward.

"And to think that I didn't know enough to buy that thing when I saw it years ago!" blurted out Peter from the depths of his woe.

"Well, but maybe it isn't worth so much, ventured his wife consolingly. "But I didn't know Mr. Ten Eyck was such a connoisseur in old silver as to know about the Pickwick ladles," she mused.

"Maybe he only bid because he didn't want Bouvier to get it away from him," suggested Peter. "I've known him to go crazy, before, at an auction."

Peter's birthday came and went, and the pipe-rack stood proudly on the side-table, dignified testimony to the fact that Mr. Ten Eyck didn't get *all* the bargains, as Edith said. Peter filled the rack with slender-stemmed clay pipes, and smoked them conscientiously, but every now and then he returned to the brier which was his particular solace. And if he preferred it to the clays of his remote fatherland, he didn't say so.

Peter seldom found much time to spend in the rooms of the St. Nicholas Society, but he usually attended its annual dinner, in virtue of his heritage of Dutchmanhood. So it came that a few weeks later he was seated beside Ten Eyck at that annual festivity, and in their talk they came around to the subject of the recent auction sale.

"Well, I saw that you captured the Pickwick ladle," said Peter with a smile of resignation.

"What do you call it—the Pickwick ladle?" returned his neighbor. "Oh, do you know anything about that spoon? I don't, and I believe I got stuck pretty badly on it. Is it a very old thing?"

Peter felt himself in a tight corner. Ten Eyck clearly knew nothing about the value of the piece, and Peter was under no obligation to tell him, yet he couldn't lie about it. So he temporized, naturally.

"I'm sure I don't know how old it is," he answered. "But I thought you valued it pretty highly, from the price you paid for it."

"Oh, didn't I get soaked!" returned Ten Eyck, in the vernacular of the auction-room. "But I saw that old robber Bouvier was after it, and I thought it must be a good thing if he wanted it. But what about the Pickwick part of it? What does that mean?"

"Why," said Peter carefully, "I think the little figure on the handle is a statuette of Mr. Pickwick."

"Who was he, anyhow?" asked Ten Eyck quite frankly. "I never can remember."

Peter looked to see if the man were joking, but his face was that of a contented child. So Peter answered:

"Why, he was the leading character in Charles Dickens's famous book, the 'Pickwick Papers.' It was very popular fifty or sixty years ago."

"Never read it myself," returned Ten Eyck placidly. "But I suppose this is or of the souvenirs they got out—eh? Sor thing like the 'Trilby' craze, mayb read that book, but I didn't think muc it. Very improbable sort of story, and plot at all, that *I* could see. But I don't find many books that interest me—I don't read many, anyhow."

Here was a howling waste of ignorance, indeed. Peter decided it was not for him

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to make a garden of it. But Ten Eyck went on:

"I suppose that thing is solid silver; it's hall-marked all over the bottom. Can you read 'em?"

"No," said Peter, "I never knew very much about hall-marks. But I'll tell you what to do," he added, as an idea struck him. "You take it up to Burlington Norfolk, and he can tell you. He's the son of the famous old jeweller and silversmith, Norfolk & Co., you know, and he has just published a book on 'Old English Silver.' That's your best play. He can tell you just how old it is by the mark."

Ten Eyck assented, and Peter went home that night with a sense of having done his full duty by his neighbor. If Ten Eyck should learn from Norfolk about the presentation set of ladles, and the mark should correspond with that year, then Ten Eyck would find out what he had got, and why Bouvier wanted it. But Peter felt he couldn't have said less, and he had no wish to tell him more.

When Ten Eyck went into the fine, old-fashioned shop of Norfolk & Co. the next day, he found that Mr. Burlington Norfolk was out. But the senior partner, Mr. Norfolk, was in, the salesman told him. Ten Eyck thought he would probably do just as well, or better; the older man's memory would run further back. So he displayed his ladle to Mr. Norfolk and asked him if it was a very rare piece of silver.

The old gentleman looked it over. "Oh, no," he said promptly. "I've seen whole sets of these things in the silversmiths' windows in St. Martin's Lane, twenty or thirty years ago. It's a nice bit of silver," he went on, "but modern—oh, quite modern."

"Can you read the date?" asked Ten Eyck, not greatly disappointed. "How do you tell?"

The old man studied the little mark through his glass. "Yes, it's just what I thought," he answered. "1870 is the year. I hope you didn't pay too much for it."

"I paid altogether too much, I think," said Ten Eyck with growing disgust; and thanking Mr. Norfolk briefly, he left the shop. Now that he had heard definitely that the ladle was merely "a nice bit of modern silver" he was more and more chagrined at his folly in following Bouvier's lead. But what had been the old dealer's idea in bidding so high for it? Ten Eyck thought for a moment of offering it to Bouvier, for he was not at all above "hedging" his speculations, but he dismissed the idea instantly because he knew the ways of dealers well enough to be sure that whatever Bouvier might have been willing to pay for the ladle at the auction, he would rather die by torture than pay more than a trifle for it if it were offered to him by the person who had bid higher, especially if that person were not a dealer, but a "private gentleman," in the lingo of the trade. But it was futile, he knew, to speculate on Bouvier's motive in wanting the ladle; he might have had a commission from somebody to buy it for him; the intricacies of the business are too great to be guessed at. So Ten Eyck lighted a cigar and dismissed the ladle from his mind as one more bad job.

But the subject recurred to him a few days later, as he saw the ladle lying on his table, and he thought of Peter Wyckoff and his fancy for it. He remembered that Peter had advised him to consult Burlington Norfolk about it, and that he had not seen Peter since. So he made his leisurely way to the Wyckoffs' that evening, and found them both at home.

"So the old man put an end to any hopes I might have had about the thing," he said at the end of his recital, "and I know I just got stuck good and hard, once more. Said he'd seen cases full of 'em in the jewellers' windows in London," he added. "And I was led right up by the nose and paid eighty dollars for that one. I think I'll get a case made for it, it's so precious."

Peter laughed. "Oh, never mind," he said soothingly, "you got it away from old Bouvier, anyhow. Try a pipe, won't you, and burn care." He walked to the side-table and brought over the birthday pipe-rack into the soft radiance of the reading-lamp.

Ten Eyck opened his eyes wide. "Oh, so it was *you* who got that pipe-rack!" he exclaimed, and then to Edith: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wyckoff, but that pipe-stand is of interest to me. Old Amstel wrote me about it, but I didn't go in there for a week or so, and when I did, I found it gone. I know it's the same one, from Amstel's description. May I look at it? It's very pretty, and Amstel said it was a scarce kind of thing."

"Yes, Mr. Amstel told me he had not seen one before in a long time, and didn't

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believe there was another in New York," said Edith demurely. "I happened to see it, and got it for Mr. Wyckoff's birthday."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the visitor, as he drew his fingers along the slender shaft that supported the centre of the quaint little rack, and tapped the ormolu ornament at the top. "I hope you won't think me rude, but I wish I had got in at Amstel's ahead of you, Mrs. Wyckoff. I'm afraid your husband wouldn't have had such a fine birthday gift. I haven't seen anything in years that I want so much as that!"

Edith's eyes met Peter's, and if they both laughed Ten Eyck didn't see it. But Mr. Ten Eyck, being a gentleman not exactly placid under disappointment, persisted with the effrontery of a spoiled child.

"If ever you want to sell that pipe-rack, Wyckoff," he said, "I wish you'd let me know. But, of course, you won't sell it—your birthday gift—but maybe you'd swap it for something," he went on, with a kindling imagination. "How'd you like to swap it for my valuable Pickwick ladle? You were bidding on that at the auction. Come, now, don't you want to get an eighty-dollar ladle at a bargain?"

The two Wyckoffs looked at each other in genuine surprise, and Edith made a swift and almost imperceptible motion of assent. But Peter demurred:

"Oh, how can I swap off something Mrs. Wyckoff gave me? Besides, don't you think I like it myself? Why, it's unique, that pipe-rack!" Thus Peter, but meanwhile his left hand was gently caressing the bowl of his old brier pipe, snugly hidden in his pocket.

"No, I suppose you oughtn't to trade away tokens of love and affection for old spoons," chaffed Ten Eyck, "but still, if Mrs. Wyckoff should agree to it, wouldn't you? Think how fine Mr. Pickwick would look on the table when you have a dinner!"

Peter caught Edith's eye again, and the little gesture of assent, slight as a drawn eyebrow, was repeated.

"Why, Mr. Ten Eyck!" she said. "I didn't know you cared so much for the pipe-stand."

"Never saw it till to-night," he answered, "but I know what I want when I see it. And I'm sure about this. What do you say, Mrs. Wyckoff?"

"Why, it's just as Mr. Wyckoff thinks," she replied. "I like the ladle very much, and if he is willing to exchange the pipe-rack for it, I shall be entirely satisfied."

Ten Eyck's eager glance turned to Peter. "Well, what do you say?" he pressed.

"Oh, I'll go you," said Peter. "I'll send the rack up to-morrow and you can send down the ladle."

"I'll take it with me!" cried the delighted Ten Eyck, and take it he did, a little later, leaving the Wyckoffs to look at each other and laugh.

"But it isn't the original," said Peter.

"No," said his wife, "and if it had been we could hardly have traded the pipe-rack for it. But it's a beautiful piece of silver, and I'm perfectly delighted to have Mr. Pickwick living with us, aren't you?"

"Of course," said Peter, "and he could never have felt at home with Ten Eyck. Just think of a man who never read the 'Pickwick Papers.' What great empty holes there must be in his background! What a life to lead! But we've got it, and you really gave it to me, dear, for you nodded when Ten Eyck proposed the trade."

The next evening the ladle came, elaborately cased in an old Persian box, "with Mr. Ten Eyck's compliments to Mrs. Wyckoff," and Peter and Edith sat up till very late admiring the old spoon and puzzling over the hall-marks. They made a rubbing from the date letter and compared it with the old rubbing that Peter had made years ago from the ladle in the bric-a-brac shop in Union Square, but the strange thing was that they could not make them look alike.

"I suppose the old rubbing must have got blurred," said Peter finally, as they enshrined Mr. Pickwick in the most conspicuous place in their cabinet, and went to bed.

The following day, while Peter was grinding in his mill, Edith sat with Mr. Pickwick in her lap (*pace* Mrs. Bardell!) and mused upon the series of circumstances which had brought him into the Wyckoff family. Suddenly it occurred to her that Ten Eyck had not seen Mr. P lington Norfolk, the expert, when he to make inquiries. She put Mr. Pickw in her muff, and invaded Norfolk & Co.

She found Mr. Burlington Norfolk, a grave young gentleman with a penetrating eye and a catholic interest in all old English silver. She introduced herself to him, recounted the story of the presentation set

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of ladles, of which Mr. Norfolk had heard, and the sale by the executors of Charles Dickens, Jr., of the three ladles to Sir Baines Carew; she explained how this ladle had come into her possession, and told how Peter had let the ladle slip through his fingers years ago, and how the senior partner of Norfolk & Co. had said this ladle was made in 1870. Mr. Burlington Norfolk took the ladle and retired into his private office, with the air of the high priest going in to stand before the ark. From her chair she could see him examine it very carefully with his glass, and consult two big books which seemed to be full of cabalistic characters. He returned to her with a smile on his face.

"It is not often that I venture to disagree with my father, madam," he said, "but in this case I think he has made a mistake. Now, of course we have no proof whatever that Dickens the elder ever had this ladle in his hands, but however that may be, this bit of silver was made in 1837."

Edith drew a long breath. "Why—" she faltered, "that would bring it back to——"

"To just about the time of the original presentation set," said Mr. Norfolk, sympathizing with her dawning rapture. "Of course, as I say, we have no absolute proof that this is the original Pickwick ladle, but it looks very much like it!"

Edith poured out her tale to Peter that evening, and almost wept as she finished. "But of course, if it is the original ladle, we must give it back to Mr. Ten Eyck, because he was misinformed as to its age, but oh, just to think of a man owning it who never heard of Mr. Pickwick! Isn't it awful!"

Peter assented gravely. "We couldn't keep it, really, for it would be very valuable, and he traded off what he thought was an 1870 spoon. But we don't know, for sure, yet," he went on. "I'll write to-night to Sir Baines Carew, who has got the three ladles of the original set, and ask him to tell me what year of manufacture their hallmarks show, and also, if he knows of the present whereabouts of the original Pickwick ladle. And I've got another string to pull," he said. "I'll write to Tom Allison, our London correspondent, and get him to shell out some facts from some of those London dealers. He knows a lot of 'em—he's always junk-hunting, the same as I am."

So Peter sat down and wrote his two letters, and for the next month the Wyckoff family exercised the virtue of patience in waiting.

Allison's answer came first. "I've had quite a hunt to run down your ladle story," he wrote, "but I believe I've got the rights of it, at last. I went to an old Abraham who knows more about old silver and old Wedgwood than any other human being in the world—a nice old boy he is, and my visits to his shop cost me about ten pounds in things I bought, before I got away. But this is the ladle business: A set of six silver punch ladles was presented to Charles Dickens by his publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, on the completion of 'Pickwick.' They were modelled by a man named Woodington, and on the handle of each ladle was represented a Pickwick character. The figures were silver gilt. After Charles Dickens's death, these ladles were sold by Messrs. Christie Manson & Woods, July 9, 1870. The ladle with the 'Pickwick' handle was bought by Mr. A. Halliday; those with 'Sam Weller' and 'Old Weller' by Messrs. T. Agnew & Son; and the other three, which were 'Jingle,' 'Winkle,' and the Fat Boy,' were bought by Charles Dickens, Jr. There was a great Dickens craze, just then, of course, and so the Agnews had the ladles reproduced. They must have had the consent of the family to do this; but anyhow, several sets of them were made."

"Ah," said Edith, finding her breath again, "that's what old Mr. Norfolk meant when he said he had seen the London shop-windows full of them, years ago."

"But even these reproductions are very scarce, now, and highly prized by collectors," continued Peter, from Allison's letter. "At the death of the younger Dickens, his three ladles were sold at auction and purchased by Sir Baines Carew, who has a great collection of all sorts of antiquities at Carew Court. And that is all I have been able to discover on the subject."

"That agrees with the paragraph we saw in the *Cabinet*," cried Edith, "but there is no news of the original 'Pickwick' ladle, nor the two 'Wellers,' since 1870."

"Maybe Sir Baines will have something to tell us," suggested Peter. "Anyhow, we've got something to start on. 'Pickwick' was sold in 1870 to Mr. A. Halliday, whoever he was. Wonder if he was a dealer

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like the Agnews? Maybe; dealers will pay the biggest price for things, sometimes."

The letter from Sir Baines Carew came shortly afterward. It was extremely courteous, but contained little which they did not know already. "I very much fear," wrote the baronet, "that I can give you no satisfactory information respecting your 'Mr. Pickwick' toddy ladle. All that I understood at the time about these ladles was that after the death of Charles Dickens, Senr., the whole presentation set of six ladles was sold at public auction. Three of them were bought by persons unknown to me, and the three I now have became the property of my friend, the late Mr. Charles Dickens, Junr. At his death, the three ladles now in my possession were bought by me at the sale of his effects. I have consulted Mr. Charles Dickens, Junr.'s solicitor, who is a personal friend of mine, and he confirms this account. But he cannot tell me anything concerning the other three ladles, though a rumour did reach me that the 'Mr. Pickwick' ladle had been sold by a dealer to a collector in the north of England for ninety guineas."

Peter whistled. "Ninety guineas!" he repeated, "that's about $450. Ten Eyck would think his ladle was cheap at eighty dollars after all, wouldn't he?"

"But the date of Sir Baines's three ladles, Peter," broke in Edith. "That's the great point. What is the year they were made?"

"'I find the date marked on the bottom of my three ladles to be 1837,'" read Peter from the baronet's letter.

Edith fell back in her chair. "O, Peter, it's too bad, too bad!" she cried. "And Mr. Ten Eyck thought Pickwick was a new kind of breakfast food!"

"The preface to the original edition of 'Pickwick' is dated 1837," said Peter. "This looks as if we had the original ladle, sure as a gun, and yet we've got to throw it away on that philistine. It is a blessed shame, I'll admit. But come, Edith, let's take these two letters up to Mr. Norfolk, and get the verdict of the supreme court on our case," he said; and so they presently laid all the facts before the expert, with the ladle and the letters as exhibits *a*, *b*, and *c*.

Young Mr. Norfolk read the letters twice, carefully, and then extended his hand to Peter. "I must congratulate you on having drawn the grand prize," he said. "I'll take one more look at this little old gentleman, and then give you a memorandum, if you like, of its date and general authenticity."

Peter and Edith, the fortunate winners of the grand prize, sat like two stony statues of grief, while Mr. Burlington Norfolk withdrew into his inner office. He stayed for ten minutes, and Edith confessed to Peter afterward that she was ready to scream from sheer nervousness, when the expert reappeared with the most curious expression of sheepishness on his face.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff," he began, and then stopped, coughed, and extended his hands in frank appeal for mercy. "I have to confess to you that I made a mistake the other day, and that my father was right about the date of this ladle, and I was wrong. It was made in 1870, and I was trying to read the date letter upside down. I am very much mortified. I cannot imagine how I made such a blunder."

To the amazement of the chagrined expert, his two visitors sprang to their feet, their faces radiant with happy smiles. Mr. Norfolk wondered if they had suddenly gone insane, and almost tripped backward over a little carved Italian cabinet masking a steel safe which contained some half a million dollars' worth of diamonds.

"Then it isn't the original Pickwick ladle, after all?" they cried in joyful chorus.

"Why, no; it is undoubtedly one of Agnew's reproductions," replied Mr. Norfolk. "But you don't seem to mind—didn't you want to get the original?"

"Oh, Peter, now we can keep Mr. Pickwick ourselves!" sang Edith, her eyes overflowing with delight. She turned to Mr. Norfolk with a beautiful blush. "Don't think me crazy, will you, please? But now we sha'n't have to give up our dear old Pickwick to that Mr. Ten Eyck, who didn't know who he was, and only wanted him if he was unique," she explained. "Of course, we couldn't have kept so valuable piece as the original ladle, but this on our own now. I'm *so* glad, Mr. Norfolk

That connoisseur in rarities stood p plexed, for a moment, and then perceiv the situation.

"Oh, I'm greatly relieved," he said, laughing. "I was afraid you would never forgive my stupid blunder. But it's all right now, after all. You have a nice bit of silver, and nobody's injured."

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"But what *I* want to know," said Peter, as they walked home, "is why my old rubbing doesn't tally at all with the mark on this ladle. It couldn't have been the same one. For that old rubbing shows a different letter from this capital black-letter P, that stands for 1870. All the ladles made in 1870 would have the same mark, and only the original could be different. And so the question is: *Was* the original Pickwick ladle ever in America, and did I see it; and if so, where is it now?"

TO A RIVER GOD

By Edith Wyatt

THERE is a river flowing,
Fast flowing toward the sea;
Past bluff and levee blowing,
His mantle glances free;
Past pine and corn and cotton-field
His foam-winged sandals flee.

From dock and dune and reedy brake,
Through lock and basin wide,
Long-linked lagoon and terraced lake
Drop down to watch his pride,
And rivers North and rivers South
To speed his coursing ride.

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
Cotton-drift and cane,
Serried lances rippling fleet,
Dappled tides of grain,
Dip beside him where he goes
Flying to the main.

By full-sown fields and fallow,
By furrows green and buff,
Past bar and rock-bound shallow,
His torrent washes gruff.
By tamarack and mallow,
Past bottom-land and bluff.

From highland and from lowland,
Farm, town, and city see
His foam-winged footsteps going,
His mantle blowing free,
Past dusky mart and black-spired crown,
Fast flowing to the sea.

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
Cotton-drift and cane,
Serried lances rippling fleet,
Dappled tides of grain,
Dip beside him where he goes
Speeding to the main.

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His foot runs on the ages' bed
Of gullied cave and rock,
With bison skull and arrowhead
His yellow waters lock,
Past vanished trails and tribal dead
His fleecing currents flock.

By bluff and levee blowing,
By oats and rye unshorn,
His silver mantle flowing,
Flicks east and west untorn,
Unfurling from Itasca to
Louisiana's horn.

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
Cotton-drift and cane,
Serried lances rippling fleet,
Dappled tides of grain,
Dip beside him where he goes
Rushing to the main.

What tribute, racing spirit,
What token will you take,
Through stain and desecration,
Past town and terraced lake,
To distant sea and nation
From cotton, corn, and brake?

What tribute are you bearing
Past plain and pluming tree,
By bluff and levee faring
On foam-winged footsteps free—
What beauty for the hold of time,
And souls unborn, to see?

Poplar on the Northern steep,
Cotton-drift and cane,
Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
Rippled tides of grain,
Brake and bayou ask of you
Buoyed toward the main.

By rock and cavern blowing,
Flocked field and pluming tree,
Past bluff and levee going
On foam-winged footsteps free,
By rapid, lock, and terraced lake,
Forever to the sea.

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THE TWO-STRINGED BOW

By George Woodruff Johnston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

"I WONDER, my dear sister, if you would mind drawing the curtain aside a mite—just a little mite. There, now I can see the river. That is very good of you, very good. The tide seems to be running out, Cecelia; is it so?"

"Yes, my dear Mary, the tide is running out."

"And, Cecelia, dear, I hate, positively hate, to ask you to do anything more for me, but I believe I am sliding, Cecelia; sliding. Isn't it ridiculous?"

Miss Cecelia, a very dainty little Dresden shepherdess, thereupon left the window and tripped to the side of a huge four-poster, in which was tucked away another dainty little Dresden shepherdess, and gave the ruffled pillows many energetic little dabs and pats, and the soft white sheets and flowered counterpane many deft little slaps and foldings and smoothings, not hesitating, so fairy-like was her touch, to let her tiny fingers stray over the shepherdess in the bed herself, and all so quickly and so craftily, and with such magic effect, that instead of sliding down, down, down, and disappearing forever amid a smothering surf of tumbling pillows into the gloom under the bedclothes, as she feared would be her fate, the latter quite suddenly found herself propped up very comfortably indeed, and every bit of foamy lace, and every bow and streamer of violet ribbon on her nightcap and bedjacket looking as if freshly ironed and disposed precisely in its proper place.

This required very delicate handling on the part of Miss Cecelia, for her older sister, Miss Mary, the shepherdess in the bed, was an extremely fragile bit of porcelain; and like many another family heirloom of the same perishable material, was somewhat faded in color, and had many little crinkly lines and cracks here and there, and was, so to speak, a trifle chipped about the edges. But Miss Cecelia's hands were always in excellent practice. From their girlhood it had been her pleasant occupation to wait upon her older and more attractive sister; and since the day upon which Miss Mary had found the tall mahogany staircase so steep and tiresome and altogether such a bother that, if Cecelia would excuse her, she did not think she would go downstairs for breakfast, Miss Cecelia's clever hands and active body had been still more constantly occupied, now in the gentle but very exhausting offices of the sick-room. For Miss Mary had soon discovered, much to her surprise, that not only was walking up and down stairs very tiresome, but also standing up, and sitting in chairs, and moving about one's room—so very tiresome and such a bother, in fact, that she had permitted herself in the end, after much playful expostulation, to be packed carefully away in the big four-poster, where she now lived entirely, and was like to stay, until she made her final descent of the tall mahogany staircase in a manner not fatiguing to herself in the least, but rather to the arms and backs of six strong gentlemen, three on either side of her.

Who could help loving Miss Mary, always so dainty, so sprightly, so ingenuous, so appreciative, so thankful, yes, and up to this very moment, so positively charming; though little by little there is sifting down upon her a few sprinkles of that dust which a certain stout, red-faced gentleman in a white surplice, also to be one of her retinue in her final descent of the tall mahogany staircase, may soon need for other purposes. Who could help loving her! Not Miss Cecelia, a dim little star which had unquestioningly revolved about the greater constellation since it had first risen above the horizon. Not Miss Cecelia, if a lifetime of tender care, self-sacrifice, and self-obliteration mean anything at all. Not Miss Cecelia, who though often worn out with running and watching, is always ready to rescue her sister from the oblivion of the bedclothes and give the pillows those won-

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derful little pats and shakings which make them stand out like freshly inflated balloons. No, indeed, not Miss Cecelia; for of all the people in the world who have ever loved Miss Mary (and it would be hard to tell how many strong hearts have beaten against that fragile piece of Dresden china only to be broken into bits) none has loved her half so dearly or will miss her half so sorely as Miss Cecelia. But love like hers is very wearing, and Miss Cecelia showed it. Even the pudgy doctor, who, after all his professional resources had been exhausted, still came to exchange elegant compliments and polite felicitations with Miss Mary, and who had known and hopelessly loved Miss Cecelia ever since they had played together in pinafores—even this busy, fussy, pudgy doctor, who rarely bothered himself with aught but pulses and tongues and such prosaic things, noticed how wearing such love as Miss Cecelia's was. But he must have his joke, this bald-headed, roly-poly little man; and one day, finding Miss Cecelia standing quite breathless at the top of the tall staircase with a heavy tray in her hands, he asked her very seriously if she happened to have another four-poster in the house as big and comfy as the one in which Miss Mary lived; for, said he: "If I ever catch you carrying up another tray, or sitting up at night, or working too hard, or making as much fluster and bluster about other people's business as you have been making lately, I shall obtain a warrant from the magistrate forthwith and confine you in that four-poster for one long month, and shall myself prevent any rescue by habeas corpus or other process, legal or illegal." And then the doctor laughed heartily, so heartily, indeed, that by the time he reached the hall his eyes were dim and he had great difficulty in finding his hat. "Old, old," the doctor muttered as he went down the stone steps into the street; "old and faded and worn out. The other is a leech, and has sucked all the blood out of the poor girl—been sucking it for fifty years or thereabouts, and has got most of her wits as well."

Poor Miss Cecelia looked in truth just as the doctor, in such shocking language, said she did; and sometimes it seemed as if she should be in Miss Mary's place, or would, willy-nilly, soon be there. Poor Miss Cecelia, now so old and worn and faded, but once so different, so very, very different. For when it was noised about the ancient borough of Georgetown that Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a gallant French gentleman who had followed in the train of Mr. Washington when he came home from the wars, had been chosen to make the plans for the great Federal city which Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson hoped would some day rise from the marshes and wooded hills bordering the Potomac, and would establish his headquarters in a house near that in which she lived with her father and her sister Mary, there were few more attractive young gentlewomen in that or any other borough than Miss Cecelia herself. It is true she lacked the sprightliness and gayety of Miss Mary. But she was very simple and charming in her innocent young girlhood; demure, trustful, tender, quiet, with great love for everything that was beautiful, and great faith in everything that was good, and with a very loyal little heart beating in her white, virginal bosom. Who can say how much that little heart throbbed with fluttering expectation, and who can say how many other hearts were doing precisely the same thing, when, sure enough, M. L'Enfant finally arrived, bringing with him a great array of curious instruments of brass and glass and this and that, and enormous rolls of paper and parchment, and many other wonderful things, and set to work at his plans in a red-brick house, standing for all to see to this very day. But the most wonderful thing that M. L'Enfant brought with him, quite the most wonderful by all odds in the eyes of Miss Mary and Miss Cecelia, and of many another belle of the borough aforesaid, was a certain monsieur, the lieutenant, Jean Laurent Maxime de Chalaron. Whether in his uniform of lieutenant of engineers or in his surtout of light-brown duffy, salmon-colored waistcoat, nankeen trousers and bell-crowned hat, this young gentleman made a most amiable figure, and when thus caparisoned, he picked his way along the streets, all the hearts in question beat turbulently at one and the same time.

About her neck at this very moment Miss Mary wore, hanging by a fine gold chain, a large locket which hid within itself something (suspected, but not known of Miss Cecelia) which she had once received from this same M. de Chalaron; and after Miss Cecelia for the nine hundred and ninety-

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ninth time that day had propped her up comfortably upon her pillows, she let her eyes rest tenderly upon the locket, while the younger sister distributed about the room some of those same magic touches which she had already bestowed upon the bed and upon Miss Mary herself.

"Ah, my dear Cecelia," said Miss Mary at length, still holding the locket in her hand, "how right he was when in his own tongue he called it the grand passion. How grand in its delights! How grand in its sorrows!"

Tears began to flow from Miss Mary's faded eyes, and in her efforts to discover the whereabouts of her handkerchief she came perilously near to sliding once more into obscurity.

"From the time of his arrival with M. L'Enfant," continued she, the handkerchief having been found and disaster temporarily averted, "almost from the day of his arrival, I could see the love-light in his eyes. Those months of companionship and intimacy—how delightful they were! And when he fell upon his knees in the front parlor and offered me his heart and hand—I never knew what happiness was until then. How ardently he loved me! How dearly I loved him! What a consolation to remember that!" cried Miss Mary in another burst of tears.

"Don't cry, sister," murmured Miss Cecelia plaintively; and with little cooing words, with fond little hugs and kisses, she caressed her as tenderly as if she had been a sick and fretful child. "Don't cry. I know how you must suffer; but don't give way."

"Don't cry? What do you know of the agonies of a broken heart?" demanded Miss Mary irritably. "Let me weep out my sorrows; there is nothing else left to me. No one can tell how I suffer now, as no one could guess how I then rejoiced. Indeed, I do not believe that even you imagined, for a long time, at least, that there was love between us. M. de Chalaron entreated me to permit our passion to remain secret. For it was evident that our father suspected its existence and was not favorably disposed toward him; and Maxime was too sensitive to wound anyone, least of all the only parent of his beloved. Our father's attitude alarmed me, I confess; it was possible that he might renounce me in his will; and although I knew perfectly well that Maxime's affection for me was wholly unselfish, yet it hurt my pride to think that I might be obliged to come to him empty-handed. That my Maxime's love for me remained ardent and undimmed from first to last, even in face of the fear which I so often expressed to him that our father might leave all of his property to you and entirely ignore me in his testament, is another proof—a final proof, if one were wanting—of the nobility of my lover's soul and the perfect loyalty and unselfishness of his attachment to me. But our father's manifest distrust of M. de Chalaron caused both of us the supremest grief, and must have rankled in Maxime's lofty spirit and sensitive heart when he was so suddenly ordered back to France. What a parting! Ah, Cecelia, my sister, you will never know what my sufferings have been!"

Miss Cecelia listened with interest and compassion to this story, every word of which she knew by heart, and then instinctively hurried to her sister's side. But it required many soothing words, many of Miss Cecelia's strongest pulls and pushes, many of her deftest pats and foldings and smoothings, before the shepherdess in the bed could be brought to look once more like a shepherdess, and not like a poor, weak, withered old woman, well-nigh lost among a smother of bedclothes and tumbled pillows.

"Thank you, my dear Cecelia," Miss Mary at length found breath to say; "and would you mind very much, before you sit down, drawing the window-curtain a little more to one side? There; that is just right. And how is the tide, Cecelia? Still running out? I cannot help thinking, dear sister, when I look at the stream yonder, that sometimes one of my tears may, perhaps, find its way into the river, and like one of the drops of water now flowing past us with the outgoing tide, may reach the bay, and may float on and on into the sea, and across the sea, and may, in the end, somehow come to water the grave where he lies buried on the field of Marengo. Who knows! Who knows! Ah, what a gallant gentleman! How often he sighed for glory; and it was there he found it and death as well. How I wish that I might have thrown myself down beside his body, lying, as General Berthier wrote to Major L'Enfant, facing the enemy, his spurs buried deep in the ground, and the toes of his military boots pointed toward the blue Italian sky!"

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

There were few more attractive young gentlewomen than Miss Cecelia herself.—Page 747.

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"Do not grieve, sister," said Miss Cecelia, laying her arms about her. "He loved you, remember that, dear." But Miss Mary wept and would not be comforted.

Miss Mary, as time wore on, in spite of Miss Cecelia's utmost artistry in the way of foamy lace and violet ribbons, and her utmost skill in the way of broths and jellies, came to look so thin, so weak, so colorless, that it was hard to fancy she had ever been a captivating shepherdess; and in the quiet of the night, Miss Cecelia, sitting in a stiff chair to keep awake and holding her sister's hand, grieved sorely. To grow from a girl into an old, old woman with one single object in life, and to see that object slipping slowly but surely away; to listen daily, almost hourly for near a lifetime to the story of the grand passion which did not end even when the gallant young soldier fell dead at Marengo, and to know that the voice which had so often told that story, the heart which had fed and lived upon that story, would soon be stilled forever; to feel that she would no longer have her sister to support, comfort, nurse, and wait upon; no outlet for the love of her simple, fond, trusting heart; no tender responsibilities; no one to think of, care for, idolize; nothing else in the whole wide world for which to live—poor Miss Cecelia thought of these things, and laid her sister's hand upon her cheek and wept silently. The pudgy doctor thought of these things, too; and when he left the sick-room for the last time he coughed and wheezed, and encountered such a heavy fog in the broad hall below that he could not find his hat at all, and went off bareheaded down the hilly street.

Miss Cecelia sat in the candlelight by her sister's bedside—always, always by her sister's bedside—grieving, grieving, while the dust which the stout gentleman in the white surplice could ill spare sifted down more heavily every moment, and the tramp of the six other gentlemen, the strength of whose arms and backs was soon to be tested, grew so loud that it seemed as though their twelve feet already trod the stairs. Thus, through many long and anxious nights Miss Cecelia served and watched and waited, until at last came one, when as the stars were dimmed and the day broke, Miss Mary's soul, the tide running strongly out to sea, floated away upon it, following her tears, which had gone before to water her lover's grave.

When the first burst of grief was over, Miss Cecelia rose from her knees, and pale and trembling, opened the locket which rested upon Miss Mary's breast, and, with a gasp, saw lying therein a folded bit of paper. This she took with her to the window and unfolded it, and by the cold gray light of dawn read the words written upon it. Then she drew out of her own bosom a small chamois bag, and from it brought to light a piece of paper like the first. She laid them side by side on the window ledge, and read the words written on each, slowly, one by one, from beginning to end. They were identical:

IDOL OF MY HEART:

The First Consul commands that I join the Army of Italy. I am in despair, and I fear to efface that which I write by the tears which pour from my eyes. Be faithful. Guard our secret. I go to seek glory or death. If I survive, I will return to lay my life at thy feet. Till then, with tears and kisses, adieu. I pray thee to receive the expression of my undying devotion. Again, adieu.

MAXIME.

Cecelia tottered to the bed, looking older and wearier and sadder than she who lay upon it in her last sleep; and she threw herself down beside her dead sister and clasped her body convulsively in her arms.

"Oh, my sister," she cried appealingly, "forgive me for what I have done; but I had to know. Until now I have been faithful—faithful to you and to him. For your sake I kept my lips sealed through the long years, and you never guessed that my heart, too, was broken. O Mary, my dear sister, which of us did he love? Now that you are with him and know all, tell me; and forgive him, and forgive me, also; for, oh, how I loved him! how I love him yet!"

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

This young gentleman made a most amiable figure.—Page 747.

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The banished duke and his companions in modern guise.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

By Robert Shackleton

TO find and explore the forest beloved of Shakespeare and Rosalind was like the coming true of a fairy tale. For charm and romance are still there, and the boar and the wild deer are there, and Corin and Phebe and Silvius, and shepherds with their cotes, their flocks, their bounds of feed. The banished duke and his companions, in modern guise, still hunt the forest glades, and "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Nay, I even met Touchstone himself, as if he had stepped from an old Shakespearean print. "A fool, a motley fool." Thus he was garbed, with cap of points and clothing striped. But, alas! he would naught of wit or philosophy. He had married and settled here, as Shakespeare foresaw, and marriage had changed him, as it has changed many another man. Where be his jibes now, his flashes of merriment? Yet he would have me know that he worked hard, here in his garden, and was content; and thereby he seems to have attained the highest of philosophy, after all.

Shakespeare assuredly meant this Ardennes—this Arden, as he Anglicized the name. He had in mind no imaginary forest. He loved history, and he loved geography, and he therefore loved to give his plays a local habitation and a name. He loved to specify Venice and Padua and London, the Temple Gardens, Black Angers, and the Forest of Arden. Had he wished to write of the forest of an imaginary Zenda he was sufficiently master of the language to have made his meaning clear.

He may never have seen Ardennes, but at least he was acquainted with the forest from cotemporaries and predecessors. And it is possible that he was here. He travelled; and no one knows, no one will ever know, whither he travelled or what he saw. And assuredly it will not be declared that

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he, of all men, would never step aside from what were even in his day the familiar routes.

There is not only this great Ardennes at the edge of France, but a little Arden in England; and this is not to be wondered at, for many a geographical name was carried across the Channel from the Continent; it necessary to march a force to the capture of Sedan, within what was at that time the forest boundary.

I was in Ardennes in the idyllic glory of early spring. A tender warmth was in the air, and the forest, after the long unresponsiveness of winter, was with shy generosity

Touchstone at work in his garden.

but some have claimed that Shakespeare meant the Arden of England. Shakespeare seems to write, however, with the constant implication that the forest is on the French border; he ever portrays Rosalind and Celia as wearily walking to the forest from their French home; and his description of Duke Frederick leading his army to the skirts of the wood seems clearly to point out that he means the Ardennes that is beside France.

And it is curious that, while Shakespeare was writing plays, Henry of Navarre found

giving promise of loving opulence to come. The fields were pied with the earliest daisies, buttercups and violets painted the meadows with delight, the first birds were singing, and the trees were gently unfolding their first buds. It was the sweet and happy Arden of the sweet and happy comedy.

Guide-books and atlases use the term "Ardennes" with somewhat of unavoidable vagueness. Originally, this forest extended not only over a great part of Belgium, but stretched also into France and toward the eastward. Clumps of its wood-

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land still break the levels of Champagne; there are remains of it in Luxembourg; and there are still great forest masses in central Belgium, dotted with cities and intersected by railways. But the present centre of Ardennes is in the southern part of Belgium, along the line of the Semois, and comprises a wide area of hill, of river valley, of undulating plateau, of upland heath. And it is this very part, isolated as it is, with which most of the great names that are connected with the forest have had their association.

I had long desired to see the forest about which Shakespeare's fancy so lovingly played. I had also desired to see an Easter service in the very shadow of the castle from which the greatest of all Crusaders marched out for the recovery of that sepulchre without whose story there would be no Easter to celebrate. And—really, nothing could be more felicitous!—I found the castle to be in the very heart of the forest.

Ardennes is still a place exempt from American haunt. The French and Belgians come here. I am told that sometimes there are a few of the English; but neither at hotel nor shop could I find anyone to understand the English tongue. At isolated villages I found not even French, but only Walloon.

I entered the forest from Sedan; and it is a city for an impression. Less than two score years ago it drank the dregs of humiliation, when it was forced to surrender a hundred thousand men and the very Emperor himself. Yet now there is evident in a myriad ways an atmosphere of forgetfulness and peace, and the little red-legged soldiers trot harmlessly about. But when I had settled it that the humiliation was all forgotten, I noticed that not a man, woman, or child dogged my steps to sell mementoes of that bitter battle-field, and that if I spoke in German to one of the townsfolk who was not in a business demanding the pleasing of strangers, I was told, with dry disrelish, that German was not understood.

"Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."—Page 752.

Especially in the suburb of Bazeilles, covered by Ardennes in Shakespeare's time, was there magnificent fighting; and to many people it will mean more—thus early are some things forgotten—that De Neuville's "Les dernières Cartouches" is located here than that the battle marked the downfall of Napoleon. Thus one may, it seems, win fame by the making of pictures, as well as by the making of surrenders.

I was fortunate in entering the forest from the side of France. From the north-

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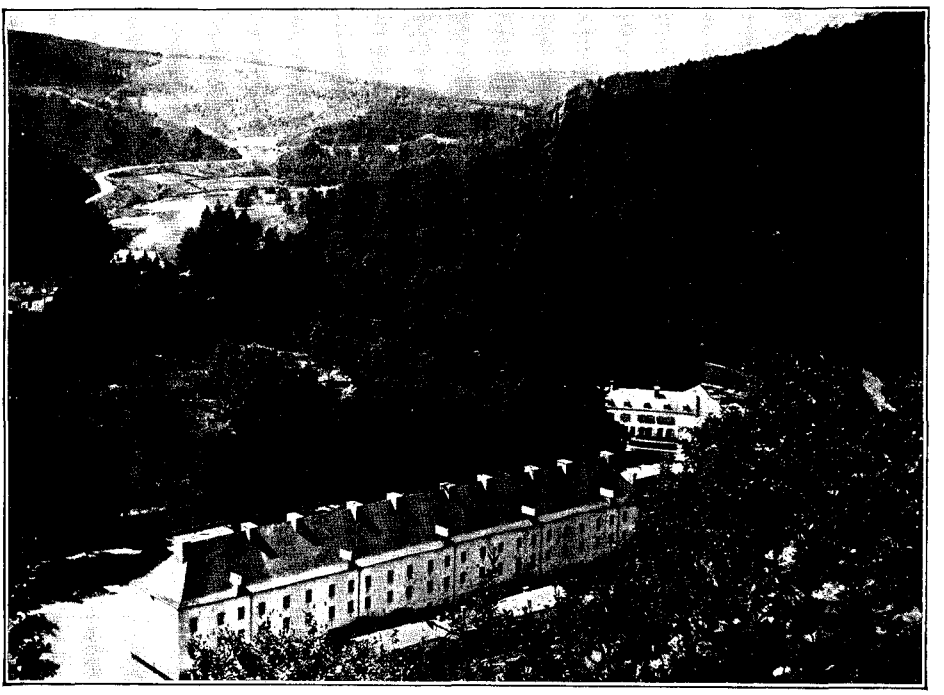
A forest village in Arden.

ward, a little-travelled, narrow-gauge railway goes winding down into it, but from the south there is only the diligence; and, as to the charm of Europe, it is still true that they who seek it diligencely shall find it.

It was some time after leaving Sedan before the actual forest was reached. A long white road leads up, and a long white road twists down, and a valley village is reached—Givonne, the centre of the French



The environing hills at Bouillon.

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position on the battle day, and on that account possessing a dignity which its aspect would not otherwise command. Continuing, trees more and more take the place of fields; yet always in Ardennes one is likely to come where peasants arduously enforce a living from the meagre land. The Belgian frontier is passed, and scores of trees, toppled over by a recent hurricane, show that the forest is not always a place to lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, but has likewise a savageness in its nature, which both Shakespeare and Ariosto recognized.

Oak and beech and aspen and willow, heath and pasture, a lone village or some solitary inn, the ever-recurring forest greenery hemming the long white roads, and the town of Godfrey of Bouillon is reached, and the diligence rattles noisily under the silent walls of the great castle.

Bouillon is nooked in a bending hollow with the Semois sweeping circumfluent, like the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk. Lofty hills rise on either side; and from its rocky perch upon a river-bound peninsula the castle looks down at the town.

At the hotel, I early met with an example of the eternal differences that come from view-points variant, for, "This town is unfortunately," said my host, with wistfulness, "off the beaten track."

As he mounted the stair to show me to the room to which the third Napoleon was brought after the surrender, "The Emperor," said he, explanatorily, but in innocence of any knowledge of our expressive Americanisms, "was in Bouillon after Sedan."

A Godfrey goes out from Bouillon to endless fame; a Napoleon goes out from Bouillon to die in humiliation. And it is really astonishing that this still solitary, this still isolated region, should for centuries have had intermittent connection with names great in history or in literature—Louis XIV, Henry of Navarre, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, Richelieu, the third Napoleon, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Scott. In this section of the forest, with Bouillon as its centre, there are probably no more people than there were at the time of the first crusade; yet it is near great routes of travel, near great cities.

Ordinarily, a castle in a forest would seem an incongruity; but here it is of the forest's very essence. One might almost say that the castle of Bouillon has been here longer than the forest, so many decades before Godfrey's time was its construction begun—certainly, it has been here for longer than any tree now standing—and in the time of Quentin Durward a De la Marck, a wild boar of Ardennes, actually held it. For Godfrey mortgaged it (modern touch!) to secure money for his expedition to Palestine, and on that account it drifted, after his death, into devious channels of possession.

I have never received so tremendous an impression of feudalism as in this ancient pile, rising black above the white houses of the town. It is not that it displays the magnitude, the parade, of a Heidelberg or a Loches, but that so much of the outward has been shorn away in the course of successive ownerships and sieges as to concentrate attention upon the immense extent of the subterranean. Partly, the impression was due to the situation of the castle, in the midst of the lonely forest and hills, and partly to my going through it when no one else was within its vast extent but the ancient guide. The seneschal of a ruin should always be an old man, for congruence, or a young girl, for contrast.

There is a vivid terror in the heart of the rock, tunnelled and dungeoned far below the castle walls. There are doleful cells of darkness, and torture chambers, and a dreadful oubliette which yields the secrets of its construction to a great blaze of paper, and ever the passages go in grim convolutions. "The very devil couldn't find his way out of here," said the old man chucklingly; and then his voice shrivelled on about kings and dukes and their doings in the dark backward of time. "It is like an ant-hill," he quavered, leading the way into a tunnel which went twisting far downward. And ever and anon we were for a brief space above, and there were fair and lovely views from casement or battlement above those haunting secrets. And on the ramparts the old man swung the clapper of a bell which has knelled to war or to church throughout nine centuries.

Yet feudalism was not all terror and severity. It was terror for enemies and protection for friends. A street which still follows its ancient line and clings at the base of the castle rock shows by its very attitude of trustfulness that it considered the castle to be its defender. And, in those old times, should one's natural protector fail to protect,

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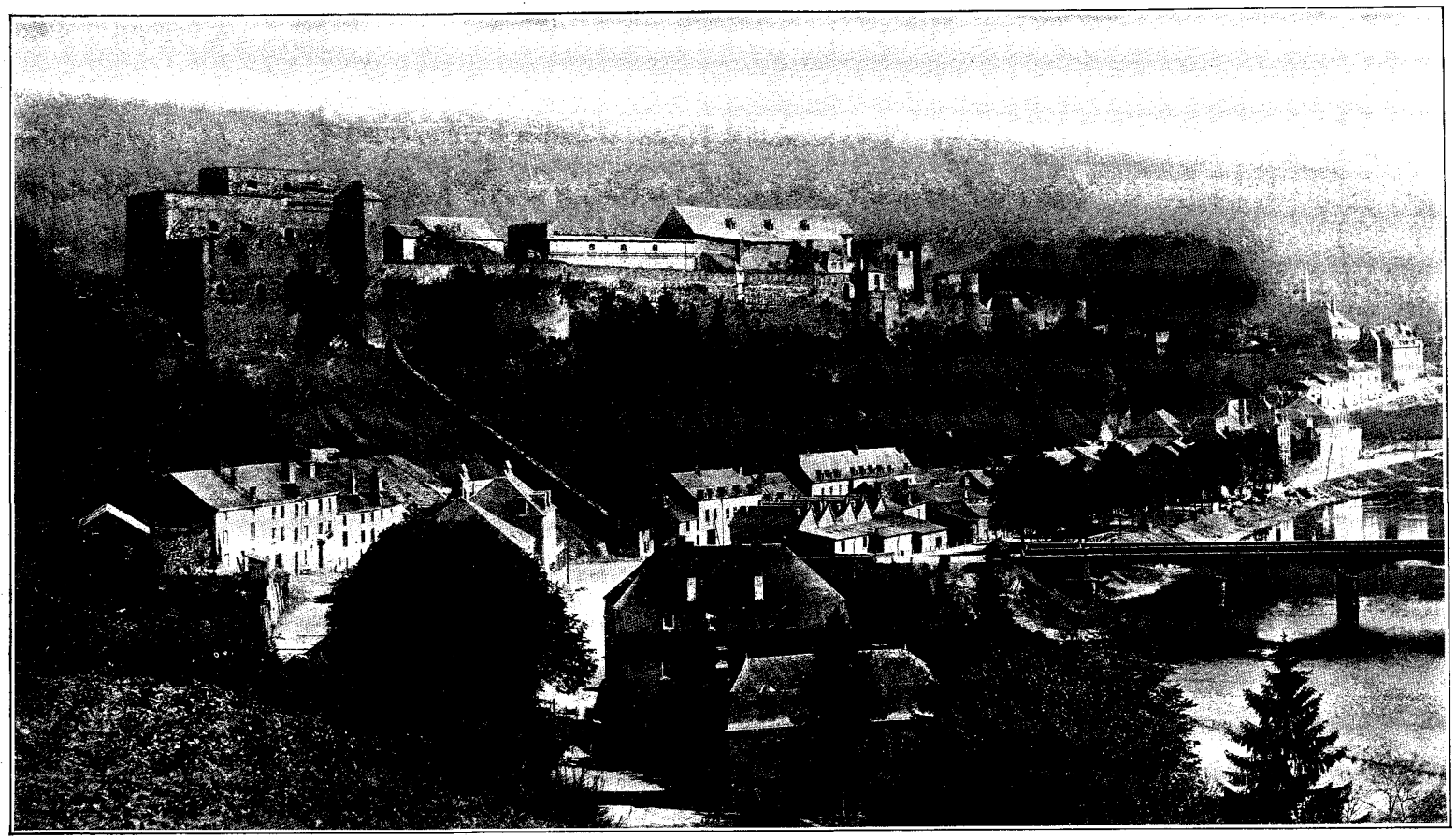

From its rocky perch the castle looks down on the town.—Page 756.

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any inhabitant of Ardennes seeking justice needed but to go to the palace of the Bishop of Liège, and knock thrice with the great swinging iron that was bolted upon the door, and the bishop himself would answer the summons, and hear the complaint, and demand an explanation from the oppressor, and render a decree; and that decree did not lightly pass unheeded, for behind it stood the power of the Church.

The old bridge over the Semois.

The town of Bouillon is comparatively modern; but there are still old houses hidden unobtrusively away, and still there stand six-sided towers making corners of the old town walls. And there are queer places to unearth: ancient caves in the rock, and remains of primitive structures, beneath or behind houses of more recent times. By mere chance, in a little shop in one of these newer buildings, I saw a hollow in the rock, and there was a running spring, and beside it was an old-time officially inscribed stone of the long-past Duchy of Bouillon, and in the stone was a hole for the measurement of money as a safeguard against clipping.

Life is placid in Bouillon. Business is not importunate, a wagon seldom rattles over the stone-paved streets, boys lean interminably over the ancient bridge of stone, gossiping women are ever kneeling by the riverside, giving what is next to godliness to the linen of the town. The very funerals are tranquilly picturesque, for the mourners still follow on foot up the avenue of trees, whose clipped tops lace and intertwine, which once led to a monastery, long since destroyed.

But if one does not care for Bouillon, in five minutes he may be hundreds of years away, in the castle, or hundreds of miles away, in the forest. And, once in the forest, he will be continually charmed by the hills and the river. Never, surely, was there another stream of such uncontrolled meanderings. The course of the Semois is a

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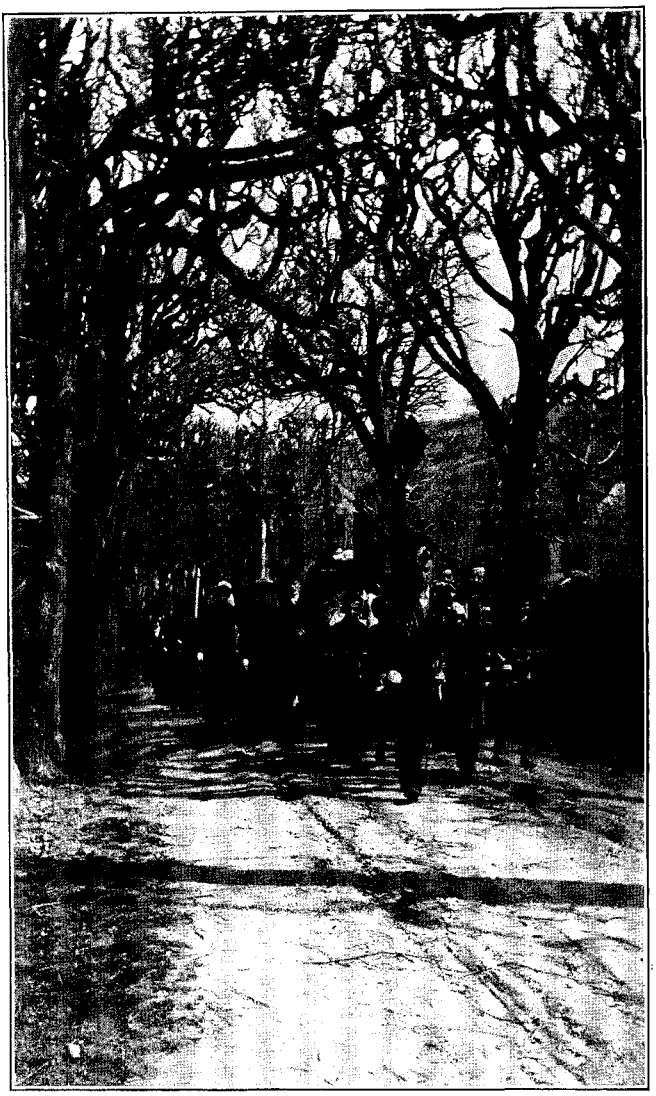
succession of great serpentining bends; and when you have for a long time missed it, and think that it has finally wandered away, it comes purring softly back, around some delectable bend.

It is a charming country for motoring, but the automobilist who penetrates here must cultivate resignation, for he will frequently find a well macadamized road end suddenly in a mere trail. Fully to enjoy this forest, one must be somewhat of a pedestrian, for many of the most charming routes are footpaths only; and so intricately do these paths convolute in making (contradictory as it seems) short cuts from village to village, that no one ever tries to direct a stranger beyond the first turn, but leaves him to proceed after that as fate and fancy lead. And it is delightful to wander at random through great groves of glimmering birch, past the brook that brawls along the road, the oaks whose antique roots peep out, the rank of osiers by the murmuring stream; charming to be obscured in the circle of the forest and to know that it is the forest of Shakespeare.



Trees whose clipped tops lace and intertwine.—Page 758.

The people who dwell in the little villages which are so sparingly interspersed are a simple, hardy folk, Walloons, descendants from an ancestry of bravery, and active, dark-featured, inclined to shortness, ready at times for gayety, but, as is natural to those who live in loneliness, mostly silent or of few words. And, in spite of the disappearance, as in most of Europe, of much of the distinctive costuming of the past, there are still the kirtle of green, the sash of blue or red, stockings of purple and shoes of wood, the agricultural blouse, the paniered back, and horses tasselled and belled.

The people are herdsmen, shepherds, farmers of the thinnish soil, woodcutters. Trees are grown in Ardennes for the market, as in other regions there are corn and oats. The forest is carefully cultivated and kept free from underbrush, and, although there are still many trees of great girth the larger part of the forest is not of huge growth.

The houses of the forest villages are

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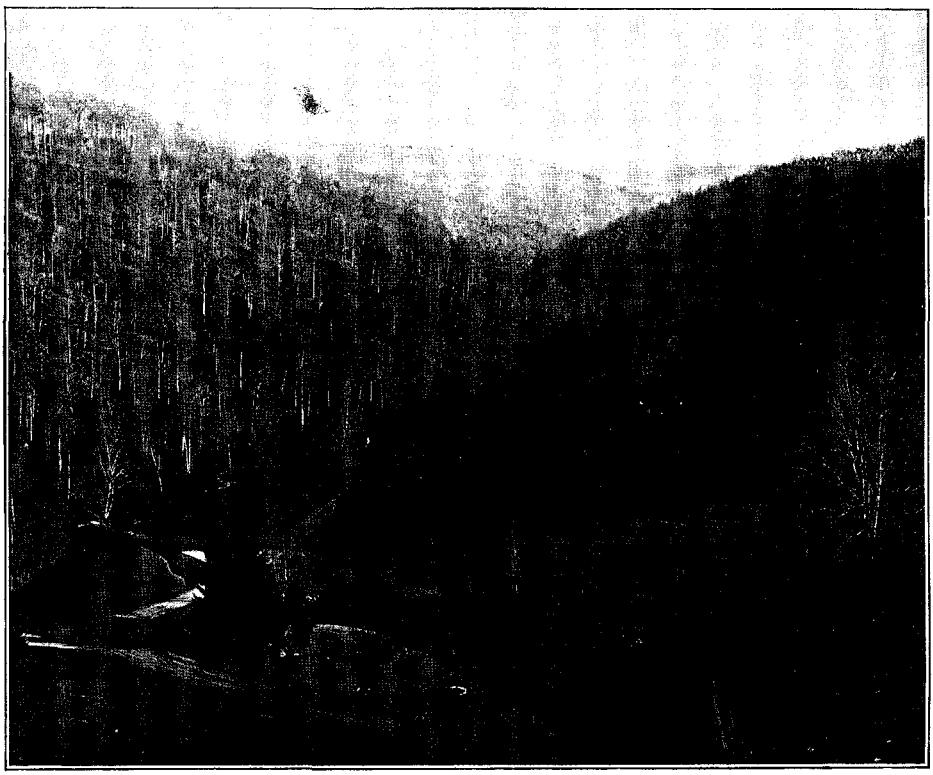

The Garden of Arden.

broad-gabled and low, and of stone that is black with age. Broad they must needs be, for under each roof is a heterogeneous huddle of men and women and children, cows and goats, rabbits and chickens and geese and dogs. And it is in itself a proof of the length of time that this has been forest that the dogs bear a curious likeness to wolves.

Even in Bouillon itself—a place which, with its fewer than three thousand population, would elsewhere be deemed small, but which looms large as the principal town of what is left isolated of Ardennes—many a house is a Noah's Ark in its population, although the newer look of the houses at first conceals the fact. After all, these people and their livestock have been living for centuries in friendly juxtaposition, and an inheritedly ingrained habit is not lightly lost.

"These are the hills, these are the woods, these are the starry solitudes; and there the river by whose brink the roaring lion comes to drink." For Shakespeare even puts a lion here, and it has caused endless trouble. Scott, when he committed an anachronism or an anachorism, always appended a peccavi note; but Shakespeare, never; he divined what his commentators were to do in the way of notes and would not willingly add his own straws to the load of posterity.

As to that lion, it might be enough to claim poetic license; to point out that when Ariosto sent his Rinaldo through Ardennes, on his journey from Paris to Basle, he had him meet in this forest an uncanny monster with a thousand eyes.

But Shakespeare frankly took his lion from Thomas Lodge; and the whole matter in regard to Lodge has been greatly misunderstood. Lodge wrote a novel about Ardennes; a story with whose lilting prolixity one could even now be happy if the other charmer were away. With Lodge, "Rosylind and Alinda travailed along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; and at last got to the Forrest side, where they travailed by the space of two or three daies without seeing anie creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many sorrowes."

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Lodge's story quickly ran through several editions, and Shakespeare dramatized it, and thus gave it popularity anew. It was no more plagiarism than is the dramatization of the popular novel of to-day.

Ardennes, on the borders of France, and Rosalind and Celia, and the brother dukes, and the wrestling, and the banishment, and the lion, all are Lodge's, with some of the names a trifle changed for effectiveness. But the inimitable Jacques and Touchstone and the splended poetry of it all are Shakespeare's own.

In this forest of Shakespeare's the regular roads and paths may often be followed for miles without meeting a human being. There is a deep loneliness, away from the villages; and, as Touchstone remarked, "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well." From lofty summits the view seems one of wilderness illimitable. When the uncertain glory of an April day changes to sudden storm, the rolling thunder goes echoing distantly among the hills. In the heart of the forest I have come unexpectedly upon a charming and solitary mill. One day I chanced upon a Trappist monastery. "It is desolate here in winter when the north wind blows," said one of the monks drearily.

On Easter Sunday, in Bouillon, they gave the play of the Passion, and in it the people found agreeable enjoyment. It did not occur to them that it bore religious significance; there was no irreverence, for they did not understand that reverence was expected; it was six long hours of singing and costumes, of picking out their neighbors beneath great wigs or behind false beards; it was a show in a showless town, and those who know only cities do not understand the pathetic excitement of such a condition.

And so, human nature being everywhere the same, the people enjoyed the representation with the unrepressed pleasure of children; they will soon enough learn to look unnaturally grave if the representation begins to attract annual visitors. The young girls were the sweet and natural part of it; the men and boys were inclined to frolic a little behind the scenes as an offset to stage stiltedness. And in all it was a striking experience to see the Jerusalem scenes thus acted and thus received under the walls of the castle of Jerusalem's king.

Even at the regular Easter service, which preceded the play, the satisfaction had to come mainly from the feeling that it was an Easter service, and in that place. The church was abloom with the flowers from new Easter hats! Thus far has fashion penetrated. And the hats were of a kind that may be bought on Grand Street.

The service was of simple solemnity; the red-clothed *suisse* deeming himself a weighty part of it, as he decrepitly marched about, proud of being the only man in church permitted to wear a hat, and proud, poor old fellow, of a childish medal, pinned prominent, lauding him for "good conduct and morality."

The church itself is Victorian, expressed in terms Walloon. "An unattractive building in an attractive location," said the priest quietly, pacing the terrace with me. It was in my heart to reassure him, but I refrained; I could only speak of the general charm of the country.

But he seemed touched with a gentle melancholy. "Yes, monsieur, it is beautiful"; he shook his head, reflective, dubious; "it is, as you say, beautiful; but the people, to them it is only habitude."

And so, having begun by finding Touchstone, I was thus to end by finding Jacques. For this is the Forest of Arden!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"WOULDN'T you rather be an M. P.?" was one question put by Mr. Howe to Sir John Ure Primrose, who had served for twenty years in the Glasgow Council and was then the Lord Provost,—as will be recalled by readers of Mr. Frederic Howe's paper on Glasgow in the July SCRIBNER. "Decidedly not," was the emphatic and significant answer. "A member of Parliament is but part of a machine. The work in the town council is creative. A man sees his work grow before his eyes." A like estimate of the comparative value and attractiveness of civic and national service has been recently placed on record by a distinguished representative of both, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. In acknowledging the congratulations of his fellow townspeople of Birmingham on his seventieth birthday, congratulations of extraordinary unanimity and heartiness, Mr. Chamberlain contrasted accomplishment and its resulting satisfaction from service for the home city with futility and its resulting dissatisfaction from much attempted service for the nation. The comparison was caught up and emphasized in editorial comment all over the kingdom, making it perhaps the dominant note of the event, not as something surprising, but rather as impressive testimony to a familiar and accepted truism.

The Vocation of Civic Service

From an American point of view, the interesting thing in this British attitude toward civic service, "local patriotism," is that such service is regarded as sufficient unto itself—as shown in a genuine preference for being a Lord Provost to being an M. P. because the one is free from political obligations and the other is hampered by them. The contrasted American attitude, which has taken it for granted that city officials should be chosen under a political system, often at the same time and on the same issues as national or state officials, arises from a fundamental misconception of what a city is. Regarded simply as the larger town or village out of which it may have grown with bewildering rapidity, the American conception of the city was until a very recent time, as Mr. Seth Low has pointed out, that of "a local subdivision of the commonwealth." Hence "charters were framed as though cities were little states," when "they are not so much little states as large corporations." The change in such a city charter to one adapted to a corporation cannot, unfortunately, of itself undo or transform the political system to which the people have grown accustomed in the administration of civic government; and the original misconception accounts in large part for the survival of conditions which rob civic service in American cities of the attraction of business independence,—the attraction drawing to it, as a vocation, so much of the competent citizenship of British cities. The intrusion of national party divisions "into matters with which they have nothing to do," to quote Mr. Bryce, has "the unfortunate result of making it more difficult for good citizens outside the class of professional politicians to find their way into local administration," even when they feel moved to do their share of civic service. "If they (the more competent) wish for office," Mr. Bryce adds, "they must struggle for it, avoiding the least appearance of presuming on their social position."

In this phrase Mr. Bryce touches another peculiar advantage of England over America in attracting the competent to civic service: popular English acceptance of the claim that social position does presuppose competency. In the informal talk of the club, the Englishman who chances to discuss city government with an American is apt to explain his "local patriotism" compared with the other's indifference as a case of inherited obligation to do for his city what his father did before him. But this is only half the story. For were the Englishman, like many an American who has responded to the call for service, met by

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popular suspicion of his motives and by popular challenge of his competency—the burden of proof being thrown upon him to make good the sincerity of the one and the sufficiency of the other—the inhospitality of his reception would breed a like indifference. Thus such an Englishman fails to express, if he appreciates it, the encouragement of an expectant welcome to the social elect due to the influence of his country's age in transmitting accepted customs. It is the same influence of age which has nourished local pride in the special civic immunities and privileges handed down in dust-covered charters, perhaps wrested from the crown in the days of feudalism. This aspect of the continuity of competent service, taken as more or less a matter of course from "the classes" through generations, clearly discloses the chief disadvantage at which the new-created city of America is placed in comparison with the English city. To accentuate it are other unfortunate conditions peculiar to new prosperity; the shifting, unstable character of the American city's population, often a heterogeneous mingling of unsympathetic, if not alien, races, and the migratory habits of its most prosperous citizenship, so weakening to the feeling of local attachment and to the sense of local responsibility. These are conditions evidently quite apart from those Philistine business ideals which, supposedly, obsess the successful American, and which, supposedly, justify the cynical inference that his occasional civic activity finds its motive either in interest or ambition—personal profit or the hope of "beginning a political career."

The anomaly, then, of America, the country where so much individual money is given generously, even lavishly, to public institutions, but where so little personal service is given sparingly, even grudgingly, to civic life, finds its explanation in outward circumstance that has not yet determined national character. The very urgency of the need for service is by widely coincident testimony evoking a new readiness of response. The willing English acquiescence in the limitations of local opportunity is not unshared here in America, and the Lord Provost who placed Glasgow's Council Chamber before St. Stephen's, is not without American counterpart. One representative story—for doubtless there are others like it known only in each case to a few—concerns a young man of character, education and independent means, who entered the council of his home city when membership in it carried an imputation on personal honesty. Steadily, openly, and for no short period single-handed—that is with no organized support at his back—he fought the fight of civic righteousness until an awakened public conscience reasserted the right to control. Then came in recognition the offer of a nomination to Congress, but it was quietly declined. "I would not," he explained to an inquiring friend, "jeopardize what I have been able to do for clean government by risking the suspicion that it was done with an eye to 'higher honors.' The satisfaction of having done something worth while here at home is best after all. I guess I shall have to die, as I have lived, 'only an alderman.'"

The One-sided Life

An entertaining old lady whose friendship I enjoyed used to say, with some impatience: "Because the Lord saw fit to remove Banbury is no reason why I should be invited to nothing but women's lunches." Not but what she mourned the late Banbury most sincerely, but her active mind chafed at a narrowness of environment which accentuated her loneliness. In fact, it is a hardship to be condemned to a one-sided social life, and it is a misfortune which happens to many middle-aged women and need scarcely ever happen to a man of any age; for ordinarily a man can have as much feminine society as he chooses, but what will the neighbors say about an elderly woman who announces that in order to preserve a whole and healthy view of life she must seek the society of men?

It will hardly be disputed that the exclusively feminine is worse than the exclusively masculine point of view. True, one sometimes hears of the petty failings of certain classes of men—heroes at sea, for instance, who nevertheless, owing to that isolated life, become somewhat fussy and domineering when they regain the shelter of the domestic fireside; and the tales of Bret Harte and his followers have familiarized us with the rude heroes of the mining camp and the plains. But does the naval officer, wedded to law, or the miner, divorced from it, show as great a departure from the normal human type as the woman who is shut up with other women?

Of course there are as many points of view as there are men and women; one should

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always remember that underneath all there is the human point of view, and that people resemble each other more than they differ; yet, when all allowances have been made, some well-recognized dissimilarities do seem to be fundamental. Everybody knows, for instance, that a woman has not usually much sense of proportion; but as to that, does everybody realize how destructive to a sense of proportion a purely domestic life is,—that life which, for so long, constituted a woman's all of living? Perhaps Eve may not have been lacking in it before she set up housekeeping and accumulated *things*. Possibly at that time her sense of humor was not subject to lapses. It is, now; and it is most apt to lapse when she turns her attention on herself. For the average woman is inclined to take herself quite seriously. There is always her exceptional sister, the woman with a sense of proportion, a sense of humor, a light touch. I was once at table with a witty and worldly lady who said: "If I had daughters I should bring them up to be extremely pretty and quite unintelligent." Whereat the learned lady at the other end of the table murmured in a pained tone: "Oh, *not* unintelligent!" A remark which was not received sympathetically by the person to whom it was addressed—a gentleman of the Latin race.

The witty lady deprecates the "Higher Education" for women; the learned lady is an example of it; and they both confound education with erudition. Each of them has had the wisdom to make the most of what she could get, but the witty lady is really more highly educated than her vis-à-vis. It doesn't fall in the way of every woman to know how to be witty in several languages, to be on the inside of politics and diplomacy and to hobnob with royalties and at the same time to take herself as lightly as she does other people; but if such good things do not fall to her lot, shall she not then take the best that she can get? Shall she eschew Greek because she has no opportunity to become fluent in French? Shall she refuse to learn history because she cannot be present when it is in the making? Shall she keep out of the laboratory because she cannot shine at court? And if she is somewhat too conscious that she is acquiring education and somewhat too disposed to take herself seriously, that is a matter which will adjust itself later—if not in her person, perhaps in that of her daughter, who may be able to shed her mother's self-consciousness.

Unfortunately, the average woman takes her amusements as seriously as she does her education. Who can imagine a man—even a man of leisure—going to one card party in the morning, another in the afternoon and a third in the evening? And this, when the game is not for money. Yet women are not "good sports." They do not naturally take defeat well, whatever they may school themselves to do, and they have not much regard for the etiquette of a game. Look at them when they play bridge. They are inclined to make a personal matter of penalties; they cannot play with an impassive countenance; they are full of rules to their finger-tips, but are lacking in initiative. But they are better companions in the game of life than in the game of bridge. They have far more elasticity than men and they will not recognize defeat. Where a reasonable man says that a thing is impossible, an unreasonable woman declares that it shall not be impossible; and it is astonishing how far you can bend circumstances to your will. An inability or an unwillingness to see things as they are sometimes leads to victory.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE PAINTING OF RELIGIOUS THEMES

IN the number of The Field of Art for April, 1906, there was comment on a species of unecclesiastical religious art which constitutes one of the characteristic features of the recent European schools of painting—less marked in England than on the Continent. It may be stated that some examples of the more serious form of this art, more or less directly imported, have appeared among the work of the younger American artists. As serious work it is entitled to consideration; and the dearth of important figure compositions in our picture exhibitions also gives it interest. Two or three large canvases in which it has been presented with more than usual technical ability have lately been seen in this city; the largest, though not the most revolutionary, a "Nativity," the painter of which, Mr. Sidney S. Gorham, is a pupil of Bonnat and the École des Beaux-Arts. Here the Holy Family, the Three Wise Men and the stable are represented with that tempered realism to which we have been accustomed; the artist's originality is shown in the dual lighting of his scene and the spiritual significance which he attaches to this allegory. In the broad and effective execution of the painting he has endeavored to present the gray morning light on the earth, contrasting strongly with the brilliant, supernatural light that rays from the Child's aureole and illumines both Him and His sleeping Mother—the cold light of nature, of the world, and the splendor of the light of the spirit.

In the composition, which is a long one, and arranged with a certain decorative balancing of the groups of life-size figures, the right-hand portion is enveloped in the gloom of the interior of the stable, in which we see dimly the domestic animals feeding and sleeping. At the left, the widely opened door reveals the cool, early morning landscape, the sinking moon on the horizon; and near the centre of this tempered illumination is focussed the golden light of the nimbus. The Virgin lies sleeping in front of this open door, on a rude bed of straw, worn out with her vigil; her face and arm and her blue drapery are lit on one side by the outward light, and on the side toward the spectator by the inner radiance. The Child's blanket has fallen away from Him, and His outstretched arms indicate that He is on the point of waking. To the left, Joseph sits in half shadow, dozing with fatigue; the Three Strangers, rich in color, though not in gorgeous robes, stand near the foot of the bed, "doing reverence to the spirit that has brought them from afar." At this gray hour, when all the world is still, they have entered silently and are as yet unperceived. In the long, low building, the cattle and sheep, the rustic types of the figures, the painter has wished to emphasize the humble conditions, the lesson for all humanity. His Virgin is a woman of the people, glorified by her motherhood; her spiritual exaltation is quite distinct from that which Rossetti, for example, imagined:

> . . . A lady round whom splendors move
> In homage, till by the great light thereof,
> Abashed, the pilgrim spirit stands at gaze;

or the subtler beauty of Tennyson's

> . . . Maid-mother by a crucifix,
> In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
> Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
> Sat smiling, babe in arm.

The technical problems of this contrasting lighting, and of centring a brilliant light, have interested the painter in most of his other works. In his "Christ Among the Humble," which received an honorable mention at the Salon of 1902, the figure of the Saviour, faintly lit by moonlight, appears in the dim interior of a French peasant's cottage, standing by the table and blessing the frugal meal; the light of the lamp illumines brilliantly the few articles on the table and, less distinctly, the red bodice of the mother and the surrounding faces. This strong contrast, however, in no way diminishes the stillness, the reverence, in the little group. In Mr. Gorham's first important picture, of the Salon of 1901, illustrating Kipling's story

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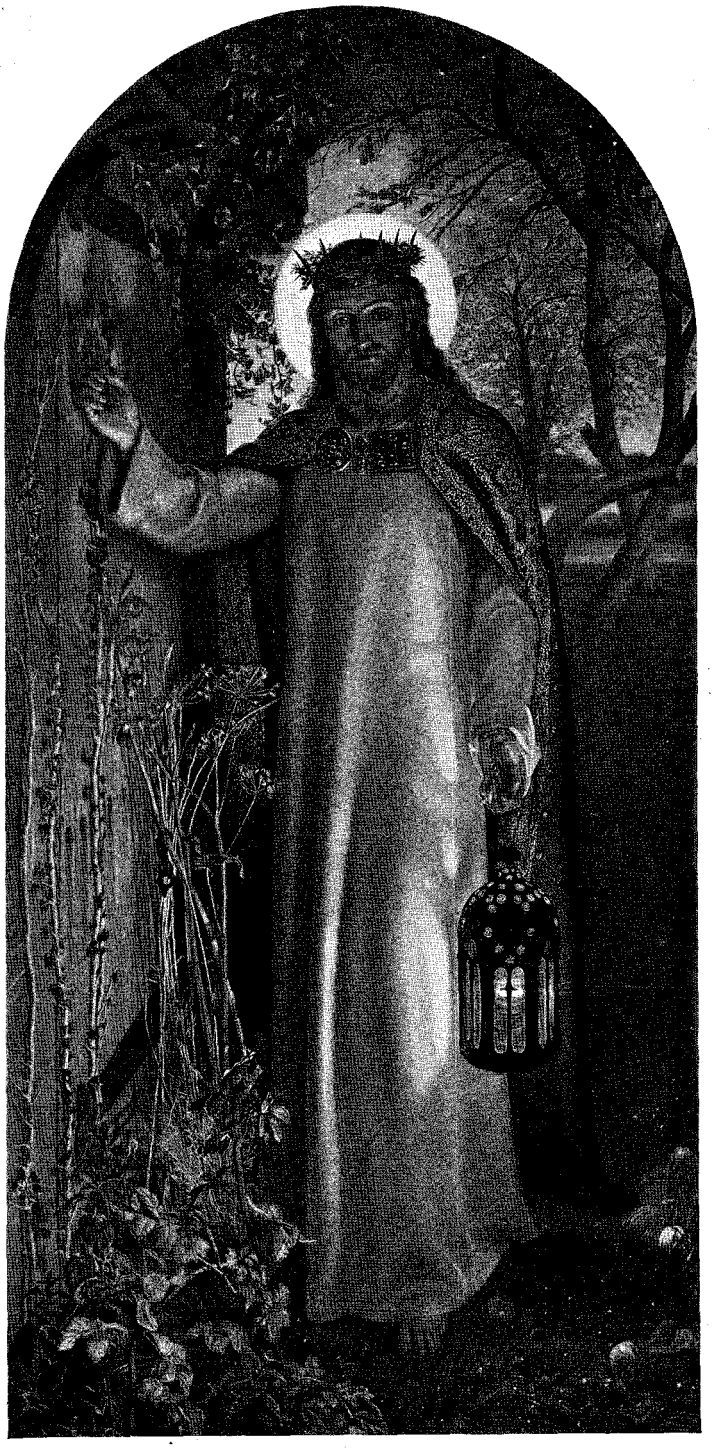

From a print of painting by Holman Hunt.

The Light of the World.

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of "The Man who would be King," the two figures sit in a flood of gray morning light, one with his back to it, and the other, the returned wanderer, with the severed but still diademed head of his comrade flung on the table before him, facing it. Beyond them the warm light of a lamp crosses this gray illumination. In his "Morning," a group of two women gossiping with a spinning-wheel between them, the lamp in the distance contrasts less strongly with the cool, gray daylight; and the latter alone, very carefully studied and skilfully rendered, illumines some of his simpler compositions, as in the "Leisure Moments" of an old man with pipe and slippers, comfortably installed in his attic before his little stove. This preoccupation with broad effects of light, cool or warm, would not seem to be conducive to devotion to beauty of detail of color, but on occasions, as in the blue of the sleeping Virgin's robe and in the strongly illumined articles on the supper-table in the "Christ Among the Humble," the painter shows his justness of perception of this color beauty. The "Nativity" appeared at the Salon of 1903; the canvases mentioned above have been seen in exhibitions in Vienna, London, the New York Academy of Design, Philadelphia, St. Louis, the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition, and elsewhere.

Mr. Gorham was born in the northern part of New York State, near Plattsburg, but while he was still at an early age his family went South, and the young man began the study of art under local teachers in Louisville, Ky. His first drawings were done for newspapers, and in 1890 he determined to go to Paris to complete his education. It is related that, under Bonnat's strict instructions, he was confined to the drawing classes for six years, with permission to study light, color, and composition, but not to paint.

It is this close attention given to the technical education of the contemporary painter which largely tends to save him from the error of some of the former earnest and devout schools, as the Germans of the time of Overbeck and Cornelius and the English Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. This error, as it has been defined, was that of "not thinking in the medium of their art." It was the religious sentiment, the literary expression, not the conception of the image, the pictorial effect, with which they began. Hence the extraordinary technical defects which characterized much of the most famous work of both these schools. Rather curiously, the inspiration drawn from literature was not offended by mannerisms, by awkward presentations, which to us to-day frequently seem incredible, and which should have been impossible, even to pedagogues. But in the saner individual work which was by no means always that of the painter's later years and greater experience—there is not always wide contrast between their conceptions and some, at least, of their methods and those with which we sympathize to-day. It may be interesting to compare with this work of a representative contemporary some one of the representative paintings of one of the older schools, for example, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," the engraving of which still hangs on the walls of many of the older households, and a painting which, for many years, was regarded by English-speaking Bible readers "with almost religious fervor." The recent publication of Hunt's autobiography, with his reminiscences of the early struggles of the brotherhood, furnishes us with many curious and interesting details of a period much unlike any known to American art.

The elaborate symbolism of the time once accepted, we can readily follow Hunt's elucidation of his theme. "The closed door was the obstinately shut mind; the weeds, the cumber of daily neglect, the accumulated hindrances of sloth; the orchard, the garden of delectable fruit for the dainty feast of the soul. The music of the still small voice was the summons to the sluggard to awaken and become a zealous laborer under the Divine Master; the bat, flitting about only in darkness, was a natural symbol of ignorance; the kingly and priestly robe of Christ, the sign of His reign over the body and the soul to them who could give their allegiance to Him and acknowledge God's overrule. In making it a night scene, lit mainly by the lantern carried by Christ, I had followed metaphorical explanations in the Psalms: 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path,' with also the accordant allusion by St. Paul to the sleeping soul: 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'"

Ruskin, naturally, had a discourse to pronounce before this painting. Some months after its completion he wrote at length to the *Times* in its defence. Standing by it in the Royal Academy exhibition, "for upwards of an hour, I watched the effect it produced

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upon the passers-by. Few seemed to look at it, and those who did almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in His hand." Then he goes on to give in minute detail its "palpable interpretation" as that, "the chain wrapped about the wrist of the figure shows that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ. . . . For my part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art produced in this or any other age."

WILLIAM WALTON.

THE "Light of the World" was painted in 1853, and engraved not long afterward for one of those art dealers who had leagued themselves together in the "Publishers' Association." It was the main object of their association to impart some positive meaning to the old terms, "proof," "artist's proof," "proof before the letter," "proof with open letter," and so on; ending always with "print" as the humblest form of genuine impression, the later pulls from the engraved plate. Now, as my copy, reproduced, page 766, has upon its margin only that single indication, the stamp of the association, and as it is now many years since I bought it, it has come about that the engraver's name is lost.* The plate is large, measuring nearly two feet three inches in height.

The subject and its general treatment in that picture was sympathetic to me when I believed in Pre-Raphaelitism in a special way, and it is sympathetic to me still. I do not know that a more veritably religious work has been produced at any epoch. The emblematic treatment of the theme does not take from its tremendous force; and the appeal remains as strong and as lasting as if it were not embodied in a painting of considerable charm of color, or, in the print, of much beauty of light and shade. The symbolism is just simple enough, just obvious enough, for purposes of fine art. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Revelation, iii, 20.) But the door is fast shut and overgrown with weeds, and with strong, woody, and thorny vines. He who knocks may be thought to ask in vain for admittance. The door of the heart has been shut so long that the witness of the scene doubts whether it will ever open. Meantime, the light of the spirit is brought by that divine visitor to mingle with the cool light of nature, the gentle aspect of the moonlit orchard. The visitor is at once the priest, that is to say, the sacrificer in whose person all sacrifice is embodied, and the king who bears at once the two crowns of suffering and of eternal rule. These theological assumptions are not held, of necessity, by everyone who admires such a work; but they are to be taken as the basis of the judgment when we pass upon it. If you ask, why this robe, this breastplate, these crowns, that is the answer. He who knocks at the door of the heart is, as the very text of the Apocalypse asserts, "One like to the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot." It is true that the painter was not careful to follow to the end the description of the majestic presence thus described (Revelation i, 13 ff.), but we are safe in assuming that that description seemed to him to transcend the powers of pictorial art. What Hunt's art could give, he bade it give, combining the allegories nearly as they are combined in the text itself, and seeking before all things the expression of a mystical and enthusiastic devotion.

It is odd to see quoted in Hunt's autobiography a long speech by Thomas Carlyle denouncing this and all other such ways of dealing with the Christian story. The least critical of all able thinkers and fluent writers, Carlyle had also to the full that absolute blindness to things connected with art of form and color and visible objects, which was his fair inheritance as a mid-century North Briton. And odd it is to find his long preachment pointing so directly as it does to the non-ecclesiastical religious art dealt with in our number of last April, and again in Mr. Walton's paper which precedes this.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

*I learn from Messrs. F. Keppel & Co. that the engraver was the well-known W. H. Simmons, and that the print was published in 1858.

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The professor cleared his throat and knocked the ash from his cigar.

"'Hem! Of course, it is to science that such phenomena must be referred for solution, but personally I have never given the subject any attention, and therefore it would be presumptuous on my part to offer any opinion. Perhaps Whitney here has an explanation——"

"Oh! as for me, I believe the true solution is the simple one that they are in league with the devil. It is very easy that way."

The priest laughed a little maliciously.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine* will not be on your side, professor," he said. "He not only believes in them, but he has friends among them. By the way"—he looked at Whitney—"what has become of that Peigan, Swift Arrow? He was one of the most astonishing *Jossakeed* I have ever seen." He turned again to the professor. "I wish, monsieur that you could have seen that man and some of his prophetic manifestations. He is a devoted friend of Monsieur Whitney's. Ever since he was saved from transportation to Regina and the jail there by *Monsieur le Capitaine* he has worshipped him."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Whitney hastily; "it was only a trifling service for which he has been absurdly grateful. You know they have such a horror of being sent out of their country. I have known them to die of nostalgia. I'll tell you all about a case like it some time, professor. As for Swift Arrow, I don't know where he is—haven't seen the beggar for as much as two years; haven't even heard of him. I think he has probably left these parts entirely."

Ericson, the orderly, was passing with a tray of clean glasses and a bottle of Scotch. He put up a hand to his mouth and coughed slightly to attract the captain's attention.

"Swift Arrow is in our shack, sir," he said. "He is come but fifteen minutes ago." Ericson was a Dane and proud of his English.

The professor leaned back heavily in his chair.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated; "this is rather extraordinary."

Ingalls was amused. He whispered to Stanway. "Another surprise for our doubting Thomas." Captain Whitney turned around in his chair.

"Speak of the devil! What does Swift Arrow want, Ericson?" he inquired.

The orderly grinned.

"He says, sir, that he wishes much to see Captain Wheetney; that the Great Spirit told him the captain had need of him to-night and he is come, but does not heem-self know wherefore."

"Well, tell him that the Great Spirit must have been playing a little joke on him, for I haven't the least need of him, and that I will see him to-morrow. I can't bother with him now. See that he is all right for the night." Whitney smiled a little uncomfortably and the professor laughed triumphantly.

"Well," he remarked, pouring himself out a glass of Scotch, "it was rather peculiar his arriving while we were talking of him, but the revelations of the Great Spirit to him as to the future were evidently not authentic this time. I suspect all of their communications are of about equal value." The professor was growing offensively complacent and positive.

"Why not have him in, Whitney, and let the old chap give us a *séance* for the benefit of the professor, here?" suggested Allen.

But Whitney negatived the proposition emphatically.

"No, no! I won't have the old chap make an exhibition of himself for our pleasure. If there were any real reason—he's such a confoundedly dignified old beggar—I won't have him laughed at." He laughed himself a little uneasily. "After all, professor," he said, making an effort to turn the conversation, "I don't believe the prophetic power of the Indian is as wonderful as another curious little trick he possesses of sending intelligence from one point to another with the most baffling rapidity and absolutely without messengers or signal so far as anyone has discovered. It's quite wonderful, I assure you, and sometimes occasions us no end of trouble."

"'Deed, that's so," chimed in Stanway, pushing his coffee-cup away and tilting his chair back comfortably. "The beggars are better at that mental telegraphy business than at anything else. Why last year, Steele, down at the Fort, chased a half-breed for two whole weeks before he came up with the ruffian. No matter what trail he took the Indian always got word somehow of his approach and escaped. Steele never knew how. He doubled and twisted on his own tracks but the Indian always seemed to know beforehand what he was going to do and would get away."

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The professor leaned forward on the table.

"This is indeed interesting, gentlemen. Do any of the rest of you know of similar instances?"

Stanway leaned toward Ingalls. "Your man's beginning to take notice," he said.

Berwick had addressed the priest, who looked up quietly.

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently; "many have been brought to my knowledge. We are waiting for science to give us a lucid and satisfactory explanation of them," and again he looked quizzically at the professor, who reddened slightly.

"I don't think——" began Allen.

"Sh!" Captain Whitney held up a warning hand. "What's that?" he said, and pushed his chair back from the table. Outside could be heard, coming nearer and nearer to the shack, the galloping of a horse, then "Whoa! steady there!" and the sound of a man leaping to the ground.

Ericson presented himself at the door.

"An orderlee from the post with message for Captain Wheetney."

He saluted and stood aside to let the orderly, covered with dust and tired out from his thirty-mile ride, pass in.

Captain Whitney ran his eye hastily over the letter the man handed him.

"Do you know anything of the contents of this despatch?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir."

"Ericson, take the orderly to your quarters and see that he is comfortable. Tell Sergeant Owens to report to me in fifteen minutes, ready for service."

The two orderlies disappeared to wash out their throats and make themselves otherwise "comfortable." Captain Whitney read the letter over again, and then leaning forward on the table, the paper held up to the light, he looked around at his guests.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was a queer little thrill of excitement in his voice, "I have just received a communication which is rather curious in view of our recent conversation, and which, as I am convinced you will preserve absolute secrecy on the subject, I will read to you. The letter is from Wainwright at Fort Donald, and is dated six o'clock this evening.

"To Inspector Whitney, Highwood Detachment.

"Sir: I have just received a telegram from Inspector Burke of the Banff detachment, apprising me of the murder, at four this afternoon, of a private, Thomas Dolan, in his division, by White Crow, a notorious Indian of that district. He has received most reliable information that the Indian has started eastward and by this time is in hiding with some of his people at a little place called Roy, fifty miles from there. As he feels confident that any approach from his detachment on the west would be immediately reported to the Indian in that mysterious fashion known to them, and so cause him to change his place of hiding, he decided to wire me the particulars, have me send a messenger immediately to you, and order you northward to capture White Crow. As it is absolutely impossible that the Indians to the south should have heard of the murder, your move to the northward will not attract any attention or be reported to him. News of the affair in all quarters, indeed, has been carefully suppressed, so that if you move quickly and cautiously you will undoubtedly come upon White Crow near Roy.

The orderly leaves here in half an hour and should be with you by ten this evening. He knows nothing of the affair.

"Wainwright,
"Inspector."

Captain Whitney glanced at his watch. It was just four minutes of ten. The orderly rode well.

"You will have to excuse me, gentlemen," he said, rising from the table. "I have much to attend to before starting, and we must get away as soon as possible. I hope, however, that you will stay and finish out the evening."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professor, "you don't mean to say, Whitney, that you are going to start out over the trackless prairie in the dead of night after an Indian murderer."

Whitney smiled.

"What did you expect? That I should wait here until these Indians got wind of the affair and let the man know that I am on his trail? Besides, the prairie isn't trackless. People talk ingenuously of the 'trackless prairie.' The trouble with it is that there are so many tracks that we need a guide——" he stopped suddenly and struck his hands sharply together. "By Jove, I had entirely forgotten! Both the Indian guide and the interpreter are away. Lost Arm is at Lethbridge and won't be here until to-morrow noon, and I let the interpreter go home to see his family to-night. It's entirely too far to send for him."

Father Lemaire looked at Whitney.

"Perhaps, after all, Swift Arrow's arrival was opportune. You couldn't find a better guide," he said quietly.

Allen gave a nervous little laugh.

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"By Jove, it's just like a fairy-tale! The Great Spirit must have given him a tip as to your difficulty to-night, after all, Whitney."

Whitney stood looking down, twisting the letter absently in his fingers.

"Just the man," he said. "And I need a guide badly. Never heard of Roy, but if it's fifty miles east of Banff it must be at least a hundred and five or ten miles from here."

There was a knock at the door and Sergeant Owens came in.

"Owens, bring Swift Arrow in here. I wish to speak with him."

In an instant the man was back, followed by a tall Indian who walked noiselessly in his doeskin moccasins. He was an old man, but as straight and quick as one of his own arrows.

"How!" he said gravely.

They returned his salutation and Whitney gave him tobacco. They all smoked in silence for a few minutes.

"Swift Arrow," said Whitney at length, "Lost Arm is in Lethbridge and I wish to go at once to Roy on particular business. Do you know where Roy is? Can you guide me? The pay is good."

The Indian blew a great cloud of smoke through his beaked nose.

"Good—much good that I come to-night, much good that I listen to Manito," he said tranquilly. "No pay for Swift Arrow. He goes for love of white friend. Roy far off—hundred mile 'cross prairie. The pale face," he pointed with the stem of his pipe toward the professor, "will ride too. He much tired."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the astonished professor; "I hope I shall do no such thing."

The Indian glanced at him carelessly. "Yes," he said with conviction.

The Catholic priest looked over at the professor.

"Why not?" he asked. "Since knowledge of the Indian is what *Monsieur le Professeur* seeks, why should he not go on this expedition? It is not so dangerous. It will teach him many things."

"Of course you'll go, professor," urged Ingalls. "It will really be tremendously interesting, and Whitney will be glad of company."

The captain looked doubtfully at his guest. He was wondering whether he could ride.

"Delighted to take him along," he said uncertainly.

"Easy horse for pale face—old bones very tired." Swift Arrow spoke lazily through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

The professor glared indignantly at the Indian.

"Confound his impudence! I'll go, if it's only to show that Indian I can ride," he declared hotly.

Allen laughed.

"That's right, professor. Do him up. All Indians are awfully stuck on their riding."

"Very well," said Whitney, still doubtfully. "We start at three. It's hardly worth while setting out sooner, as it is the dark of the moon, and we couldn't see our horses' heads before us. You'd better get as much rest as possible before then, professor. Ericson, you and Owens put up some rations and get the tents and ponies in readiness, and speak to no one of this expedition. I have letters to write and a report to finish. Stanway, will you be host in my absence?"

It was three o'clock when they started, Swift Arrow riding slightly in front, followed by Captain Whitney and Berwick, with Sergeant Owens in the rear. The professor was really an excellent horseman, and had no difficulty in keeping up with the stiff pace set by the Indian. They rode silently, for the world was asleep and deep shadows hung over the land. And when the sun came slowly up they were still held silent by the beauty of it all. The heavy purple clouds, paling slowly to amethyst and then to turquoise before the advancing light, were pierced here and there by long shafts of gold. Far overhead in the cool air, plovers with their sad cry dipped and circled about. Once they passed a small lake with teal and wild duck upon it. On the sides of *coulées* great bushes of prairie roses grew and flung out their fragrance and millions of forget-me-nots blossomed under their horses' feet. Drowsy cattle stirred here and there, "rustling" in the short, sweet prairie grass. It was a silent, beautiful world they galloped through that June morning.

When the day had fully dawned they drew rein for breakfast, and at noon they rested again for an hour, for it was very hot. Late in the afternoon they came upon a little open space, surrounded by cottonwoods and near a stream where Captain Whitney

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thought it would be well to camp for the night.

The sergeant was putting up the two tents they had brought and Captain Whitney was hobbling his horse when suddenly Swift Arrow, who was watching the operations from afar, came close up to the officer.

"Not go any farther now—stay here?" he asked, spreading out his hands.

The captain nodded.

"We are all tired out and must rest to-night. Hold up your hoof, Duke."

Swift Arrow regarded him a moment. "Indians right behind—ride fast, Indians."

Captain Whitney straightened up with a start.

"What! You don't mean we are followed? Who could have known?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Ye-es—that right—Indians after us. Maybe they get to Roy first."

"But *how* do you know?" The officer's voice shook with impatience. The Indian only regarded him quietly with a blank expression on his face.

"White man don' see all Indian sees," he remarked impassively. Captain Whitney looked at the A tent and the hobbled horses in perplexity and chagrin. And then an idea struck him, but he determined to keep it even from Swift Arrow for the present.

Supper was over and the horses had been fed and watered and had had three hours' rest, when Captain Whitney left the professor and went through the inky darkness over to the bell tent, where the sergeant and Swift Arrow were already soundly sleeping. He raised the flap and entered. First he shook Owens by the arm, and when he got the private aroused he bent over the sleeping Indian and called to him softly. The man sprang up.

"I want you, Swift Arrow," said the captain, "to go and get our horses and saddle them quickly—all but Owens'. He is going to stay here while we push on. I am hoping to deceive the Indians on our trail—whoever the beggars are and wherever they are—into thinking we have camped for the night, and so get far ahead of them."

The Indian grunted.

"Good—much good," he said and moved noiselessly out into the night.

"You, Owens, are to stay here and keep the fires going and move about as much as you can. Try and be four men, if possible."

Owens saluted sleepily, and the captain went back to his tent and the professor, who was sitting on his saddle-cloth in the most uncomfortable position and looking moody but game.

"How d'y' suppose they found out we had started and how on earth did Swift Arrow, or whatever the chap's name is, find out that they had found out? It beats me. He was with us the whole way and *I* never saw a thing." There was a touch of irritation in the professor's voice. A gentleman and an Oxford don does not thoroughly enjoy being mystified by an ignorant savage.

"Give it up," said Whitney affably. "Here's Swift Arrow for your saddle-blanket. He's getting the horses ready."

It was intensely dark when they set out again, and they had to ride slowly. It seemed as if the Indian must have had some sixth sense to be able to guide them at all. Twice indeed they lost the trail and had to retrace part of the way and once the professor's horse stepped into a badger hole and nearly threw his rider. When the dawn began to break again they rode more rapidly. Suddenly Swift Arrow drew rein and pointed far down on his right to a group of brightly painted tepees nestled against the side of a steep *coulée*. A mile or so farther on, Whitney and the professor could see where the level line of the prairie was broken by a little settlement of rough, newly built frame houses. Evidently that was Roy, and the Indian village nearer them the hiding-place of White Crow.

They rode straight for the tepees, and as they neared them they could see that, early as it was, the place was wide awake. Young bucks were leading their ponies down to water and the squaws were making fires and hanging pots above them. Fat brown Indian babies toddled about among the dogs and horses in a reckless fashion. Captain Whitney halted before the largest and most brilliantly decorated tepee. An old Indian, evidently the chief, sat in front of it, smoking. The officer beckoned to Swift Arrow to interpret.

"Tell him that I come to arrest White Crow, whom I know to be here, for the murder of a private soldier at Banff. Tell him I wish the man given up at once and peaceably."

The Indian translated. Though it was the first he had heard of the murder, his

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impassive face betrayed not a trace of curiosity. The chief smoked on tranquilly.

"Tell him to give me his answer immediately, Swift Arrow." The officer was becoming impatient.

The old chief removed his pipe from his lips for a moment.

"Tell the White Mother's servant who moves as slowly as a half-frozen bear in winter that his quarry is gone. White Crow did indeed come among us late yesterday, but a swift-winged message breathed in his ear and he rode away quickly. Whither he went I did not ask and do not know." He resumed his pipe impassively, while Swift Arrow translated what he had said.

"Tell him I must have the camps searched, that I do not believe White Crow can have got away."

For an instant the old man's eyes blazed at the message, then arising gravely, he led the way to each tepee, ordering the young Indians out and aiding in the thorough search. At the end of half an hour it was evident that White Crow was not there and that none of the Indians knew where he was.

"'Pon my word, this thing grows uncanny." The professor's teeth chattered audibly as he spoke. Perhaps it was the effect of the keen morning air.

"It's most vexatious, I know that! If I had not been so sure of catching him here I would have brought more men. As it is, there aren't enough of us to divide up into search parties, and we shall have to go to Calgary to get help or back to the detachment."

"My dear Whitney, it's a very small matter whether you catch the man or not. What *I* want to know is by what mysterious agency was he apprised of our coming!"

"As an officer of the Mounted Police, naturally my point of view differs from yours," said the captain stiffly. "However, if you want to find out about the psychological, or scientific or whatever you choose to call it, aspect of the thing, why don't you go and interview the chief?"

Berwick thought the advice good, and taking Swift Arrow with him, went over to where the chief sat smoking again as tranquilly as though nothing had happened. He did not find out much, though. All the information he could extract from the taciturn old warrior was conveyed in a single, enigmatical sentence.

"The voice of the messenger glides swiftly over the land and breathes in the ear of the listening brave. Like the lightning it flashes across the plains and mountains. More than that I do not know."

The professor went back to Whitney.

"The beggar won't tell me a thing," he declared testily, "and he has the audacity to use semi-scientific terms in describing the phenomenon. Talks about lightning flashing across the plain. He might be describing wireless telegraphy! Bless my soul! If I stay in this country much longer I won't know what to think." The professor's intellect was expanding in leaps and bounds and it was most uncomfortable and perplexing.

The captain laughed ruefully. "I don't know what to think now," he said. "All I know is that our cattle are completely used up, not to mention ourselves, and that White Crow has been informed of our search and escaped. We shall have to stay here half the day anyway to be able to move at all. Confound that Indian! If I only knew where he was!"

The professor looked out through the entrance of the tent across the prairie.

"Why don't you ask Swift Arrow where he is? The gentleman seems to know everything." The professor essayed a flippant tone, but Whitney was not deceived. The leaven was working.

"By Jove, not a bad idea," he said, and went to the door of the tent, which the Indian had put up. Swift Arrow was outside and walked quietly to meet Whitney. From his place in the tent the professor could see them speaking together earnestly, and at first the Indian seemed to protest, but finally, making a gesture of assent, he followed Whitney slowly back. The officer threw himself down by Berwick.

"Prepare yourself, professor," he said, smiling a little uncertainly. "After all, you are going to have a chance of finding out what an Indian prophet is worth. We are going to have a *séance* with the Great Spirit, the Gitchi Manito. Swift Arrow didn't want to do it much at first, but his gratitude for the little service I did him—you remember the Regina affair—finally overcame his scruples about assisting in the arrest of this brother Indian, and so he is going to hold a conference with the powers that be and find out just where White Crow is. It

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can't do any harm and it will fill up the time while we wait," he added, avoiding the professor's eye. The professor looked at him sharply.

"Don't pretend that you don't believe in this thing, Whitney! Why, man, I'm getting downright superstitious myself."

The captain chuckled a little and watched Swift Arrow out of the corner of his eye. The man was going quietly about clearing a space in the corner of the tent. Over this he spread carefully a heavy blanket which he had worn thrown about his shoulders during the night ride, and having removed his shaps, moccasins, and shirt, he lay down upon it. Drawing the four corners together, he wrapped himself tightly in it. To the two men watching him, it looked as if the Indian had fallen quickly asleep, but in a few moments he became very pale, drops of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he began to mutter incoherently.

The sides of the tent were drawn up, for it was intensely hot and the Indians came and gathered about the tepee, staring at the pallid figure stretched out on the ground. The old chief took his station at the entrance and smoked pipeful after pipeful of Kinnikinick.

For an hour and more Swift Arrow lay in a stupor, muttering unintelligibly, his limbs now and then twitching convulsively. Captain Whitney was intensely bored. He felt extremely ridiculous in his own sight and assured himself over and over that only the impossibility of getting away with his used-up horses prevented his ordering Swift Arrow to break off his conference with the Great Spirit and strike the tent. He pretended to sleep, but was really wide awake and listening to the suppressed hum of conversation from the Indians surrounding the tepee. The professor was writing vigorously in his note-book and trying to appear unconcerned. In reality he too was nervous as a cat, and his mind in a state bordering on revolution.

Suddenly Swift Arrow gave a wild cry and leaping to his feet, threw off the blanket and stood in the center of the tent. Great rivulets of perspiration rolled off his body, his face was pallid, and a light froth lay on his lips. He passed his hand slowly across his forehead as if stupefied, but his eyes were preternaturally bright. The frightened Indians crowding around the tent fell back a little at the sight. Whitney and the professor sat up stiffly, awaiting what was to come. There was a little mocking smile on the officer's face, but Berwick was extremely serious. If there was anything in the exhibition the professor was determined to find out what it might be.

Swift Arrow stood for a moment passing and repassing his hand across his eyes, then he motioned to the Indians outside to leave the tent. When they had all gone away he sat down beside the English officer and began to smoke. For a few seconds he was silent, then laying aside his pipe, he leaned forward and began to speak rapidly in short, jerky sentences.

"The Great Spirit has talked with me. To-night, at dark, you find White Crow at Morlon's—he half-breed. Forty mile from here to south, at foot of great Rockies. Swift Arrow knows place well. Down by *coulée*."

Captain Whitney looked straight ahead of him.

"Do you mean that White Crow has doubled back and gone southwest for forty miles to the foothills?"

The Indian nodded.

"And shall we come up with him toward dusk at the half-breed Morlon's?"

The Indian nodded again and, picking up his pipe of Kinnikinick, strode out of the tent.

The professor looked over at Whitney.

"Shall we try it?" he asked excitedly. Captain Whitney smiled doubtfully.

"I say, Whitney, really I think we might as well see what's in it." The professor's voice was urgent and the captain could not help smiling.

"Very well, I had already decided to wire Burke and go back to the detachment, so that it will be but little out of the way. If we don't catch him—if—if Swift Arrow here is simply having a little fun with us, I can wire him from the Post, and if we are to get there by dusk we will have to leave here a little after three. I propose that we get some good rest until then."

It was almost four when the tired little party started south again, and twenty times as they galloped across the hot prairie Captain Whitney changed his mind as to whether to follow Swift Arrow's lead. But almost before he knew it they had left the direct southern trail and were veering off to the right, straight toward the Rockies. Glad that the thing had been decided for him, he

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rode mechanically forward, his eyes dazzled by the splendor of the afternoon sun that shone full in his face.

They rode so for many hours and dark had descended upon them when the Indian, turning sharply to the right, led the way down a rocky road to the bed of a mountain stream, and there on its bank they suddenly came upon the little shack of Morlon, the French half-breed.

"Bless my soul, Whitney, this is the loneliest and most God-forsaken spot I ever saw!" The professor spoke in a whisper. The desolate aspect of the place seemed to compel silence.

"Wait here," said the captain to Berwick and the Indian, and he rode alone up to the door of the shack. He knocked, and in an instant the tall figure and unprepossessing face of Morlon appeared. The man held a candle in his hand, and by its light Whitney could see that he was about equally frightened and relieved at the sight of his uniform.

"I want White Crow, the Indian who is hiding here," he said briefly.

The man's hand shook so that the wax of the candle spilled over.

"I—he—is not—why do you think he is here?"

"Come," commanded Whitney sternly, "give him up at once or I will arrest you, too."

The man pointed over his shoulder to an inner room.

"He is in there," he said in a frightened voice. "I did not want him to come. Bad Indian. He told me he kill me if I not hide him. He just come—little while ago. I don' want him."

He stepped discreetly and hastily out of the house while Captain Whitney went in to get the Indian. White Crow made no resistance, rather to the professor's regret—he had followed Captain Whitney into the shack—and they easily made him their prisoner. He had not slept and had scarcely tasted food for fifty hours, and there was no fight left in him.

"By Jove, I'm glad we have got this fellow at last!" said Whitney. They were in the corral slipping the saddles off their tired ponies preparatory to having a good night's rest at the half-breed's shack.

"My dear fellow," remarked the professor testily, "as I before said, catching him is a secondary matter. The thing that interests me is the way in which he has been found. I have thought of it from every conceivable point of view, and can make nothing of it. It's most extraordinary—most extraordinary!"

Whitney laughed. "My dear professor, you must not take this affair too seriously. It was in all probability a mere accident, a coincidence, if you will, strange but perfectly explicable. Men like you and myself don't believe in the supernatural."

"But all truth-searching minds are open to conviction, no matter what their previous prejudices may be. Do you mean to tell me that the events which have taken place since night before last—the unexpected and timely appearance of the Indian Swift Arrow, the communication from your superior officer pertinent to the very conversation in hand, the seemingly sure official intelligence directing us to Roy and the mysterious communication of our approach to the murderer, the absolute lack of knowledge of his whereabouts and his location by this Indian prophet——" the professor was sputtering and breathless.

Whitney laughed heartlessly again. "I repeat that while it seems strange it may all have been a coincidence. There was nothing particularly wonderful in Swift Arrow's visit to the detachment. I had not seen him for a long while—it was time for him to turn up. As for White Crow's escape from Roy—he may never have been there. These Indians are awful liars. They saw that we expected to find him there and they may have concluded that it would bring less suspicion upon them to say that he had been there but had gone than to deny his ever having been there. As for his presence here—that may have been a lucky guess only on Swift Arrow's part. Morlon may be friendly with that particular Indian, and if he is, depend on it, every other Indian knows it. His place is secluded and Swift Arrow may have very shrewdly surmised that he would come to him in trouble——"

"Of all narrow-minded, bigoted, conventional, hard-headed, doubting idiots, commend me to an Englishman!"

"Oh, come, Berwick!" Whitney was laughing so he could hardly speak. "How about scientists?"

"Who's talking about scientists? Science be damned!" said the professor recklessly and emphatically, and he followed the captain into the shack.

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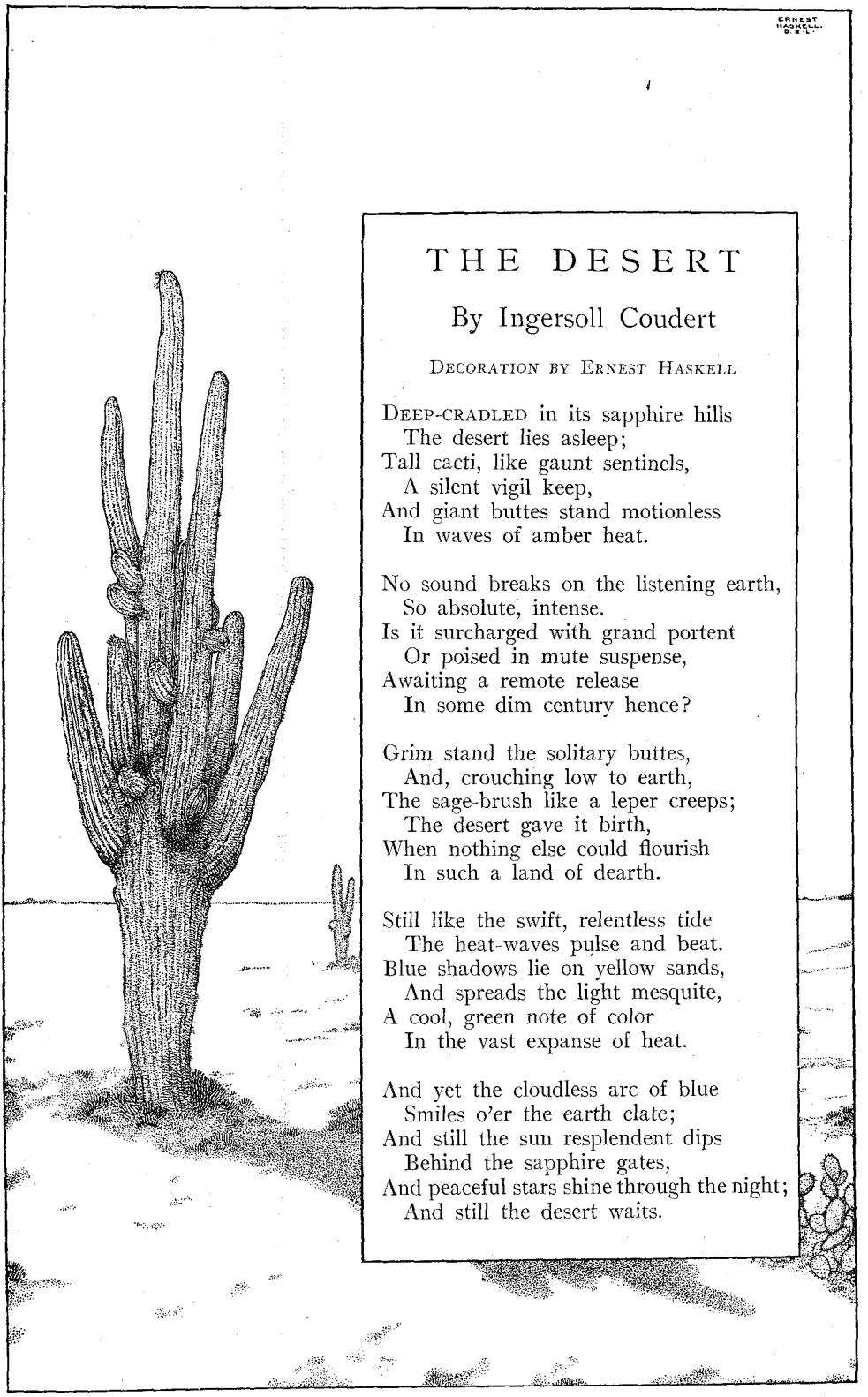

THE DESERT

By Ingersoll Coudert

DECORATION BY ERNEST HASKELL

DEEP-CRADLED in its sapphire hills
The desert lies asleep;
Tall cacti, like gaunt sentinels,
A silent vigil keep,
And giant buttes stand motionless
In waves of amber heat.

No sound breaks on the listening earth,
So absolute, intense.
Is it surcharged with grand portent
Or poised in mute suspense,
Awaiting a remote release
In some dim century hence?

Grim stand the solitary buttes,
And, crouching low to earth,
The sage-brush like a leper creeps;
The desert gave it birth,
When nothing else could flourish
In such a land of dearth.

Still like the swift, relentless tide
The heat-waves pulse and beat.
Blue shadows lie on yellow sands,
And spreads the light mesquite,
A cool, green note of color
In the vast expanse of heat.

And yet the cloudless arc of blue
Smiles o'er the earth elate;
And still the sun resplendent dips
Behind the sapphire gates,
And peaceful stars shine through the night;
And still the desert waits.

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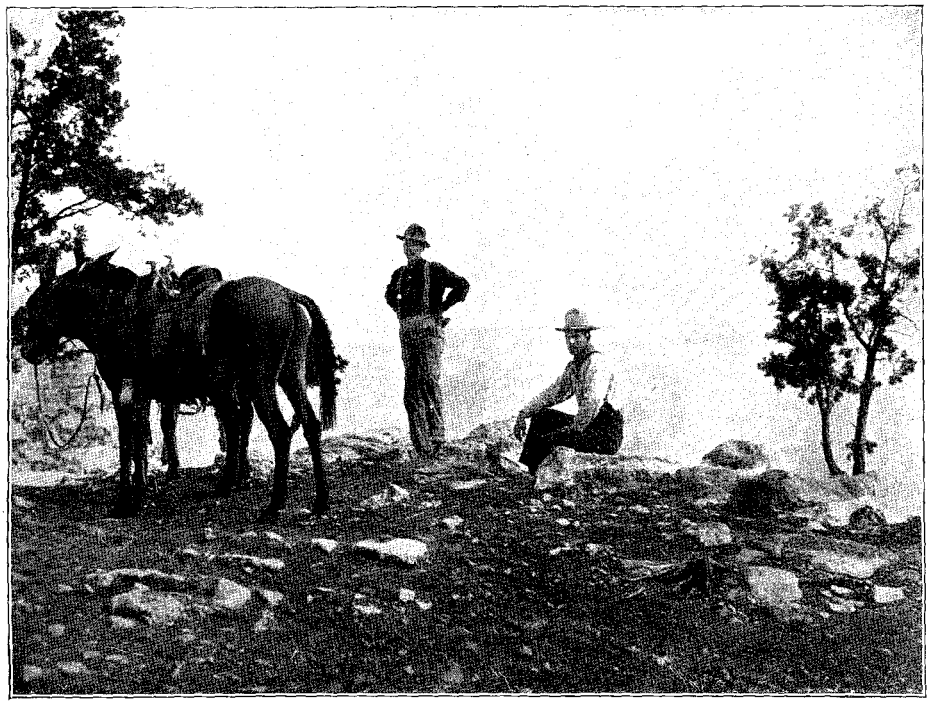

Two of the oldest guides and mules.—Ready for the trail.

OVER NIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE GRAND CANYON

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

IT seemed very absurd to expect that there would be anything to see when we did arrive. The fragmentary town on the main line had already dropped below the horizon, water-tanks and all; the tall San Francisco peaks, with the cool snow laid on over the deep purple, were fast following suit, and on every other side was an absolutely unlimited gray nothing—beautiful in its immense way—but for all that, a motionless, desert nothing. And to be cruising about by one's self in the midst of it with a solitary little engine and one car looking for scenery seemed like scouring the North Atlantic in a dory in quest of freshly laid eggs. Still the conductor, who went on this wild-goose chase every day of his life, assured us all that at five o'clock we would be looking at the most tremendous scenery that this planet could possibly provide. "There," said he, "you can even see the dim line of the northern rim ahead of us now." But this was at two o'clock, and not being used to looking ahead to where we should be three hours afterward by rail, our imaginations still refused to work. We knew that it was quite true, of course, but could not believe it for all that.

So we lit more cigars and waited; and the desert grew grayer and dryer, the birds flew more drearily away from the carcasses of the cattle our little locomotive had killed on former excursions desertward, and the cactus bunches huddled closer to the ground

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for company. Finally, in sheer loneliness, I think, the locomotive dropped down abruptly into a crooked gorge, wherein many thousands of years before had flowed a fine river. Then, after twisting about in this precisely as the river had done, we rose again and found ourselves unexpectedly among trees—thin pines they were, and there from behind them came a troop of Indians on horseback with never a saddle nor stirrup, but wearing enough colored, tattered blankets about them to make them very wild and picturesque. At the same moment—obviously in pure mockery, for no one could have been within a hundred miles of being run over—the engine blew a shrill shriek and stopped short after the manner of Lincoln's steamboat.

Going down Bright Angel trail.

Grand Canyon train arriving at the edge of the canyon.

We were out in an instant, hoping it was a holdup or something exciting to relieve the monotony, but it was not a holdup. Only, over behind the trees appeared a great, gaunt wall of impossibly red rock. One glimpse of it was enough. The things we had been unable to imagine before came to us in a flash. We ran out through the trees until we came to the end of the world—the very brink of it—and looked down into the depths of the regions below a straight mile and a quarter!

"By Jove!" said Hamilton. I remarked something equally original; but there was nothing one could say about it after all. The guide books, the advertisements, even our enthusiastic conductor had all failed. So we both fell silent and stood in the one spot—quite forgetting we could see just as much sitting down—for I have no idea how long, looking, and looking, and looking. That dim cliff line we had seen three hours away was but a sort of yellow earth-cuticle apparently. It reminded me a little of the Palisades on the Hudson, and bore about the same relative proportion here as the frosting to the cake under it. Below it, in sharp contrast, began that terrible red cliff—as red as though the warring of the elements had soaked it through and through with blood. And that went down and down, and rose again in promontories, and jutted out in huge islands with half a dozen square miles on their flat tops, as gaunt and weather-scarred as itself, and fell away into a side canyon here and there for a whole day's journey, and half hid its strange shapes under a faint purple mist that hung below us like a sky upside down. But that was not all, for the poor old earth was laid bare to the very bones here—black granite bones they were—and deeper down in these than we could see from our position rushed the river. Its very faint, far-off roar came to us on the evening breeze.

And all this while the sun was dropping down and the night was rising like a tide of dark water out of the bottom of it, and the colors up above were now more gorgeous, now fainter. No two moments were the same. Finally the stars came.

"Will you gentlemen take dinner here?" said a surprisingly human voice from out the dusk behind us. We turned with a start and remembered dinner, rooms, hotels, trains—all the things we had forgotten when we ran out through the woods. The other passengers had undoubtedly secured all the good rooms; small loss compared to what we had been seeing, however.

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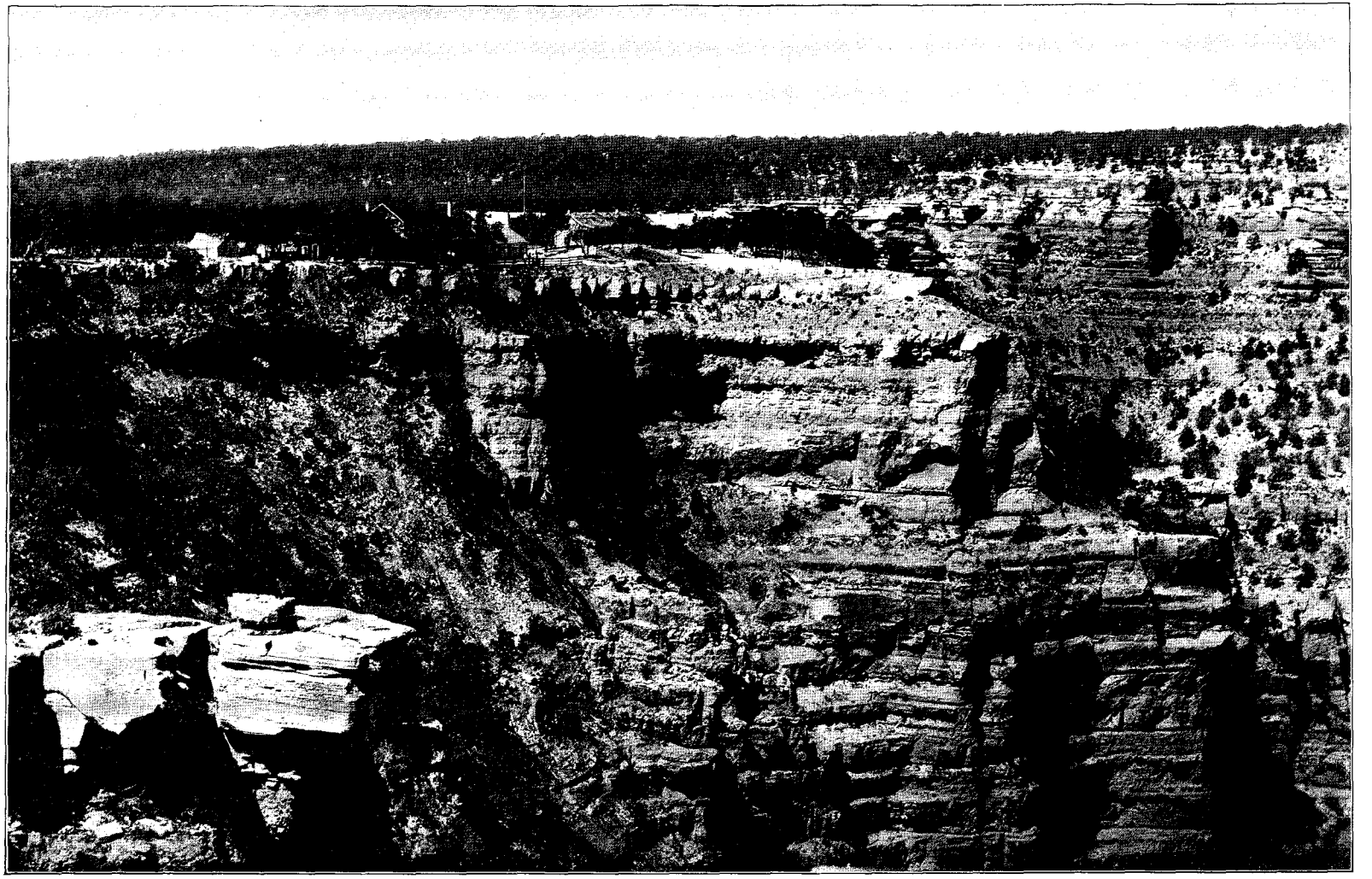

The old hotel on the brink.—Bright Angel.

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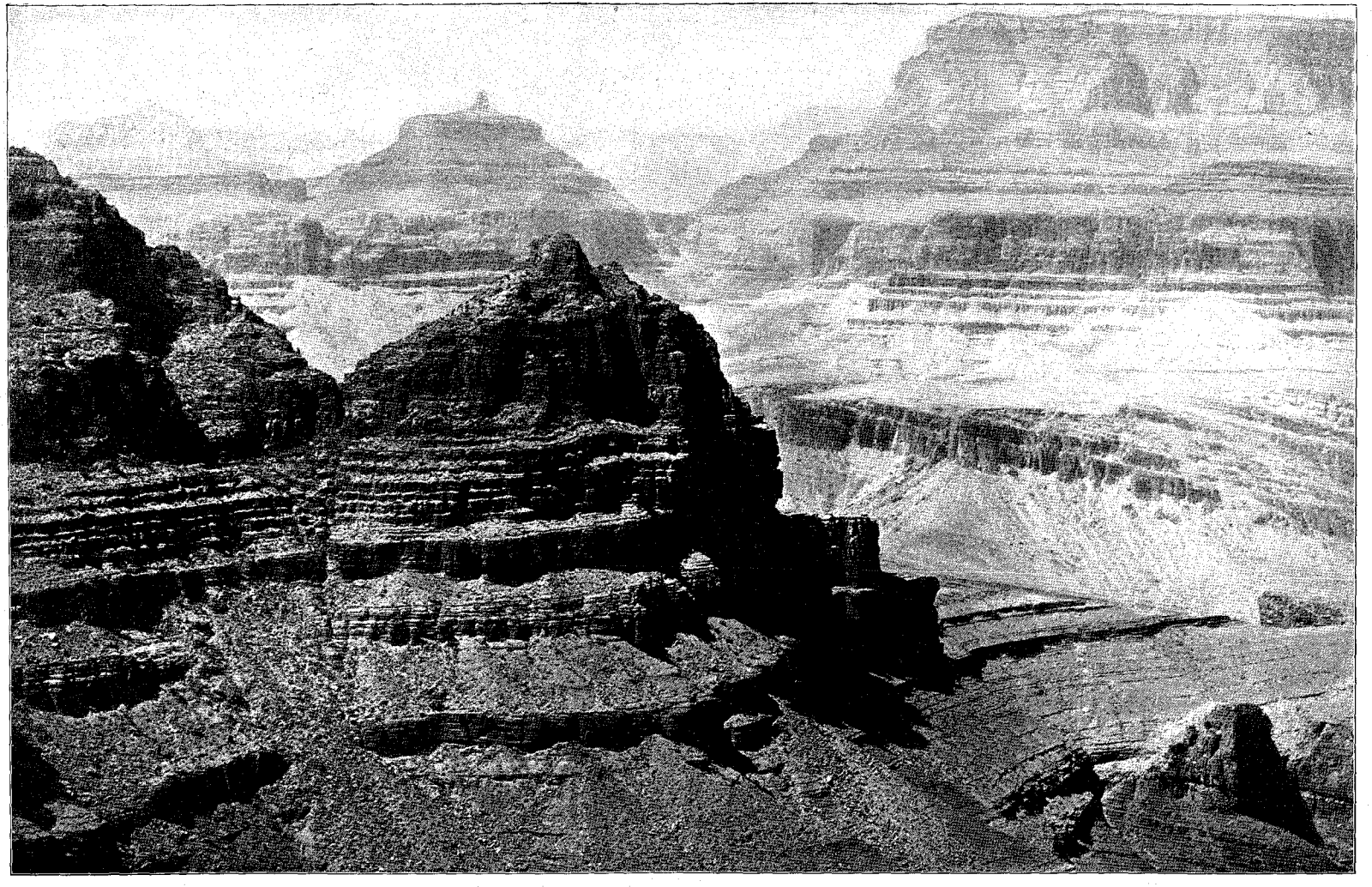

North-west from trail across the Canyon.—Nearest pyramid, three miles; distant pyramid, nine miles. (Full-power telephotograph.)

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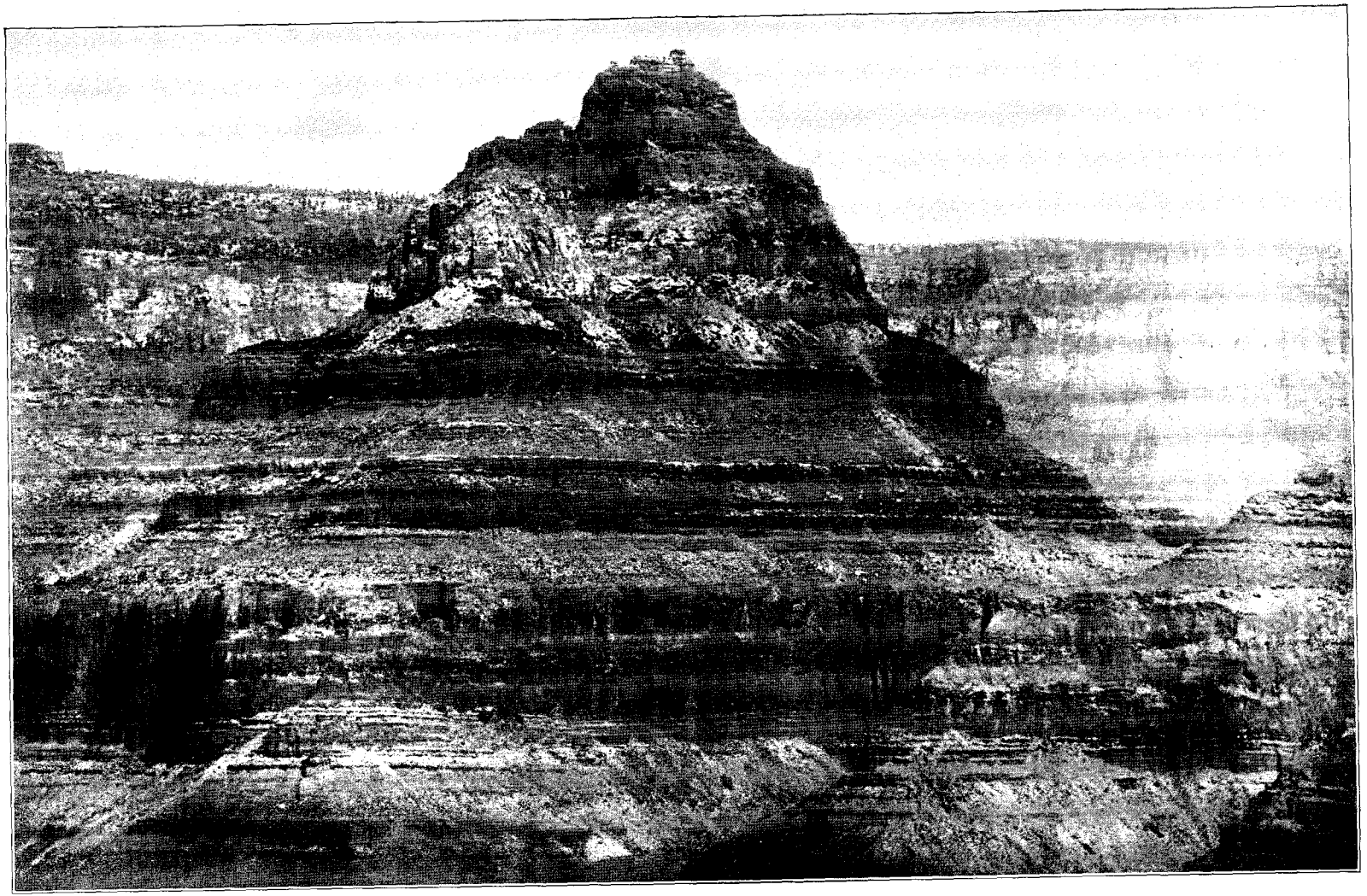

The Tower of Babel, eleven miles from camera; height, 5100 feet above river.—The opposite side of Canyon is fifteen miles from camera. (From a telephotograph.)

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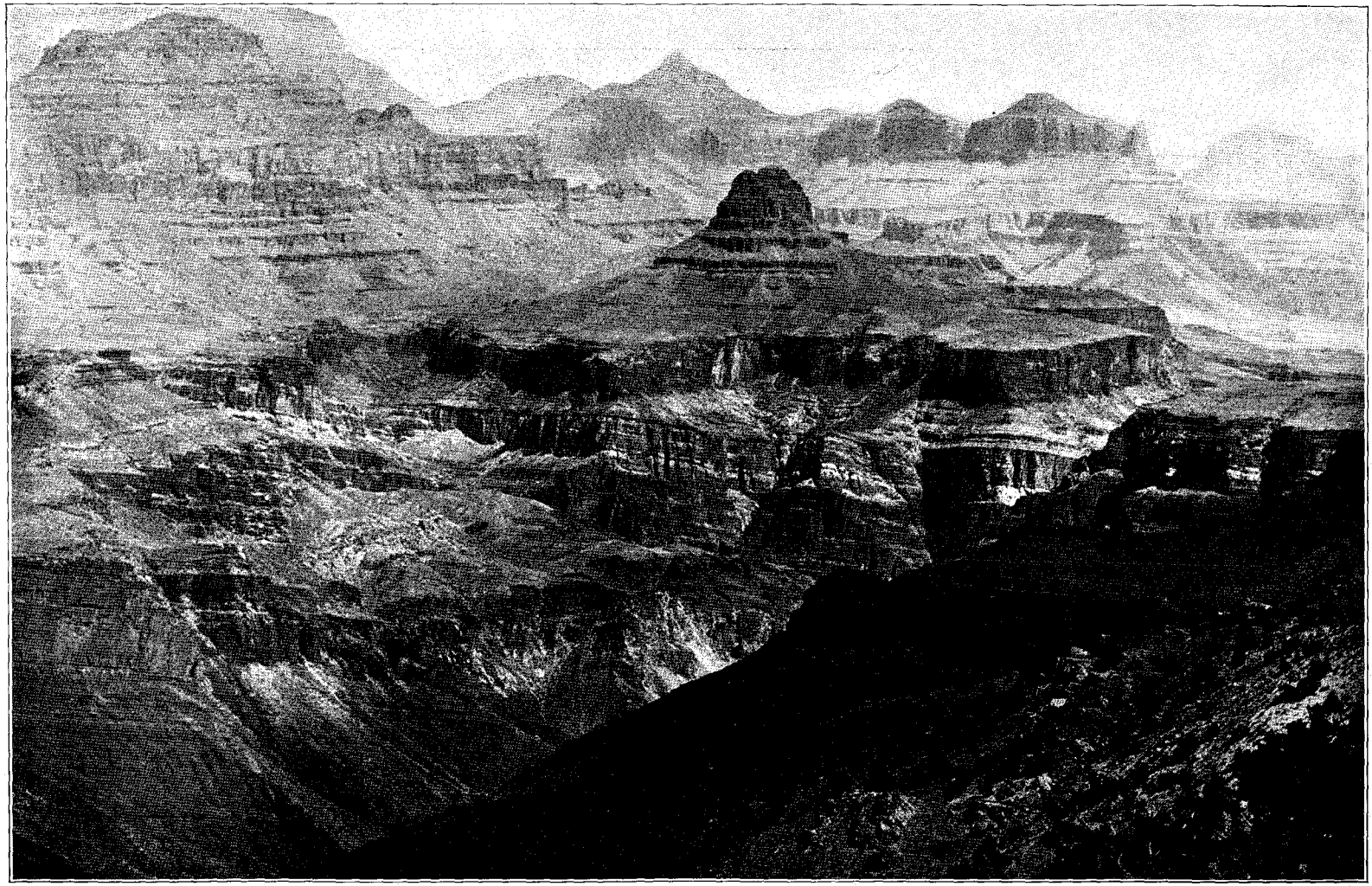

The Temple Pyramid, nine miles away; height, 4000 feet.—Extreme right butte, twenty-one miles distant.—North-east from trail. (Full-power telephotograph.)

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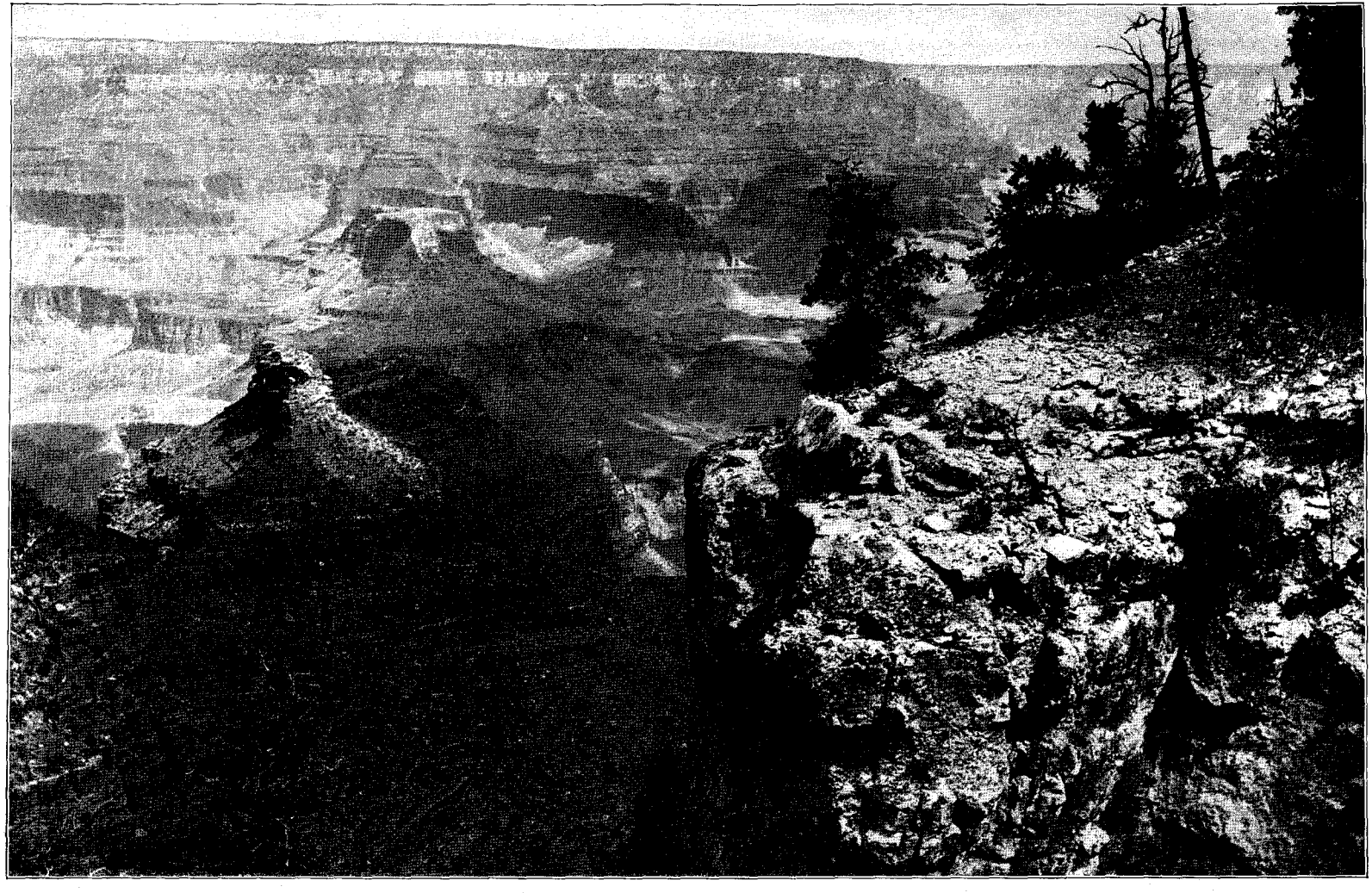

Looking down Bright Angel Trail.—The opposite side of the Canyon is eleven miles distant.—Depth of Canyon at this point is 6000 feet. (From a telephotograph.)

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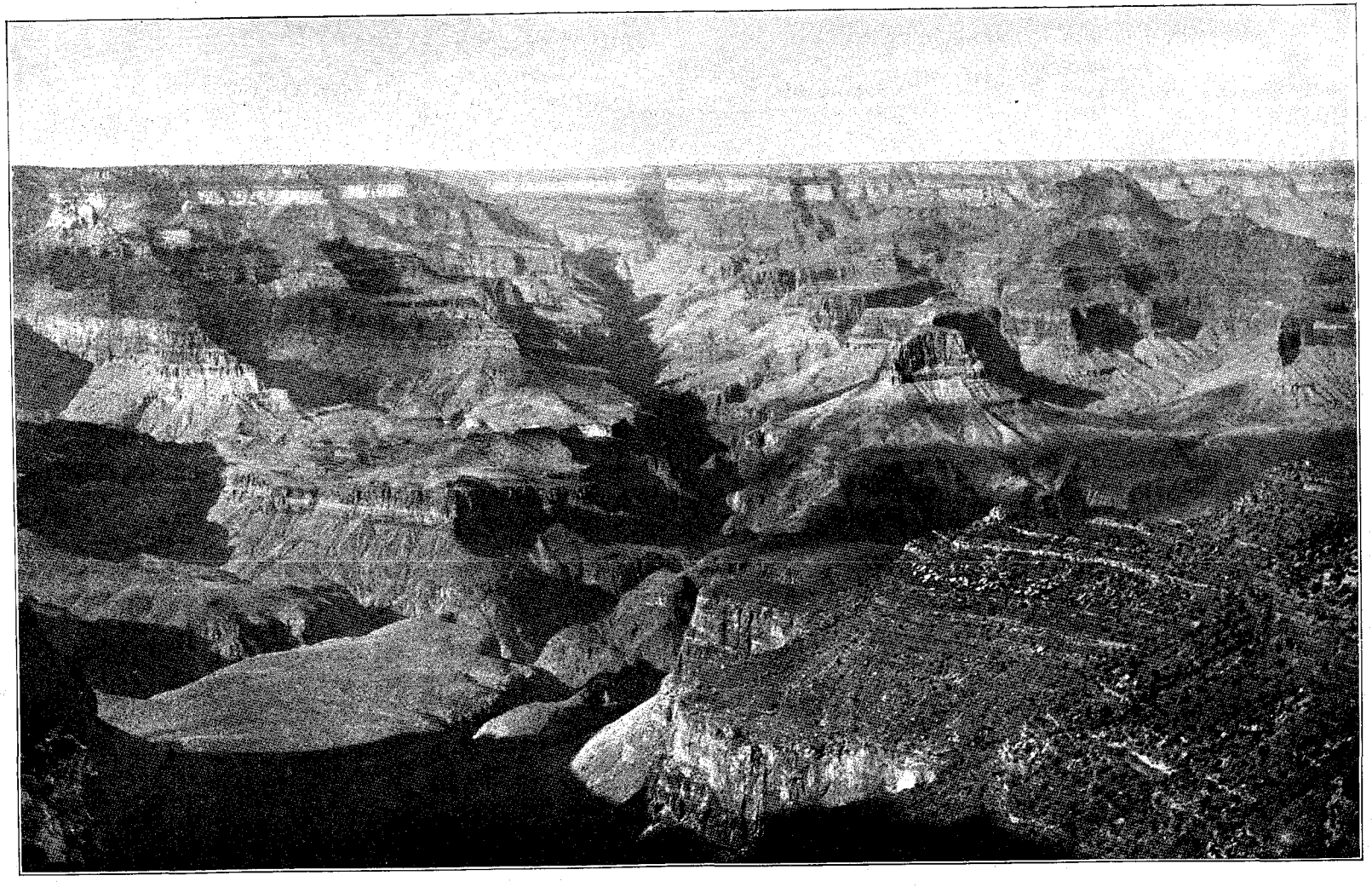

Bright Angel Canyon from hotel porch.—Edge opposite centre is fifteen miles distant. (From a telephotograph.)

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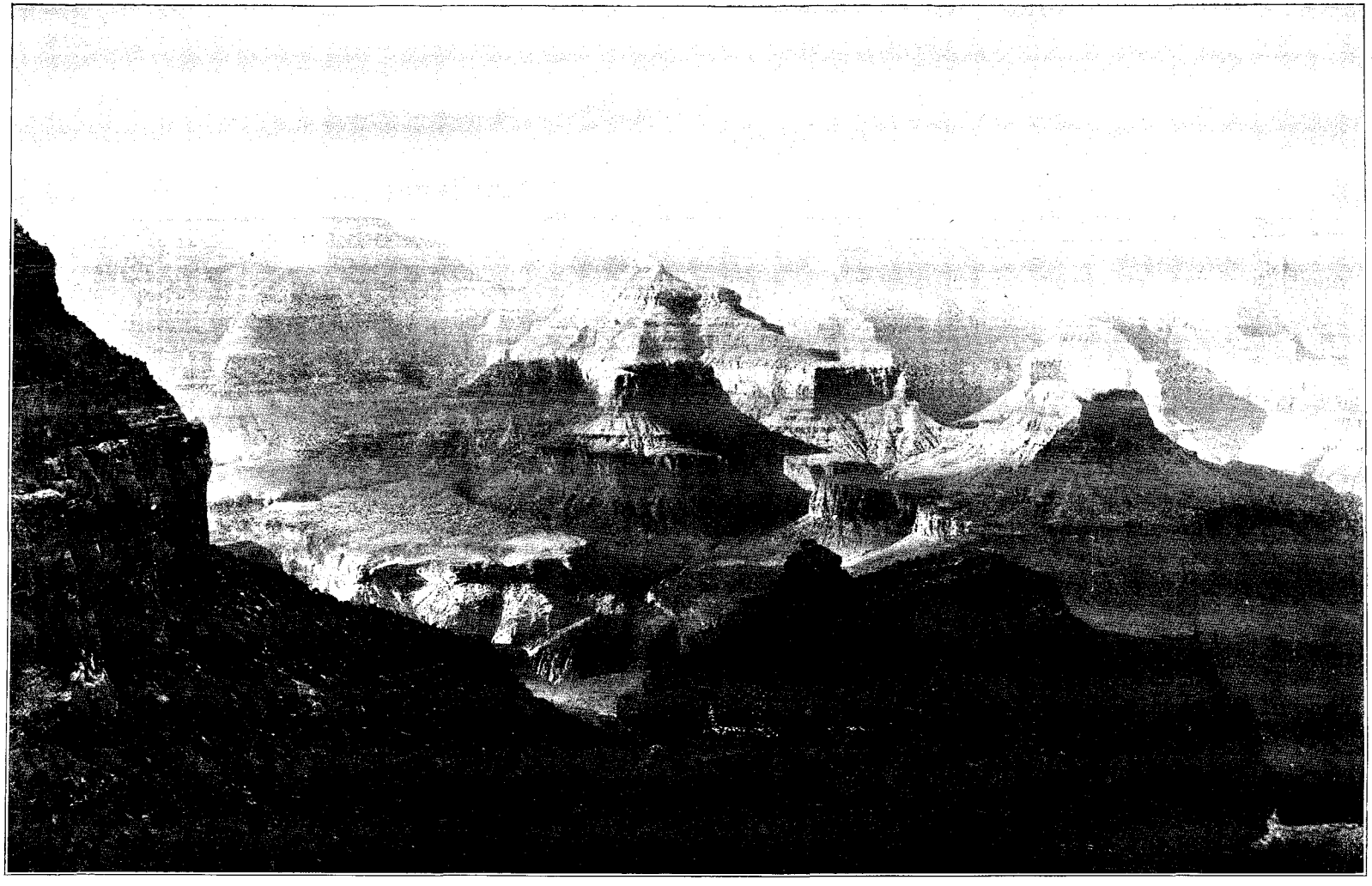

Across the Canyon from the porch of the hotel.—The opposite edge of the Canyon is thirteen miles away.—Centre pyramid, nine miles distant, is 4200 feet in height. (From a telephotograph.)

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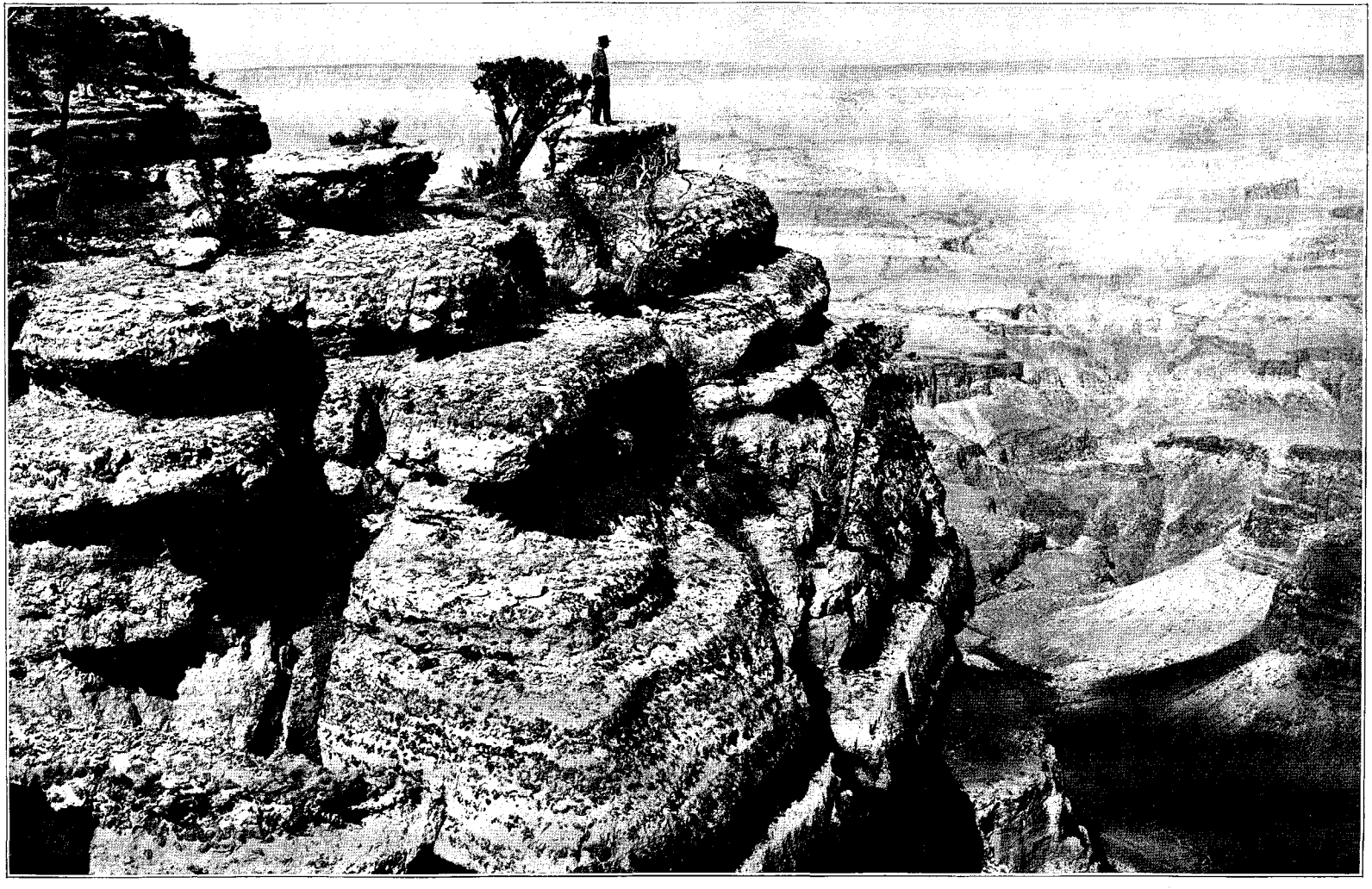

A fine example of erosion.—The trail, 4000 feet below, is seen in the lower right-hand corner.—The opposite side of the Canyon is thirteen miles distant. (From a telephotograph.)

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"Pleasant evening," continued the voice from under a broad hat, as its owner walked beside us over the soft pine needles with only a clink of spurs. "Did you see the mountain lion? No? I reckon he got a good look at you. Was pretty close behind you when I came up to call you."

"What! Lion!" exclaimed Hamilton. "I say, Buffalo Bill, or whatever your name is, you're not chaffing me for a foreigner, are you—a 'tenderfoot' do you call it? Why we haven't so much as a popgun, either of us."

"Then you're all right," said the guide—the owner of the unexpected voice—"for if you leave a mountain lion alone he'll do the same for you, see? But if you hit him with one of them pop-guns you was mentioning, it's like pressin' the button of a kodak. He does the rest. This feller's a friend of the cook's. Very fond of bacon rind and ham bones. If we could import a few goats, now, to eat the tin cans, we'd keep the place looking pretty neat."

This conversation brought us to the long log house in the clearing, which served as hotel and observation point as well. Inside was a dinner and the light of a huge log fire dancing at the windows. Now that the dark had come this was all very welcome.

The fire danced and roared all evening on a wide hearth and we sat—a score of us from all over the map—in a big circle with a strange background of red-and-white Navajo blankets on the walls with antlers and eagles' talons and buffalo robes and savage-looking spears mixed in for the light to play on. The guide, still wearing his spurs and leggings, sat in one corner whittling with a big knife and listening to the talk going round.

"And the strange part of it is," the lady from New York State was saying, "that these immense things you have out here seem to affect your people. They seem so big and whole-hearted when they shake hands with you. Hospitality—yes, but it is more than that; a quality you can't explain when you get back home any more than you could explain the scenery."

"As far as explaining the scenery," retorted the asthmatic lawyer who sat opposite, "it seems to me it's overexplained already. I don't see what you all come out here for anyhow—if you're sound. This is nothing but a big hole in the ground that happens to be bigger than any other hole. Why, as for scenery, the Natural Bridge of Virginia beats it all to pieces!

At this point the guide stopped whittling, uncrossed his legs and brought his heavy boot down with a bang. "I tell yer it don't do no such thing!" said he abruptly. "What's more, if it did, ye ain't qualified to say so because ye haven't seen this yere canyon yet, and never will. I knowed when I took ye down the trail yesterday ye warn't gettin' it, and it was way beyond yer. Everybody has tastes; that's all right. But it ain't no reason why ye should go back and say there's nothin' in what ye spent three days lookin' at and never seen." And with that he rose indignantly and clanked out into the moonlight. The lawyer looked indignant too.

But the conversation was happily brought up all standing, by a half-dozen Indians in weird trappings, who invited themselves in to dance for us. They were a picturesque crew, and though their faces were broader than they were long and their squaws bore the same proportions and permitted themselves the indignity of giggling, yet the wild cadence of their barbarous old songs and the firelight on their dark skins conjured up a picture that completely blotted out everything east of the Rockies from our minds. So when we strolled off to our silent little room, listening to the far-off yelp of the coyotes, we were feeling very, very far west indeed. "And do you suppose, old chap," said Hamilton out of the dark, "that beastly mountain lion would trouble to come in through the window to steal my boots? They smell deucedly like bacon rind since I had them oiled, you know."

It was just beginning to be gray dawn when a diminutive heathen Chinee poked in his pig-tailed head and said, "You likee fi'?" No, no time for a fire, even though we found mornings cold at 7,000 feet; we must be out and seeing the day break. In no time at all we were standing on the darksome brink of the world again. The cyclopean region far below was just beginning to shape itself together in huge masses out of the chaos. Here rose one of those great promontories, there came an island again; walls presently stood about them and divided into deep gulfs; so, gradually, we saw it

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all. We had just retreated to the breakfast-room for coffee and re-enforcements when something happened to the thin clouds in the east that let in a gorgeous red glow and stampeded the entire company at the table and brought them out to the railing, coffee cups in hand; and a few moments after came a level ray from the sun himself far over the plain and struck the yellow line of wall opposite, shattering it in a thousand shadows and glancing from point to point, twenty miles at a leap, like an echo of light, if such a thing might be.

Now, a sunrise in the Grand Canyon lasts as long as you please. Each hour is a sunrise for some cavern deeper than the last, and in fact there are many where it has yet to rise for the first time since the canyon was made by those ages of running water. So all this time we two sat on a flat ledge, with our heels dangling, our elbows on our thighs, watching while the clock and the sun and the shadows went round. But the human mind thinks largely by comparing one thing with another, and since there is nothing like that infinity of red-and-yellow cliff and pinnacle and palisade which we watched so long and silently, I know of no way to describe it after all our looking.

Hamilton I could see was thinking hard and feeling much over it. Only when his pipe went empty did he find speech. "Say, old chap, got a match?" And when he'd smoked it out again—"Say, old chap, got a match?" in the same words, as if he had never asked me before. Finally he reached a conclusion, stood up, heaved a heavy rock over the edge that went bounding and splintering and echoing away out of sight.

"You know, by Jove, our touchy friend, Buffalo Bill, was right last night. A fellow can look at this a long time and not see it. I hadn't seen it yet myself, you know. Why, it's twice as big to-day. It's tremendous—it's positively awful, old chap, in a way. If I gaze at it any more it will be big enough to drop the whole of Great Britain into, with the Houses of Parliament on top, and then, my dear fellow, you would be wanting my binoculars first thing, before I'd had a look, to find the clock tower. By the way, my pipe has gone out."

"For the fourth time since breakfast," I interpolated.

But now, from over the trees, came the sound of the train bell. It was already time to go—"already" because the hours had flown uncounted by us. But across the gray desert this time we carried with us clear and vivid in our mind's eye the gorgeous picture of the Grand Canyon, which seemed as though it could never fade away.

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THE ANCIENT LANDMARK

By William R. Lighton

Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set.—PROV. xxii. 28.

THE life of the people of Jamesburg had been wofully inane and listless for many years, until Noah Wharton came among them to bait their starving souls with a delicious sense of mystery.

The mystery began in the mere fact of his coming; for it was not patent why any man of parts, unmoved by dire stress of circumstances, should deliberately elect Jamesburg as the seat of his career. Jamesburg's claim to distinction had been buried long ago beneath the wreckage of the "boom days." While the boom had endured this had been a sprightly town, noisy with hammers and saws, alive with greedy speculators, its very street-gutters seeming to flow with money. No one had taken the pains to observe that the flush upon the face of events was hectic, foretelling an early decline. The boom had burst in due time, leaving a corpse-like village, with no life but the crawling sort that feeds upon the decay of civic greatness.

All around were dreary reaches of sand-prairie. A "spur" from the main line of the Union Pacific had been laid in the earlier years of promise—a sort of giant hypodermic syringe for injecting the land with toxic excitement; but now there was no traffic worth mentioning. A single combination-train made a round trip from the main line once each day, but without acknowledging allegiance to a tyrant time-table. Very rarely were there any passengers in the tail-end coach; now and then a drummer came, only to spend most of the time between trains in cursing the ill-luck that brought him there. Upon the tongues of the railroad men the place was "Jimburg." For many years there had been no additions to population save by the advent of dispirited infants, or as some dismantled relative of a townsman drifted in, after failing elsewhere, and began an ambitionless trial for a living, conscious of having kinfolk at hand to fall back upon. What the town thus gained in numbers was more than lost in the general average of vitality. It was a poor place, like many another of its coevals upon the high plains of the West.

In this state of things Noah Wharton appeared, as out of a clear sky. No one of the citizens had known of him, in advance of his coming; and to the inquisitive he said that he had no relatives in the State, nor any acquaintance nearer than Omaha. Yet there he was, and there he apparently meant to stay, for with no loss of time in tentative "looking 'round," after the usual fashion of the Western man who wishes to impress the importance of his thought of "locating," he rented a room for an office, moved into it his furniture, hung out at the foot of the stairway a signboard describing himself as a lawyer, and was at the mercy of the community.

Except for the fine courage shown in these introductory items of behavior, he would hardly have earned regard. His signboard, besides indicating his profession, was a fair index to himself. It had evidently seen long service elsewhere; it had been bent by wind, beaten upon by rain, and so ill-used that its legend was melted into the background in a tangle of rusty streaks, and barely legible. He, too, seemed to remain from some past time; he, too, had evidently been much exposed to the harsh weather of the world; and upon his outer self, at least, whatever brave letterings of character there might once have been were well-nigh faded into illegibility. None could tell his age with any certainty. He was an old man; but this was less in physical presence than in manner. He was robust enough in body, and forceful in speech, with a brain still fit for labor; but enthusiasm, and outward emotion of every kind, seemed quite dead. He had but one suit of clothes for all occasions—a black frock-coat considerably discolored upon the shoulders, mis-

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shapen gray trousers not a little frayed and trimmed at the lower hems, and a broad-rimmed "slouch" hat. His figure lacked much of elegance.

The town was not so zealous in these matters as to condemn him for his outward appearance; but there grew up in some minds an instinctive antipathy when it was found that he was one of those who have secret places in their souls, kept under lock and key. He would not surrender himself to idle curiosity; nor had the gossips ingenuity enough to satisfy themselves with guesswork. His mood was invariable—slow, unsmiling, approaching very near to absolute dulness. A shaggy gray beard hid all tell-tale signs about his lips and chin; his forehead, bulging through a tangled thicket of gray hair, betrayed nothing beyond imperturbable calm. It was only in his eyes, lit with a smouldering fire, that one skilled in reading men might have found some adequate token of himself. But the people of Jamesburg were lisping kindergartners in physiognomy. They disregarded his eyes.

One morning Ol' Tobe Doty appeared in the new office—an ancient fellow, hardened in shiftlessness, whose chief distinction was that he managed somehow to live, though he had not done a "lick" of work in ten years. He tottered in upon his heavy stick, dropped into a chair, tucked a morsel of tobacco into his shapeless mouth, slanted forward the best of his hairy ears, squinted up the worst of his rheumy eyes, and proceeded to bore for information.

"Where d'ye come from, Jedge?" he asked. The title was thrown in gratuitously, and was meant for diplomacy.

Wharton, seated behind his desk with a newspaper outspread before him, measured his visitor with a slow glance; then, knowing that the call was not in the way of business, he dropped his eyes to his paper, answering, briefly, "Back East."

"East! Wharabouts?" There was no answer to that. Wharton turned his paper inside out and went on with his reading.

"I asked ye, wharabouts?" said Doty.

"I heard you," Wharton answered calmly.

The ancient was taken aback, and his next question hung fire for a moment, while he licked his tongue across his lips, breathing heavily.

"Got any folks?" he hazarded presently.

Wharton's brow puckered into a frown; but that passed instantly. "Why do you ask?" he returned, in the same dispassionate calm.

"Oh, I jist wanted to know. The' ain't no harm in askin', is the'?" Then, in the silence that followed, he leered around upon the shabby furnishings, the uncarpeted floor, and the dozen tattered law books that stood upon a bare shelf handy to the desk.

"Ain't got much of a libr'y, hev ye?" No answer. "Reckon ye'll git much business?"

Without a trace of emotion, Wharton said: "If folks like you will only let me alone, I'll not complain."

When Doty was talking with his fellows a little later, there was no doubt of his opinion. "Him a lawyer! Ye'r granny!" He spat with hearty ill-will, drawing his sleeve across his stained chin. "He couldn't defend a cow f'r chawin' hay!"

After a time, however, the villagers lost their chagrin in the new satisfaction of having a constant subject for wit to work upon—a sure asset against the intellectual bankruptcy that had long threatened them. Wharton's figure became a peripatetic landmark in the little town, as he went about attending to his work. His personal habits rather increased his singular notoriety. The people said he was wanting in pride. When he had settled himself, got his bearings, and found that a living practice in his profession would come slowly, he had given up his room in the hotel and taken to sleeping on the haircloth sofa in his office; and soon he was breakfasting and supping there, upon cheap odds and ends which he carried in paper bags from the grocery. All this made him the butt for much rude speech. He was almost isolated from the rough-and-ready brotherhood of the Bar, whose members, vulgarly open-minded, found his quiet reserve ungrateful. He seemed not to care for this, nor for any of the formal facts of his life. The people soon had it forced upon them that he

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could not be spurred or stung out of his indifference concerning popular opinion.

Another discovery came more slowly: Wharton was winning most of his cases. How he did it was a puzzle to men accustomed to esteem low cunning and chicanery above all other qualifications for success. He was no orator; he had none of the fiery tricks of tongue or manner that endeared a lawyer to the amusement-loving riff-raff of the juries. When he talked, he stood leaning against a handy piece of furniture, with his hands tucked into his trousers pockets—clumsy, rough, making no cheap trials to please the senses. Yet somehow the juries found themselves compelled to side with him, often against the strong inclinations of prejudice. They did not suspect that this was because he was a good lawyer, standing head and shoulders above the rest. In his bearing toward the Bench he had the assurance of power; and in his arguments to the panel he spoke in unimpassioned short sentences that went straight to the heart of his cause and laid it bare. These matters were too nice for the perceptions of Jamesburg.

His ability to win brought him more and more business as the years passed. The townspeople, baffled as they were in all trials to find him out, mostly held aloof; but the farmers were his better friends. Living close to the earth and ruled by simple motives, they were able to see that he was an honest man, who dealt fairly with them in all particulars. They liked that; and without much trouble they learned to like him and trust him. His conduct was always that of unbending integrity; in a matter of little real moment he was as inflexible as though a soul's salvation was at stake. But if his conscience was Puritanic, it was none the less sane and cool. His uprightness was normal, not morbid. Little by little he prospered.

His better fortune made no change in him. As of old, he slept on his haircloth sofa, ate his crackers and cheese in privacy, dressed as poorly as he chose, and looked neither to right nor left for approval. After six years he had not aged, nor had he in any degree relaxed his grasp of affairs; on the contrary, he seemed to gain in strength as he realized that he had made a place for himself with a people not wholly friendly.

One June morning he stood at the foot of his stairway. He had just come from the post-office, and held in his hand the sheets of a long letter. Its contents had affected him strangely; his hand shook, and the wonted smouldering fire in his deep eyes had risen suddenly into flame; his heavy shoulders were squared, erect, as though the weight of many years had dropped away. He read the letter through, swiftly, eagerly; then turned back to the first page to begin again, with slow attention to every word, the muscles of his face twitching under high tension.

He had not finished his second reading when a voice called to him from the road:

"Wharton! Say, Wharton; look here a minute."

He did not heed at first, and the call was repeated. He glanced up impatiently, then stepped to the edge of the walk to shake hands with a sun-browned man in blue overalls, who had driven up in a light road-wagon. This was Neil Stone, one of his best clients and warmest friends.

"Say, are you busy?" Stone asked. "I've got something to talk about. 'Twon't take long."

Wharton collected himself with difficulty, passing his hand across his forehead and pressing his fingers upon his glistening eyes. "I don't know, Neil. I wish you'd come back again, if you can, by and by. I'm not in good shape to talk business just now. I've got a letter here that worries me considerably. Can't you come back this afternoon?"

"No," Stone said, with decision. "Put your letter in your pocket. This won't keep. 'Tain't my business; it's your'n, an' I've drove eighteen miles since sun-up to see you. 'Twon't take half an hour."

Wharton folded his letter regretfully. "Well, come on," he said; and Stone clambered from his seat and followed Wharton up the dingy stairway. When they were together in the office, he drew a chair to the desk and sat down, dropping his dusty hat to a secure place upon the floor.

"Phew! It's hot. This is bully corn weather. If the Almighty stands by us this year like He's started out, we'll have

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the biggest crop we ever had in the county." He produced a flaming handkerchief, only a shade redder than his complexion, and mopped the steaming moisture from his head and neck. "But that ain't what I came to talk about. I come to ask you about this Griffith business. You know Bob Griffith, don't you?"

Yes, Wharton knew Griffith, a flash lawyer in the next county, who had openly used the law as a political stepping-stone. He was a young man, in so far as youth may be determined by number of years; but in fact lusty appetites had brought him to a fattening middle age, with gross waistband and purple-veined pendulous cheeks. All his low energies had been devoted to party service, against the time when, according to the crass ethics of practical politics, that obligation must be cancelled by bestowing an office upon him. He meant to mount to the District Bench; and throughout the spring months the party press of the District had been flaunting his candidacy. It was only a repetition of the story which we know so well.

"Well," said Stone; "you know what I mean. What kind of a judge would he make, any way?"

Wharton's manner showed a faint disgust. "Oh, I don't know. I haven't thought much about it. I'm not in politics, Neil; you know that. If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not talk about it."

"But 'tain't all the same," Stone declared. "Say, this is what I've got on my mind: How 'd you like to be the judge, yourself?"

Wharton's eyes narrowed for an instant, then opened for a frank look into Stone's florid, ingenuous face.

"I don't know just what you mean," he said.

"Why, that's what I mean. You can have it if you want it. There was some of us talkin' it over last night, out to my place;—Stedman, from Scott County; an' Knox, from Hollis Precinct; an' Willis, an' sev'ral others that knows the District. I got 'em together. I'd been thinkin', an' I wanted to know how the rest of 'em felt." He hitched about in his chair, trying to summon some art of speech to his aid; but he went ahead with blunt honesty. "You see, it's kind o' cut an' dried that Griffith's goin' to get this nomination, spite o' sin an' high water, because he stands in with the machine. But there's some of us don't want it that way;—I don't, for one. I ain't got nothin' against Bob, except I don't trust him. We've had one term o' Carmichael for judge, an' we all know what he's been—just as good as partners with the railroad; an' Griffith's more so. He'd be partners with anybody, if there was anything in it for him. That's what I think, an' that's what the boys thought last night. Besides, us farmers has always been kind o' left out o' the deal, an' we reckon it's about time we was takin' a hand, if we could get a likely man to run. See?"

"I see," Wharton said, slowly. "But I don't believe it concerns me. I've never mixed up in any of the fights, and it wouldn't look well."

"You're goin' to be in the fight this time. That's what I come in to tell you. Us farmers ain't fools; we know a thing or two; an' what we're goin' to do is go to work on the quiet an' fix the country precincts our own way for once, just for the glory of it. We can do it. The machine ain't paid much attention to the country, because they ain't had to yet, so long as we was actin' like a bunch o' sheep with a bell-wether. But now we're goin' into the convention an' bust the thing wide open."

Wharton smiled with calm tolerance of the other's whim. "No, Neil; I don't think it's worth while. I can't afford it, to be pushed forward in that way. It would look like effrontery in me, and it wouldn't do any of us any good if we failed. I'm much obliged, though."

Stone exploded an innocent oath. "Hell! It's dead easy. You don't know. We went all over it last night; an' if we go to work right off, we can go into the convention next month with a clean majority on first ballot. There's the figures; you look 'em over. An' don't you make no mistake about our pushin' you. We picked on you, all of us, because we knowed you an' trusted you more'n we did anybody else we could think of. My notion is you can't afford to turn it down, when there ain't no question about your gettin' it if you want it. You see, by the time we go to work on the dead quiet for

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a couple of weeks, it'll be too late for the machine to do any good in them precincts. You just think it over. Besides, it 'd do us a heap o' good to have a judge we wouldn't have to lay awake nights an' worry about. I got some marketin' to do. I'll come back after a bit. One o'clock; will you be here then?"

When he was gone, Wharton's first thought was for his letter. He drew it from his pocket, spread it upon the desk before him and read it through twice, dwelling upon the paragraphs, as though he would commit them to memory. Tears welled into his deep eyes, crept out upon his cheeks and dropped into the tangled meshes of his big beard. He let his head fall for a moment upon his outstretched arms, and sat quite still; then arose and paced back and forth upon the bare floor, his hands knotted together, his face rigorous with feeling. "Oh, thank God!" he said aloud, over and over; "Thank God! Thank God!"

He returned to his chair, where he sat for an hour almost immovable, staring through his window into the hot heart of the June day, but seeing nothing, heeding nothing save what was in his own heart. The people of Jamesburg would hardly have known him when, at the hour's end, he roused himself with a great effort and turned again to his desk. Neil Stone's scrawled memorandum lay under his hand, and he took it up and scanned it carefully in every item. As he read, resolution took a visible hold upon him. He folded the memorandum and the letter together, locked them into a drawer, and went out upon the street.

When he was with Stone in the afternoon, he spoke with decision:

"Neil, I think I'll try it. It looks as though it's possible."

"Now you're shoutin'!" Stone said with warm relief. "Of course it's possible. I'm almighty glad; an' I don't think you'll ever be sorry."

"You've been a good friend to me, Neil," Wharton said by and by. "I don't mind telling you I had news this morning;—that letter, you know. It upset me quite a bit, at first; but it helped me make up my mind to take chances with the nomination. My son—I'm looking for him—I expect him to come out here in two or three months——"

"Son!" Stone broke in. "I didn't know you had a family."

"One son; the only child. My wife died when he was a baby. He'll be here by the end of the summer, and go into practice with me. So long as I was alone, with no one but myself to think about, I shouldn't have cared a straw for official honors, or that sort of thing; but my son will likely succeed to my practice here, when I'm gone, and everything I can do toward building a reputation will help him in the end. So I'll leave it with you. Do what you think best. I know you'll do nothing but what's fair and square, and I'll stand by you."

Matters fell out as Stone had foretold. It was late when the "machine" men got news of the proceedings in the country; and then, used as they were to undisputed control in the affairs of party, they treated the movement with levity. But, after a stormy half-hour, the concerted farmers organized the convention to their own liking, and Noah Wharton was nominated as their candidate for the District judgeship. It was all accomplished before the bosses had fair time to realize their overthrow.

From that June day of the conference with Stone, it seemed that Wharton's whole attitude toward life had been radically reformed. His largest characteristic in the past had been an oaken sort of endurance, a plodding faithfulness of attention to the little things of each day, as though each day must suffice unto itself. Suddenly his days became parts of a large plan, and his brain cleared for the man's work of making the plan square and true.

He returned to quarters in the hotel, and with clean dignity began to mix with other men. A new link had been forged between them. What had seemed like the close clasp of a winterish cold upon his nature was all at once broken up, and delicate thoughts and tendencies started into green life. He got his shaggy beard trimmed into round form; he bought a new hat; he appeared upon the streets with polished shoes. More significant than all, he remembered the trick of laughter, which, once forgotten, is seldom recalled in the span of a lifetime. He

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developed a habit of sitting down in the evenings with the townspeople and abandoning himself to rollicking good-humor. The need for secrecy had apparently dissolved, and he spoke freely concerning himself and his plans. "My son," were words often upon his lips. "My son will be here soon," he said at every chance, "and we'll make our home here together. He'll go into partnership with me in my practice. I think you'll find him a good citizen, gentlemen."

The action of the convention, coming soon afterward, did not much affect him. He had made up his mind to it; and in the sturdy fashion of his kind he therefore took it as a matter of course. His behavior did not change when the honor came; he adopted none of the tawdry manners of the politician; he went about his work with unspoiled simplicity. He was altogether a new sort of candidate; and when the people had settled to an understanding of the facts, they sighed with involuntary relief.

He asserted himself with some firmness. In those remote parts, where amusements were rare and valuable, a long season of campaigning, with its glare and glitter, was considered as part and parcel of the freeman's inalienable right of suffrage. The first purpose of political activity was not so much to get officers made as to have the exciting fun of making them. The campaign committee would have started forthwith upon a headlong career of speech-making, with Wharton in the lead; but he demurred.

"I'd rather not," he told the chairman. "I expect to do something on the stump, of course; but I'd rather wait awhile. There's no hurry."

"Why not now?" the chairman urged. "The boys'll be disapp'inted. It's a big district, you know, an' everybody'll feel they got a right to hear you talk. It 'll do you a heap o' good to get right at 'em. What's the use puttin' it off?"

"Well," Wharton laughed, "it isn't a good reason to give to a hard-headed chap like you. It's sentiment. You know my son's coming to Jamesburg pretty soon. If nothing happens, he'll be here by the end of August. I don't want to make my first speech until he gets here to hear it. That's all. You can slate me for anything you please in September and October; but I'm going to lie fallow in August. It's just sentiment. My son and I have always taken an interest in one another, and I want to keep it up."

But, although he stood by this intention, the time dragged for him. Upon the wall of his office, near his desk, he had hung a calendar printed in bold black figures. The date of August 28th was enclosed in a blue circle, and the next day was marked with red, like a holiday. As a part of each day's duties, he stood before the calendar counting over the time that intervened before his day of red; and each evening, before quitting the office, he checked off the day just closed. When July was gone, he tore away that sheet with impatient fervor.

"The twenty-eighth!" he said. "He'll leave there on the morning of the twenty-eighth; and, God willing, he'll be here the twenty-ninth. Four weeks, and then I'll be justified." His step had a boyish spring as he went down the stairway, whistling.

Three weeks later he got a letter which sobered him. In the evening he was restless and took an indifferent part in the usual social gathering on the hotel porch. "My son is sick," he explained, "and I'm distressed about it. I can't tell how serious it is. He isn't able to write. His physician writes for him." He did not try to talk after that, but went early to his room.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth a telegram came, and the message dyed his old cheeks with feverish color. "My son is on his way here," he told his friends. "I think he must be improved in health, though he doesn't say so. He will be here in the morning."

For the rest of the day he walked tirelessly over the hot streets, as though keeping count of his steps, each of which checked off an infinitesimal fraction of the interminable hours.

When the train drew into the station on the next morning, Wharton swung himself upon the steps of the moving coach, in a fury of impatience, and dropped to his knees beside a thin figure reclining in one of the stiff seats. "Joe!" he cried: "Joe, my son!" and his cheeks were like a woman's with tears.

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What was left of the young man's face, after the waste of illness, seemed worth the father's devotion. It was a fine, clean face, full of the undefinable signs of manliness and of frank appeal for confidence.

"Hello, Dad!" the low voice said. "I couldn't wait. They wanted to keep me till I got well; but I couldn't stand it any longer. I'm here!"

Wharton lifted the body in his arms and bore it to the rattling old hack that stood in waiting. At the hotel he would accept of no aid; he carried his burden alone and laid it upon its bed, then put the house into a commotion of attention to his wants. Jamesburg had three doctors, and these were summoned together and worked for two hours, while their patient lay quite inert.

"It's collapse," the senior said to Wharton at last. "He shouldn't have tried to travel in that condition."

"Will he come through?" the father asked quietly.

"It's doubtful. More than likely not. He's been living for a long time under strain of some sort, apparently, and it's taken away his elasticity. He doesn't respond to treatment as he ought. I'm afraid it's a bad case, Judge. We'll do everything we can to pull him through; but you mustn't be surprised if he goes out before morning."

Wharton took the news without a tremor. "I was—afraid so," he breathed. He sat upon the edge of the bed, took the pulseless hand into his and held it.

Toward evening the young man smiled feebly into his father's eyes, and the old head went down upon the pillow. "It's all right, Joe. Listen: everything's all right. I've lived straight here. Nobody can say anything against me. I wish you could see; but I guess we'll have to put that off. Do you understand? I guess we'll have to wait awhile longer. But we'll be together again, by and by. I don't doubt it for a minute."

The heart of the town went out to the old man in his trial. But he seemed to stand in no particular need of ministrations. He gave personal attention to the little details of burial, keeping throughout an absolute calm of face and voice and manner, as though he had long looked forward to this estate. So far as might be seen, he was at peace.

When that was over, he asked the chairman to call a meeting of the campaign committee; and the members were assembled in his shabby office—six or eight fat Honorables from over the District.

Wharton sat behind his desk. The day was hot, and through the open window there came a slow wind, that tossed his mantle of white hair into disorder over his bulging forehead and about his ears. He spoke directly, in his accustomed style, with blunt, straightforward sentences:

"Gentlemen, I must perform a duty that has been put off too long. I want to get through with it at once. I have been occupying a false position before you and before the people, and you must let me put myself right."

The Honorables shifted their heavy feet, glancing askance at one another, bending closer with expectancy.

"You all know of the death of my son, on last Tuesday night. Had he lived, it is possible that I should have kept silence on this matter. It was on his account that I formed the habit of silence. I may have been wrong in that, but I thought myself right. For my son's sake, I tried to do nothing that did not satisfy my own conscience. I don't want to canvass that now. This is what I have to say: You know that when I came to Jamesburg, six years ago, I avoided speaking of my past. The truth is that I had then been only three weeks released from the Joliet penitentiary; and my son was released only last Saturday. We were sentenced together, ten years ago, on a charge of forgery, and sent up from Peoria."

He had been toying with the little articles upon his desk, and occupying his eyes with them; but now he sat upright, looking squarely into the gaping faces. Not a man moved.

"I was sentenced to four years, and my son to ten. I shall not trouble you by threshing over the question of our guilt or innocence. We were convicted, after trial, and we paid the penalty of guilt. So far as you are concerned, that

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doesn't matter very much one way or the other. But there is another part that does matter.

"When I was released, I knew it would be hard to start life again, from the beginning. I was getting pretty old, and losing the power to adapt myself to change. Even if an old man does remember his youth, he can't often make its motives serviceable. You know how that is, maybe. I'd been young once, but I'd got past it. I knew I'd find it up-hill work to make a new start. For myself, I shouldn't have cared much—I shouldn't so much have dreaded failure; but I was anxious on my son's account. In one way I had the best of him. I'd lost most of a boy's sensitiveness about the world's opinions, because I'd learned what they are worth. But I was doubtful whether he could come out, after ten years of imprisonment, and take up a man's life and keep to it, unless he could have some strong incentive. I felt myself under every obligation to help him, if I could; so I made up my mind that I'd spend the time until his release in such a way as to show him what could be done, if a man was in earnest. I wanted to give him something to hold on to. I came to Jamesburg for my experiment; and you know pretty well how I've lived here, these six years."

He arose and walked the floor; pausing at last, taking his favorite attitude, his hands in his pockets, his weight eased against his desk, while he waited a moment for words. The others had no desire to disturb the course of his speech.

"I've tried to live an honorable life here; but I can't say that I lived for abstract honor. I have lived rather for my boy. Yet through it all I've been firmly persuaded of this: The standard of a man's honor is an ancient landmark. It doesn't consist in his own notions; it's older than that. Quite independent of his own little doubts and difficulties, every man owes it to himself and to his race to see that the old landmark isn't torn down. I've thought of that a great deal. So you see I've had two reasons for good behavior; and I tell you frankly that I've lived here in a way that satisfied myself. That is, in all but one particular——"

He returned a little wearily to his chair, sinking into it as though the tension of his nerves was relaxed; and his face cleared of its stern rigidity. He had got past the difficult point.

"I shouldn't have accepted this nomination, under the circumstances. As a private citizen I had a right to keep my own counsels; but as a candidate for office it was different. It was a sudden and a great temptation to me, and it came at a time when I was not quite myself. You are human enough to understand. I had been trying for years to get my son to promise that he would come out here to live with me. He was in doubt; he was afraid it couldn't be done as I thought. But on the morning when Stone came to see me, I had a letter from the boy, telling me that he'd made up his mind to do it. That decided me. I thought if he could find me wearing that honor, it would clinch matters with him, and I took it. I was wrong in that, of course, and now I want to have my name withdrawn. I think that's better for all of us than to make the fight on the facts. I doubt if I'd have strength enough for that now. There's time enough yet for substituting another name on the ticket. I shall stand the expense, of course. I mean to stay in Jamesburg, but only as a private citizen."

He is still in Jamesburg. Time has not broken the spell of quiet upon the town; and the enchantment seems to rest upon him too. In effect his work is done. He is only standing guard over it.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

BUT few readers of Mr. Vanderlip's account of European socialism in the February *Scribner's* could have failed to note his reference to the misrepresentative character of the Reichstag in that the Social Democrats, although they cast 32 per cent. of the total vote, elected but 81 out of its 397 members against the 125 members they were entitled to under a fairly representative apportionment. That like anomalies of misrepresentation can occasionally be found here at home, anomalies persisting literally through centuries, would doubtless be popularly received as an almost incredible statement. Yet what Bryce calls "the oldest truly political constitution in America," that of Connecticut, furnishes more than one such anomaly. This constitution dates from the "Fundamental Orders" shaped by Thomas Hooker, and adopted by the three towns of Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor in 1639. These orders were "regularized" —as Bryce says—by the charter of Charles II (the charter hidden in the oak); were reaffirmed by the legislature in 1776 on the "abdication" of George III; and were renewed in important respects in the constitution framed by the convention of 1818. Under that constitution to-day one town of perhaps 400 people still sends, equally with the city of New Haven, two representatives to the legislature, in accordance with the apportionment of Charles II's charter.

Misrepresentative Government

Persistent anomalies, of which the Connecticut case is a curious and unusual instance, emphasize the misapplication of Matthew Arnold's admiring comment on the flexibility of American institutions—like a well-fitting suit of clothes that leave the wearer's movements "easy and unimpeded"—to the national Senate; their flexibility would have far better fitted the Supreme Court. Indeed, it is just here, in the matter of flexibility, that the modern legislative body has failed to meet the general expectation. The inertia and prejudice of its members have been again and again found sufficient to obstruct or defeat obviously necessary attempts at adaptation to the changed conditions of modern life, for example, the attempt to secure a common-sense law for the regulation of saloons in large cities. The result has been widely to discredit the elective chamber, however fairly representative it may be—hence quite apart from any anomalies that may concern any particular chamber—as an instrument of popular self-government. Such a feeling challenges the traditional theory of delegated authority, that under a popular government it is to be conferred finally upon a representative body rather than upon a representative executive. As the executive, elected or hereditary, has, if the phrase is admissible, become "popularized" in so many countries, the question not infrequently arises, Which is representative, executive or legislature? This question by no means reflects a distinctively American feeling. It is a matter of common observation, an English authority notes, that "the monarchy has risen much in popular estimation while parliaments are every day held in less esteem." This is only another way of saying that it is often the parliament and not the throne which in practical government misrepresents the "popular will."

In so far as this is true in countries which have a popular form of government it is simply a case of evolution, of a set toward a still more popular form of government, of a preference for the instruments of government which have the greater flexibility. It involves, of course, recognition of a growth out of conditions which once made the elective chamber a "bulwark" against executive encroachment or tyranny—in a country that of a king, and in a colony that of a royal governer; and it implies as well appreciation of the fact that, as in Russia today, the institution of such a chamber is the beginning of civil liberty. But however great may have been its value, and however indispensable the service it has rendered, popular government through an elective chamber has, in a modern business world, two obvious handicaps, the handicap of opportunity for control by predatory interests and the handicap of inefficiency. The

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former is seen in its worst possibilities in the small local chamber, as in the common council of a city or the legislature of a state, through the workings of "machine" politics and the "lobby." The corrupt purpose, the "fixing," has to a large extent been accomplished when the chamber first organizes. The predatory interests have already seen to it that the "right men" have been nominated at the caucuses, when the well-meaning citizen, who does not make politics a business, had neither the time nor the information to interpose intelligently or effectually. What body could be more truly misrepresentative than a legislative body thus craftily chosen? The growing movement toward the direct primary system doing away with representation in a nominating convention as a method of selecting candidates, is practical recognition of the same misrepresentation which so often characterizes a common council or a legislature. On the side of efficiency, the larger executive chamber, so long as it retains its representative character, violates the first principle of modern business, that of centring responsibility. If it be a chamber of unwieldy size for ordinary legislative methods, as the Washington House of Representatives, and is forced to transact business through the committee system, it may be efficient, but at the sacrifice of both its representative and deliberative character, since it places the determination of policies in the hands of a small group of leaders. If such a chamber, on the other hand, refuses to recognize leadership and stands consistently for deliberative methods and the equal right of individual independence for every member, it becomes "a debating club" —the name given to the Washington Senate —and can often only accomplish results outside of routine business through temporary combinations on issues of the moment by coalescing groups. Under the system of responsible party government, as seen on the Continent, instability of ministry, and hence of policy, due to the constant shifting of these groups, making now this combination and now that the majority party, has seriously impaired, not efficiency alone, but the conduct of government itself. In illustration of this instability may be cited the fact that nine months was the average duration of the various ministries of the present French Republic from the presidency of Thiers to the recent ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau.

It is interesting, perhaps significant, to contrast with the present status of a national elective chamber the tendency in municipal government here in America to centre authority and responsibility upon a mayor and his cabinet, as the truly representative method, and to reduce the common council, composed of a single chamber, to the place of an advisory board. It may be, as is asserted in some high quarters, that this tendency has already gone too far, and that the inevitable reaction has already set in. On the other hand, there are radical observers of standing who predict that this municipal departure will be the model for the national government of the future.

An American Critic.

IT was in the little out-of-doors restaurant in the park, and I had finished my omelette *aux fines herbes* before I noticed him. He attracted my attention by "making a long arm" to place the mustard-pot served with his order well out of reach on the next table. Then with a delicate, fastidious nonchalance he let his attention rest languidly upon his sandwich and coffee. A penny newspaper lay upon his lap, and from time to time he took it up and turned its pages with an indefinable air of knowing the great world and caring little for its distractions. He showed a faded beauty of feature, and the dignity of some seventy years sat easily upon him. Evidently life had been for him a lost battle, so ruined and broken and irretrievably worn was his outward aspect as he dallied with his frugal and undelectable refreshment. His clothing was not without a certain excellence of original cut, but it was rent in conspicuous places, and pride or vanity had prompted him to attempt repairs which betrayed the unfamiliarity with the needle of his slim wrinkled fingers.

Catching my eye upon him, he courteously essayed to remove my embarrassment by a friendly word. It was in the nature of an excitement to me that the word should concern one of our most incorruptible and least appreciated writers, and that it should fall from those patient and wan lips with the accent of fanatic delight. It appeared that in the penny sheet was a single paragraph of firm and liberal criticism, and this started the flow of rich comment and protest with which he followed his introductory remark. The scene immediately took on for me the poignant interest of romance. I remembered

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a picture I had once seen by Degas of a little French café with a couple of battered artists upon whose faces were written failure and ideals. I felt the sophisticated charm of lovely Paris filtering down to me through the clear sunlight of my own most unsophisticated country.

It was many years ago, and I do not remember the precise phraseology in which my friend demonstrated to me that we were a nation of ingrates. I do not in the least recall how he convinced me that, unlike France, we fail in our duty to our great men. I do not recall the fine color of his eloquence as he played upon my receptive youth with the fancy that we might reasonably devote a life to decent tribute, that we might set ourselves to distinguish among our voluminous writers with the purpose of lifting into their proper and lonely niche the few who represent us upon our most serious and charming side. I know that he mentioned as buried in subterranean vaults of oblivion names that have not yet been resurrected, and other names that we have hustled into our reviews and literary magazines in company with the second, third, and thirtieth best. I know that he spoke of the impossibility in Europe—where and when had he seen Europe?—of finding out from our printed appreciations which of our writers we cherish and recognize as the ones to whom the sacred flame has been entrusted. In our reckless amiability, he said, in our profound respect for the masses, we were losing our power of discrimination, and also the truest mark of a literary democracy, independence of judgment. We were presenting to the transatlantic reader a level front of appreciation in which we held all our dear ones equally dear, with perhaps a shade of special tenderness toward the weaker constitutions; the right maternal feeling, but, oh, so emphatically the wrong national standard. He spoke also of other things than books as subjects for a new type of national criticism. He spoke of our theatre and of our art unsmilingly, recognizing that we possessed both, but in so incidental, so unprofessional a form. He seemed to feel that it was time for us to pay ourselves the compliment of a standard in which traditions should count. Such a critic as he on the spot created would have satisfactions impossible in a denser civilization. America is filling fast, but there is still room for the imagination to pass, like Fanny Kemble among the Alps, "singing over the mountains." There are opportunities for large perspectives and free comparisons. The vastness of the field, the adequacy of the reward, the excitement of shaping your vision and commemorating high achievements, these he dwelt upon with the flush and fervor of the youth that lay far behind him.

I listened to him until the sweet, long shadows on the grass united with his low-voiced expostulation to make me feel my country sufficiently an object of adoration, quite sufficiently an imprisoned heroine of fairy-tales to be rescued from the blight of mediocrity cast upon her by I did not know what destroying monster of popular intelligence. We parted, and I watched him slowly make his way across the playground of the children, the light of an austere sunset upon his undistinguished shabbiness.

Many times since then I have preached from his text, sometimes with a faltering zeal and a sense that, perhaps, the message was now less pressing than when I heard it enunciated with an exaltation and glow of emotion difficult to summon at will. Sometimes I find it difficult, also, to keep in mind the key-note of his well-constructed theory. In the vagueness and uncertainty of memory it seems to me to have been the cultivation to the extreme point of proportion. "Comparative values," that expression occurred at the beginning and end of his discourse, and one of the images with which he adorned his argument clings to my mind. "We no longer revere!" he exclaimed, caressing the stolid cup in his hand. "The fine china of our inheritance we place in hands that shatter it."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE LA FARGE LUNETTES FOR THE MINNESOTA CAPITOL

I

THE Supreme Court Room in the new State-house at St. Paul, Minn., is of the shape of a Greek cross with rather short arms. Its shape may also be explained in this way—a square, from each side of which a not very deep tribune or transept projects. Express the idea as you will, so long as you have it clearly in mind that there is over your head as you stand in one of the projecting arms a simple barrel vault, the mere widening of a semicircular arch, and, as you stand in the middle of the room, a round cupola, not very high in proportion to its diameter, and resting on what are called pendentives. These are merely triangular pieces of vaulting by means of which the square shape below, where the arches spring, changes to a circle where the cupola starts, above.

The cupola and pendentives are not at present our business; we have now to consider the four semicircular pieces of wall closing the ends of the four arms of the cross, and filling the space under the four round-arched vaults. Each of these semicircular pieces of wall is bounded by the vault above and by a horizontal base-line which is the imaginary line drawn through the centre of the vault. That is to say, the wall at the end of each of the four arms of the cross—the wall which cuts it off, which stops it at a certain depth—that wall is bounded below by two vertical pieces of wall which form the sides of that arm of of the cross, and it is bounded above by the semicircular vault, as above stated. Of that piece of wall the semicircular upper part is called a lunette. That is the architectural name, but it applies also to just so much of it as you choose to consider the top or upper part of the wall, and to fill with a window or a painting. Your lunette may be an exact half-circle (if the vault is exactly circular in its curve), or you may include in your lunette three or four feet more than the half-circle, invading the wall below; and on the other hand, it would still be a lunette if the wall below with its own lining or facing decoration should invade the semicircle, leaving what we call a segment only, instead of a full half-circle. That is the case in the present instance; Mr. La Farge's painting, seen in the figure, occupies less than half a circle, and is a segmental lunette.

In the Senate Chamber of the Minnesota Capitol there are two of these lunettes filled with the paintings of Edwin Howard Blashfield, studied by Mr. Walton in the "Field of Art" for March, and two which are set back so far from the square middle of the room—which close or back up tribunes so deep and long proportionally that they may be used for the public galleries, those raised places of resort for the persons who come to hear the debates of the Senate. In the Supreme Court Room, however, there is only one gallery, and that a very narrow or shallow one, and the lunette behind that gallery is pierced by a not large square-headed door. The others are free both from the gallery and the doorway and are unbroken surfaces of wall. These four lunettes are to be filled up by the paintings of John La Farge; and of these the following is a synopsis.

In the lunette behind the gallery and pierced by the square door-head is to be the picture of Mount Sinai with Moses, Aaron, and Joshua relieved against a sky and a mountain landscape blazing with the fires and heavy with the rolling smoke-cloud of the Jewish Revelation. This is to bear the general title "The Divine and Moral Law." The reader will remember that it is the Supreme Court Room of the State which is to be adorned. Another lunette is to be entitled "The Relation of the Individual to the State," the subject being the discussion of those matters among the friends of Socrates, in that form given by Plato in "The Republic." The third lunette is to be filled by a Chinese scene of the olden time, Confucius and his pupils collating and transcribing documents, and the title of this is "The Recording of Precedents." The fourth lunette will be filled by a scene in the Cathedral of Toulouse, where Count Raymond takes oath to preserve the liberties of the city, and the title of this is "The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests."

Of these pictures the one first named was

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exhibited in New York toward the close of October, 1904; but it was said to be in an unfinished condition. It was brilliant and strong in color, a powerful and serious painting, and might have been taken for a completed work, but it would not be reasonable to criticise it or even to describe it as if it were finished to its author's mind. At the same time was exhibited the black-and-white scheme of the Chinese composition, and this not as a cartoon, to be followed afterward in painting as a fresco is painted from a previous study. The drawing exhibited was the beginning of the painting itself; it was a complete lay-out of the whole composition on the very canvas which was to receive the scheme of color. Each of these lunettes as treated by the painter will be twenty-seven feet long horizontally and thirteen feet high.

II

THE Confucius picture is shown in the illustration, on page 604, from a photograph taken during the exhibition in New York at the close of October. Now, if the reader will remember that this drawing is of the full size of the lunette, twenty-seven feet long, and that it has been made upon the canvas which is to be the medium of the painter's work, he will begin to understand the somewhat unusual process which the artist will follow. In a cartoon the drawing in black material of some kind is transferred to the ground either by tracing it and rubbing it off; or by pouncing—that is, by drilling a multiplicity of little holes along the lines of the drawing and then beating a bag full of colored powder along these lines so that the powder itself draws the picture in dotted lines upon the permanent surface; or, finally, by dividing the cartoon into squares and dividing the permanent surface also into corresponding squares, so that without much labor the copyist transfers the details of the drawing from one surface to the other. But in the case before us we have to remember that the gray drawing which we see is the first step in the construction of the painting which is to follow. The whole picture is there except the color—if it be reasonable to make such a statement of a painting by an artist who excels in color. It is the picture itself in an early stage of development, for the whole disposition of line and mass is there, and so is the general system of light and shade. This is one of the ways of beginning work upon a picture in full color, but it is not a very usual way, and it is the more surprising to find it in full use by a painter so completely a colorist as John La Farge.

And yet, to turn the thought about, it is not so surprising, after all, that a colorist should work in this way. A colorist may trust himself to work in this way. A colorist is sure not to lose his hold on the light green and the deep blue in all their infinite gradations. He may be allowed to make sure of his values by putting them in quick and easy, by the readiest means at hand.

What are the "values"? They are the relative strengths of light and dark. In the picture of "Divine and Moral Law" a passage of brilliant yellowish green, as in the waist-folds of drapery in the figure of Joshua, may have the same force as a comparatively light surface of the flame-lighted cliff, or the distant peaks of Mount Sinai. So in the Confucius, the decision as to the relative strength in shade is made in making the drawing which we reproduce. It is the association of many values that gives relative distance, relative nearness; the successful use of them that makes a figure look as if you could walk around it—that makes a raised arm look as if it were surrounded by atmosphere. It is the want of attention to *values* that so often makes the head and body of a person look, in a picture, as if they were close against the wall. It was in *values* that the early painting of Italy and of Flanders was the most weak; the growth of the art through the sixteenth century, culminating in Paul Veronese and Velasquez, was very largely in the growing power over values; it is in the study of values that the French-taught painting of the second half of the nineteenth century was strong.

Therefore it is well for him who sees in his mind his design as a glowing surface of hues in soft gradation to make sure of his values in advance. He at least may feel sure that he will not lose the glory of coloring. Another artist, he whose mental vision is of lights and darks, solids and flats, outlines and *silhouettes*—he, in short, who ought to have been a sculptor—may run the risk of losing all truly painter-like power over his work, if he is too careful of his values. The colorist, born and made, he who has lived his life surrounded by the splendid visions of the painter's true world of color, may without fear determine his values

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beforehand, and fix them in this efficient way. It is the more pleasant to consider this black-and-white drawing that by means of it a good photograph of the general conception can be obtained; for those who have a certain familiarity with the larger paintings of La Farge, and even for those who know how a work conceived in color is made up—what its nature is—will be able to read into the black-and-white composition we have before us very much of the ultimate chromatic scheme. Those who saw the small color study exhibited with the large drawing in October last will be helped still more toward it. Those who saw the original drawing of the Japanese garden which served as a preliminary study for the background of this great composition will again be helped. But the main thing is that inexplicable suggestion which the study of form and light and shade gives of the future composition in color. Of that I can only say that I see it before me. Without remembering now whether the figure in the extreme foreground or in the middle is to have a yellow robe or a blue one, I can still read into this black-and-white picture the future splendor of color; I know in advance that it will be splendid in color; I see the investment of every part of the composition with a harmonized chromatic glow adding to the strength of design and the reality of conception, and giving to the whole a glory which is rarely afforded us in nature or in art; for indeed the successful color composition of a great designer in color is the most unique thing in the world. Few painters achieve it; few schools of art encourage it; few lovers of art have realized it—or so it must seem to the students brought up in the nineteenth century, influenced strongly by French skill, grasp, variety of resource, swayed by the principles of that French school and deferring to them gladly.

Consider, then, what the photograph really shows apart from our pious belief in that which it foretells. It shows a background of artificially arranged, naturalistic landscape; rocks in a carefully considered cliff, small trees arranged to crown it, and a waterfall which spreads out into a clear, smooth pool; and in front of it, on a flat lawn, a carpet of some kind laid smoothly, and near this a mat, probably a skin; and seated upon these the master, Kung Fu-tze, with a scroll laid across his knees, and four acolytes, disciples, clerks, secretaries—what you will—Chinese who are in a way apprentices to the master, gaining his wisdom in return for the services which they can render. And each one of these men—master and disciples alike—is individualized in a remarkable manner. Each one is, in a way, a portrait, for the artist, who has seen more of the men of the East than most European-taught painters, has had four definite types of face in his mind and has used them in the four heads which are turned partly toward the spectator, while the fifth disciple, he whose back is turned to us, is an individual study, too, a faithful drawing of the man, his attitude, and his clothing as affected by the attitude. In short, to call these portraits is not to go far astray, and the picture is not so very unlike one of those portrait groups so beloved by students of Dutch art, and of which there has been discussion in the "Field of Art" in the number for April, 1904.

If anyone has thought at any time that excellence of drawing with regard to the human figure in action was not the strong point of this painter, he will find reason to rearrange his thoughts on that subject. These figures are full of life and character. Each man is set upon his knees or heels in the usual Oriental way, and is entirely human, natural, and alive. At the same time that excessive familiarity or offhand picturesqueness of pose which I have often noticed in La Farge's figure compositions is absent here, and these personages have all the dignity which befits the conditions. And then the spectator, if he is interested as he should be, will go a step further and recognize in the placing of those five figures an extraordinary composition. One would have said that it was not practicable to place five men at nearly equal distances from one another here and there upon a level plain and make of them a wholly successful composition; and yet here it is done. The charm of the work in this way, as being an admirable composition of admirable figures backed up by an admirable landscape, is to me quite ineffable. As I see it here before me in black and white it is the most attractive picture by La Farge that I have ever seen, and one of the most important and precious of the modern time. I am glad to be able to consider it here in a study which allows of its being seen in monochrome reproduction, a study which will only prepare us to enjoy the picture the more when it is seen in the full splendor of its color scheme.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"OH, GERTY, THE FURIES . . . YOU KNOW THE NOISE OF THEIR WINGS?"
—"The House of Mirth," page 745.

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